Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 14, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, X. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk. of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners C. C. (C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. F. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Marlinton on the 27th day of August, 1890. Respectfully, J. P. MOORE.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.
Very Respectfully, J. R. PATTERSON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.
Gentlemen and fellow citizens and the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties: At the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates from Pocahontas and Webster counties.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect. Horses well provided for. Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

I CURE FITS!
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not sending your case. Give express and post office address. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

A PATCHWORK QUILT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpanes and comfortables which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the tiniest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever, in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of chintz?

That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; that is a piece Miss S—— gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning-gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those idle hands, for which Dr. Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked; "You'd better get your patchwork."

They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs room where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patches on board of the Mayflower. At least, it was said so.

When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said:

"I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feel that she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron.

Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down by the burdens of life, the mother and housekeeper thought, as she looked at her daughter's happy face. Olive was a dreamer, and her head was full of romance, but she was a true, loving girl, and her mother felt that her lot would be happy with such a husband as Harry Martin seemed to be.

Olive herself was very happy in her quiet way. She was not much of a talker, but she was a good listener, and she had a way of looking at her lover with her dark eyes that was very pleasant to him. She was not a beauty, but she was a very pleasant-looking girl, and her mother was a woman whose face had been her fortune.

Olive had her share of admirers, but she had given her heart to her lover, and was quite content to be his. She was very fond of her home and her quiet life, and she was very fond of her mother, and she was very fond of Harry Martin, and it was a pleasant thing to see how he was fond of her.

The girls had their share of work, but there was much of it that was pleasant when it was shared with each other, and there was much that was made pleasant by the manner in which it was done. The girls were their mother's right hands, and she was their right hand in all that was for their happiness and comfort.

Olive had her share of the patchwork, and she had her share of the talk about it, and she had her share of the work upon it, and she had her share of the pleasure when it was finished and pronounced the prettiest quilt that was ever made in the county.

Olive had her own ideas about her patchwork, and she had her own way of putting them into her work, and her own way was a pleasant one to see and to remember afterwards by those who had seen her at it, and had heard her talk about it, and had watched the movements of her busy fingers and had admired the skill with which she put together the pieces of her patchwork.

Olive was very fond of her patchwork, and she was very proud of her skill in it, and she was very happy in the thought that her lover was proud of her skill in her patchwork, and was happy in the thought that she was happy in the thought that he was happy in the thought that she was happy in the thought that he was happy in the thought that she was happy in the thought that he

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 41, 1890.

Henry H. Byran, editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph is dead.

At Waynesboro, Augusta County, Va., John Kibler accidentally shot and killed his brother, Wm. Kibler.

Over $70,000 worth of lots were sold at private sales in Basic City, Va., one day last week.

Isaac Murphy, the negro, who rode Salvator to win in his great race receives $15,000 a year salary.

—Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs so as to retain your young looks by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The cholera is spreading throughout Egypt and 155 deaths are reported in one day. There are grave fears that the scourge will be carried into Europe by fleeing pilgrims.

In the city of New York women who are wives and mothers work in shops for thirty cents per day, and girls between thirteen and seventeen years of age work on articles for as low as five cents per day.

An effort is being made in Richmond, Va., to raise a gurantee fund of $10,000 in order to secure a state fair this fall. So far about $5,000 has been subscribed.

Hang a title to the long hair of an ex-brigand from Italy or a barber from Germany and in a month he will be in the arms of an American heiress [illegible] in the peerage of [illegible] don in the [illegible].

A brah[illegible], clerk of the court of Tucker county, who died a few days age, was born without legs over fifty years ago. He took a prominent part in political and civil life and during the war, served in the Confederate cavalry, attended to his horse and required no assistance in mounting, having no superior as an active soldier. He was elected clerk and served seven years.

The sales of leaf tobacco in Danville, Va., for July was 1,472,700 pounds, only about half the amount sold in July of last year. The sales for the first ten months of the fiscal year were 22,500,000 pounds, near 2,000,000 less than during the same period last year. Stock is very scarce. It is believed that the sales for this tobacco year will not exceed 25,000,000 pounds.

The 22nd of August will be a red letter day with the Farmers' Alliance Co-operative Manufacturing Co., at Iron Gate. At that date they expect to complete and put in operation their extensive shops, and there is to be a grand excursion on [illegible] rates having

es has fewer than 50,000 inhabitants, but will have as many United States Senators as has New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, or any other great state. Republicans have no more regard for constitutional rights or political decency than had Antonio Rosconi, the beastly Italian who outraged a five year old girl had for purity and helpless innocence.—Ex.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little suffered once; it production natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Mrs. J. Pettillont who was so brutally murdered by her husband in Columbus, Ind., July 4th, for a long time desired a divorce, fearing that her life would be taken by the brute to whom a marriage ceremony had allotted her for her experiments and gratifications. Every day wives who had better be divorced are murdered and every moment of time some women is abused and driven toword death and humiliation by drunken, beastly husbands. And yet girls give themselves away to almost any one who asks them.—Ex.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8.—Mr. Harrison will to-morrow leave for Boston where he hopes to make himself solid with the G. A. R., at its annual encampment. But perhaps a gentlemen named Alger may have something to say about that. Several members of the Cabinet will go along to help their chief.

The River and Harbor bill, by previous agreement, displaced the Tariff bill in the Senate to-day.

Speaker Reed will have many things to account for in the general day of reckoning, which comes to all men; but if he persists in his efforts to prevent an appropriation being made to erect a new Government printing office, and an accident occurs, and it is liable any time, in the present death trap resulting in the loss of many precious lives, that will be the most terrible of all. The old building now used has been pronounced dangerous to health and life by every competent architect who has examined it, and there have been a number of them its floors settle as much as three inches when heavily loaded, as they are almost constantly; its walls have cracks in them big enough to put a balls into, and the whole structure shakes and shivers at every vibration of the machinery, and more than 2,000 men and women engaged in working for this rich and wealthy Government compelled to take their lives in their hands by working daily in this Pig. The Senate passed an amendment to an appropriation bill providing for a new building; but by order of Speaker Reed the House refused to concur.

Subject of most interest before the lower house of Congress at present is the question of Rules, for the government of that body.

and the members of the House had been predicted when the new code of Rules was adopted. He was not now surprised when the Speaker's partiality was called in question. But the true judgment of the country would be, that however well the Rules might produce political legislation, they had failed as to that great domain of legislation which lay outside of the fierce contest of party. They might carry through a jug-handled Tariff bill, but they did not carry through the general appropriation bills, necessary for the sustenance of the government. The majority, under these Rules, might put upon the statute books a force bill, iniquitous in its provisions and infamous in its object; but it could not obtain the commendation of the people for its action on the general legislation of the government. The force bill could not escape the fierce criticism of the people; for on account of the absence of discussion of all matters of general importance in Congress there was necessity for discussion elsewhere in the press, at the fire side and the assemblages of the people. Of the bills which had passed under the Rules of the House few had become laws, and few of those which had, would, in his opinion, remain long upon the statute books.

There was great laughter in the House when he contracted the difference of the rulings by Speaker Reed and those of Mr. Carlisle and Randall.

He said that he had no criticism to make upon the Speaker. If the gentlemen, on the other side were satisfied with that officer "Heaven forbid" that he should remove that satisfaction. If they were willing to accept the Speaker as a fair type of their party he would enter no dissent. The Speaker had won his supremacy. He had exercised that supremacy. He had been the republican leader on the floor. The republicans had made him their leader in the chair, and he had exercised that leader-ship.

Mr. Peters, also protested against disturbing old issues and, bringing, and creating a state of irritation in that deliberative body. Amongst other things this republican Representative said: "Why stir up these ammosities? Why bring up these unpleasant questions that divide parties and separate the north from the south," (as if the democrats did it.) He was followed by Mr. Boutelle, in an effort to fawn like a hound before the speaker, and pretend to defend him, but every thing he said was too sickly, too be-scattered, too tiresome to write about, and was even too weakly delivered to listen to.

It is said that the Star-eyed Goddess looks seventeen years younger than she did before Secretary Blaine wrote his reciprocity letter.

Mr. McKinley's heart is swollen and sore, and his epiglottis sinks known with a pop, when he sees Mr. Blaine coming. The handwriting is on the wall in Kansas, in letters six yards high, and not higher than they are thick, and it has been observed by Senator Plumb after the people of that State took him by the nose and turned his eyes in the direction of the awful inscription.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARQUIS.

Monumental Architect

Staunton, Va.

G. C. COOPER, Agent,

Green Bank, W. Va.

Headstones and Cemetery work done at

The First Execution by Electricity Was Not a Success—Kemmler Was Burned to Death.

The trial of a new means for taking human life at Auburn, N. Y., Wednesday morning, while prompted by humane motives, has resulted in a sickening spectacle presented by a pinioned wretch at whose vital center was kept pounding for some moments an alternating current of electricity which, though it ultimately destroyed his life, subjected the criminal to a torture of which no living being has knowledge, and which none can describe. Imperfect registry of the current's pressure or faulty contact of the electrodes prevented instantaneous death. The layman may gain some conception of the process of this killing when the statement is made that a person whose body should be shaken into fragments could not have suffered such pain as did Wm. Kemmler, whose nerve cells and tissues were disintegrated not in a flash, as designed, but by the relatively slow strokes of the electric hammers upon them. Whether the blood yet retains its normal consistency or whether it is partially or wholly fluidized by divorce of oxygen from the blood corpuscles can only be determined by the autopsy which was about to be commenced. Kemmler's nerve was something wonderful. He never faltered. He directed the adjustment of himself in the chair and counseled the warden to moderation, to secure perfect safety. The shock was given at 6:43½ and was continued about eighteen seconds. Two minutes after the current was cut off there was evidence of respiration. As soon as possible the current was turned, then cut off, again and again respiration was evident after a few minutes. Saliva came from the mouth, the chest heaved, there was a wheezing in the throat. The shock was again put to the prisoner, who, the doctors remarked, was unconscious from the moment of the first shock. After a short time smoke appeared at the back. The flesh was burning. The spectacle was most trying. The man, the doctors said, suffered no pain, however. The warden says the voltage at first shock was at 1,800 voltz, which run down to a point not named. After the third contact of four minutes the man was declared dead. The warden's certificate of death was signed by all present and the party broke up at 7:30 to

the mask was taken off Kemmler's face, his eyes were found half open and his expression, while not normal or placid, was not horrifying to see.

Coughing,

If Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

OHIO UNIVERSITY

ATHENS, OHIO.

ELEMENTARY AND ADVANCED COURSE FOR TEACHERS.

Founded in 1804—in successful operation since 1808. Among former Presidents, Dr. McGuffey, well known as the author of a series of readers. Tuition about $30 per year, including all College branches, Elocution, Drawing, Painting, etc. Long list of well known alumni. Send for Catalogue to C. W. SUPP

Many Persons

are broken down from overwork or house cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
R. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates, subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
T. B. MOORE.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Huntersville on the 27th day of August, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. P. MOONAU.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,
J. R. PATTERSON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County

Gentlemen and fellow citizens and to the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties: at the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work to better the condition of our people and the counties, and asking your support, am,

Truly Thine,
C. B. SWECKER.

HOME NEWS.

—Several drummers in town lately.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warwick, is visiting some of the booming town in Va.

—Ms. H. M. Lockridge, who has been suffering from rheumatism for several days, is better.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic was down at the Levels the first of this week on business.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and wife have been visiting relatives at Dunmore for a few days past.

—Mess. J. and Henry Gilmore of Lewisburg, and Mr. Huffner of Lexington Va., are guests at Huntersville Hotel.

—There are now about 1,500 pieces of the Greenbrier white Sulphur, and yet the height of the season has not been reached.

—Rev. L. F. Snapp, started this morning (Wednesday) for the Brushy Ridge camp meeting.

—The Baldwin District Fair, to be held in Staunton, Va., will commence September 30th and continue four days.

—Mess. Jno. Cleek, and Harry Thompson have commenced the new road to and from where the bridge is to be rebuilt.

—Mr. Henry Dassonville, the contractor to build the abutments for the bridge near this place, has come, with a force of hands, ready to commence work.

—Look out! watch your chicken houses. There is a chicken thief around. Mr. S. L. Brown's chicken house has been visited three times and three carried away each time, in the last few nights.

—Salt sprinkled on any substance burning on a stove will stop the smoke and smell. Salt thrown upon coals blazing from the fat of chops or ham will cause the blaze to subside.

—We announced last week that there wouldn't be any paper issued from this office this week owing to our rheumatic affliction, but since, have gotten better and THE TIMES appears "on time."

—Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

—There will be a meeting of the Huntersville Farmers' Alliance at the Court house, Saturday, August 23rd, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time it will be necessary for all members to be present, as there is important business to be transacted. By order of the president.

—No medicine in the world is in better repute or more widely known than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. As a safe and certain remedy for all manner of blood disorders, leading physicians and druggists everywhere recommend it in preference to any other.

—Twelve street cars, made by the St. Louis Car company, passed through here this week for service in Staunton. They were beauties. The "city of the hills" is coming! She needs, and must have, a daily paper, and that soon. It has long been a wonder to us that she has delayed thus long in this matter.—Clifton Forge and Iron Gate Review.

—A new dog law in Wisconsin declares that if any dog shall attack or run out and bark at any person or horse attached to a carriage traveling in a highway, complaint may be made to a justice of the peace, who on proof that the charge is true shall order the owner or possessor of such dog to kill him immediately. Such should be a law in W. Va.

—The Greenbrier County Primary election was held Saturday, August 2nd. Result: R. D. Erwin and Jas. F. Clark, for House of Delegates; S. H. Nickell, for County Commissioner; Jonathan Mayse for Clerk Circuit Court and Charles B. Baster for Clerk County Court. G. W. Wilson received a small majority for Congress. Capt. W. L. McNeel received 1,333 votes and J. P. Moonan received 111 votes for States Senate. Greenbrier being entitled to 21 votes in the Congressional Convention at Huton on the 26th inst, will be cast as follows: E. W. Wilson 11 votes and J. D. Atkerson 10 for Congress. D. B. Lucas, will receive 21 votes for Court of Appeals. In the Senatorial Convention, Wm. L. McNeel will receive 19½ votes and J. P. Moonan 1½ votes.

WANTED.—A good white, study girl to cook, wash and iron. Wages, $8.00 per month, with good fire and bed. Address F. P. Staley, Ronceverte, W. Va.

Summers county is to have a legal hanging. The wife murderer Martin will be hanged on the 3rd of October next, provided there is no hitch in carrying out the mandate of the court.

Preaching Announcements.

Sacramental meeting at Dunmore the fourth Sabbath of August (24th) Prepacatory services Friday and Saturday nights before.

Preaching at Moore's school house on Elk, Saturday night August 30th.

Mary Gibson Chapel, Sabbath morning, August 31st. At Edray, Sabbath night, same day. The foregoing services to be conducted by Wm. T. Price.

The appointment at Sunset for the fourth Sabbath of August is recalled.

Delegate District Democratic Convention.

A convention of the Democratic delegates of the Delegate District composed of the counties of Webster and Pocahontas is hereby called to meet at Huntersville in Pocahontas county on the 10th day of September, 1890, at 12 o'clock m. for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent said district in the next Legislature of West Va.

By order of Committee.

W. L. MCNEEL, Ch'n.

Lewisburg District Conference.

Time—August 27-29. Place—Marvin Grove camp ground Monroe Co., W. Va. Railroad station—Lowell, Chesapeake and Ohio.

Aug. 27, 9 a. m—Organization, 11 a. m.—Opening sermon by S. V. Hildebrand. 3 p. m.—Revivals conditions of success by Rev. L. Butt. Aug. 28, 10 a. m.—Christian Liberality by Rev. C. M. Bragg. 7:30 p. m. Family religion by Rev. J. L. Shipley. Aug. 29, 10:30 a. m. —Missions by Rev. J. O. Knott. 3 p m.—Christian education, Rev. D. F. Enlster.

Recording Stewards will please have their books present.

The Camp meeting Committee will entertain the members of the Conference on the Camp Ground during the continuance of the Conference who may wish to remain and attend the Camp Meeting services after the Conference has closed, can get board at reasonable rates on the Camp Ground.

S. F. FERGUSON, P. E.

Dunmore Doings.

The threshing machine is heard in our neighborhood.

A W. Va. Central R. R. man was in town last night. He says the chances for the R. R. are as good as ever.

Miss Annie Wakeman will be home this week from Warren, Va., where she has been for more than a year.

Quite a number of drummers have been in our town lately.

Mess. W. M. Siple, E. H. Jackson, Wash Oliver and Henry McDowell, were at home from Smith's camp a few days last week.

The candidates must all be black berrying, as we see but few of them.

Attorney C. F. Moore, and wife are spending a few days in town.

Anyone finding a glove in the road between Dunmore and Huntersville will be reward by leaving it with or sending it to C. B. Swecker.

Ice frooze at Travelers' Repose last night.

TOM SAWYER.

Wayside Notes.

During an interesting excursion the last days of July, it was the writer's pleasure to visit the Laurel Run settlement, nine or ten miles north of Marlinton. Messrs. Geo. White, Shearer, McClure, Taylor, Childers, Dilley and others are building up nice homes, and it looks as if this would be one of the prosperous sections of our grand county in a few years.

Those living here are the first to hear the booming of dynamite, announcing the advent of a railroad, for it is a matter of frequent occurrence to hear the miners setting off their blasts, as your correspondent was informed.

Capt. Peters and Col. Gay are operating an excellent steam saw mill on the lands of Adam McNeel, Esq. The crew consisting of Auburn Friel, Adam Young, Barnes and Kirkpatrick, seem to be one the best, capable and willing. It is marvellous to see how soon an immense tree can be changed into commercial lumber when manipulated by these stalwart young men. The mill is located a few rods from the famous centennial cherry tree, whence Col. Clay procurred the block that attracted so much attention at the Philadelphia exposition in 1876, and prepared the way for bringing the Pocahontas lumber into such prominent notice.

The remains of this historic tree were pointed out to the writer by his kind and obliging friend Mr. Geo. White.

The number, coolness and excellence of the springs found in this region, is phenomenal and some day this will be a health resort. There is something in the atmosphere that makes it specially pleasant and invigorating to inhale, owing possibly to the presence of these springs and the dense forest of pine and cherry and birch.

Some pleasant hours were spent in the former home of the late Capt. Wm. Cochran near the head of Stoney creek.

The writer's feelings were deeply touched by a view of the neatly cared for grave, where the Captain rests from his busy life of seventy years or more. He was a cheerful jovial man, and always had a kind word for his young friend "Billy" and hoped he would try to make a good man of himself.

His noble form would quiver with emotion as he recalled the years he had lived in sin; but afterwards his eye would beam with rapture, when speaking of the Redeemer, that sought him when a stranger.

Perhaps no one in this region ever repeated with more unction or more frequently these words than the writers kindly cherished friend, Capt. Wm. Cochran:

Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wondering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger.
Interposed his precious blood.

W. T. P.

FERTILIZERS.

We call your attention to our bands of Fertilizers now for sale and ready to deliver for fall wheat:

GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO'S
PREPARATION FOR WHEAT AND GRASS.
Analysis.
Ammonia, 1 to 2 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent. Potash, 1 to 2 yer cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S
DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.
Analysis.
Bone Phosphate of Lime and Flesh, 28 to 33 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 14 to 16 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S.
ACID PHOSPHATE.
Analysis.
Bone Phosphate of Lime, 20 to 25 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent.

GEENBRIER D. M. CO'S
FLESH BLOOD AND BONE, FOR CORN.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S
PURE GROUND BONE MEAL.
Ground Bone as a permanent improver for land it is useless for us to recommend you. It is ground by ourselves, and is free from all adulterations. We guarantee the purity of every sack.

Liverpool and Kanawha Salt, Lime and Glow Plasters.

We are determined to sell these goods at the lowest possible margin, and will be glad to have farmers call and get our CASH prices. They will be as low as the lowest.

GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO,
Ronceverte W. Va.

☞ Sample sent on application.

WHEAT FOR SALE.

I will have for sale in about 10 days, a lot of good wheat, which I will sell at $1.00 per bushel.

Z. GAULEY.
Sunset, W. Va

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

A. E. WHITE. R. S. LOVELACE. J. M. PRICE.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Ronceverte, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

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Academy, W. Va.

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C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W Va.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1890, in the cause of C. C. Burner v Wm. N. Morrow, I will on

THURSDAY, THE 21 DAY OF AUGUST, 1890,

offer for sale by public auction, at Travelers Repose in said County, that certain tract of land containing 915 acres, lying near the east branch of Greenbrier river, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Houchen, A. M. V. Arbogast and others, being the rame land lately sold by the said Burner to the said Morrow.

TERMS: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal payments, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser executing bonds with good security for the deferred payment, and the title being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES, Comr.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the bond required by said decree, has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 24-4t Printer's fee, $8.40

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. H. M. Beard, deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, to the payment of his debts. You are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, for adjudication to C. F. Moore, Commissioner, at his office in the Said County, on or before the 23rd day of August, 1890.

Witness John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 17-4t. Printer's fee $5.25.

SEED WHEAT.

We have for sale at our granery about 150 bushels of Fouleaster wheat at $1.50 per bushel. All parties wanting good seed wheat will do well to call on us at once, as it will soon be disposed of.

H. M. & J. B. LOCKRIDGE.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second-class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 41, 1890.

Not a Beggar.

"Gentlemen," he began, in a smooth voice, "I'm dead broke, but no beggar. I want to raise about ten shillings, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain, as large as his thumb, and containing six links. He passed it round and, after it had been carefully inspected by each of the party, he continued:

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is worth two pounds, against ten shillings in cash, that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed round again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark,—

"And I want to stake that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself."

"Done!" said the stranger, as he pulled off his coat.

Coat and cash were put in the hands of a stake-holder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith's shop, and, picking up a hammer and chisel, he deliberately cut a link.

The onlookers stood like so many bumpkins at a country fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes, the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to exclaim,—

"Sold by a professional swindler! The money is yours; but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick and you had better be twenty yards off."

"Thanks—glad to have met you—good-day," replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.

Oklahoma Courtship.

Buckskin Pete—Sal, I've seen yer fer about three days now, an' I likes yer real well. What der yer say, let's dubble up an' get spliced; an' we'll start er ranch on our own hook!

Sal (the belle of Dead Man's creek)—I don't know, Pete. I likes yer purty well; but I can't say as I'm ded stuck on yer. Look hyar, what's that story I hearn 'bout you runnin' 'way from a tenderfut 'cause he had a shooter?

Pete—'Tain't so, Sal. I killed the varmint plumb ded.

Sal—Good! Got some style, ain't ye? But then I hearn you played poker with Bill Sauters and let him cheat without poppin' him off. Whale the matter? he too much for yer? 'F he is, he's the one I wants.

Pete—Cudden't help that, Sally dear. Bill he got the drop on me and kicked me outen the game.

Sal—All right. 'Nother thing. D'you ever steal my horses?

Pete—Yes. Four, six months ago. Only one thing more, Pety, Jane Rawlins says you drink that 'Pollinaris water, what the tenderfuts from the East drink. That so?

Pete—'Ts a lie. I drink plain whiskey.

Sal—All right. I don't want no man what kan't take a drink 'o whiskey now an' then, so I want you to understand that.

Pete—Is it a go, Sal?

Sal—Well, I don't know as I've got any more objections, 'cept that you ought ter wait some night fer Bill Sauters an' pick him off. How, someever, I'm yours, Pety, old man. So come kiss your little wifey; an' then go out and ask the old man what he ses. If he don't agree, we'll cut out afore he comes home and skip down to the settlement and have the parson do the thing up squar. Whoop la! Go 'long now, Jim, you soft fool, you.

There has recently been planted in one of the sections of Australia 20,000 acres of land to raisin grapes, which is capable of producing 10,000,000 boxes of raisins.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations, Get the genuine.

Constipation,

If not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Druggists sell all sizes. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING 17-17-70 PAYS BEST. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. J. F. SMITH & CO., Manufacturing Druggists, PITTSBURGH, PA. (Established 1859.)

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. With $5 a bottle.

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Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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If not paid within 6 months 1.25

And at the end of the year 1.50

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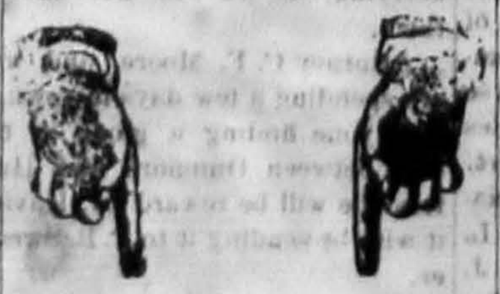

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LOTERIA DE LA BENEFICENCIA PUBLICA

OF THE

State of Zacatecas, Mexico.

A syndicate of capitalists have secured the concession for operating this

LOTTERY,

and will extend its business throughout the United States and British Columbia.

Below will be found a list of the prizes which will be drawn on

AUGUST 27, 1890,

AT ZACATECAS, MEXICO,

and continued monthly thereafter.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.00

100,000 Tickets at $10.00; Halves, $5.00; Tenths, $1.00; American Currency.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1	PRIZE OF	$150,000 is	$150,000
1	PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1	PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
3	PRIZES OF	10,000 are	30,000
2	PRIZES OF	5,000 are	10,000
5	PRIZES OF	2,000 are	10,000
10	PRIZES OF	1,000 are	10,000
20	PRIZES OF	500 are	10,000
200	PRIZES OF	200 are	40,000
300	PRIZES OF	150 are	45,000
500	PRIZES OF	100 are	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

150	PRIZES OF $150 are		$22,500
150	PRIZES OF 100 are		15,000
150	PRIZES OF 50 are		7,500
997	Terminal Prizes of 50 are		49,850
2492			$524,850

CLUB RATES: 6 Tickets for $50.00.

Special Rates Arranged With Agents.

AGENTS WANTED

In every town and city in the United States and British America.

The payment of Prizes is guaranteed by a special deposit of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000), with the State Government, and approved by Jesus Urechiga, Governor.

Drawings under the personal supervision of Lic. Herminio Arsenga, who is appointed by the Government as Interventor.

"I CERTIFY that with the State Treasurer all necessary guarantees are deposited, assuring full payment of all prizes of this drawing.

HERMINO ARTEAGA, Interventor."

IMPORTANT.

Remittances must be either by New York Draft, Express or Registered Letter American money. Collections can be made by Express Companies or Banks. Ticket sent direct to management will be paid by drafts on New York, Montreal, St. Paul, Chicago, San Francisco or city of Mexico. For further information address

JUAN PIEDRAD, Manager,

ZACATECAS, MEXICO.

A partado 48.

A SOLID STEEL FENCE

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EXPANDED METAL

CUT FROM STEEL. SOMETHING NEW. PERFECT.

For Residences, Churches, Cemeteries, Fine Gardens, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trees, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue mailed free.

CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO.

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Hardware Men keep it. Give name of this paper.

One of the BEST for EYE, EAR AND THROAT. FREE

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

DROP A POSTAL CARD TO

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Corner Pratt and Concord Streets, Baltimore, Md.,

We will furnish you the Exact Cost of any article you may need and you will save money.

Jan 23—6 o w—6 m.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FAVORITE SINGER!

Warranted for Five Years.

LOW ARM ONLY $20

HIGH ARM $25.00

OUR FAVORITE SINGER

Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Wood Frame, Tucker, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmer.

Sent on trial. Delivered in your home free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Save Canvassing Commissions. Best Home Machines. Address for Circulars and Testimonials,

Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company,

209 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH

We have a remedy that will CURE CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA. Our faith is so strong that we will send treatment on trial. Send for Treatise and full particulars. Address,

The Hall Chemical Co., 2060 Fairmount Av., Phila., Pa.

FITS or Falling Sickness CAN be CURED.

We will SEND FREE by mail a large TRIAL BOTTLE, also a treatise on Epilepsy, both of SUFFER ANY LONGER. Give Post Office, State and County, and Age plainly.

Address, THE HALL CHEMICAL CO., 926 Pompeiian Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Has no equal—is delivered free everywhere. Please send full Post-Office address, including County, and also your shipping address, including railroad station most convenient to you; the cost of postal expense will bring to you some fine new and improved sewing machine. Address Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company, 209 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 21 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 4.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,	L. W. Herold
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts,	J. J. Beard.
Assessor,	C. G. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, *Proprietor.*

I CURE FITS!
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again, I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
a life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

FOR MEN ONLY!

ELOISE.

How the Cruel Flood Revealed to Her True Love.

They had parted coldly.

Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding-place with a white face, steraly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment.

Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss, and a look of something like triumph in her coquettish dark eyes.

That she was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew; and that she was as willful and capricious and exacting, as she was bright and pretty and bewitching, every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill-owner, from her very infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young womanhood.

She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes, her father's book-keeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she graciously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried.

They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chatting gayly, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of the village.

Perhaps he had chosen an inauspicious moment to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, inauspicious or not, he had spoken and received his answer.

They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidity which seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that it was more than he could bear in silence. She had even insinuated to him that it was not herself he loved, but her father's wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold adieu.

Eloise raised her own umbrella with a defiant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the latest opera.

Her father's bookkeeper! Presume to offer her his hand! It was absurd!

Thus she communed with herself as she went on up the street to her home. She tried to be angry at the presumption of the man, but in spite of herself she could not. She had always admired him—yes, in a way she had quite liked him, and it was pleasing to her vanity to know he loved her—but, marriage—that was another thing, indeed, and quite out of the question!

For days and days it rained. It grew monotonous and wearisome.

Eloise, wandering aimlessly about the drawing room, looking over a book abstractedly; striking a few chords on the piano; going from window to window to look out at the falling rain and the dismal landscape, was wretchedly lonesome and ill at ease.

Why did not some one come! Even Richard Holmes would be a welcome caller, if only to quarrel with. He used to drop in so often to play a game of chess or listen to her music. She wished she had not treated him quite so badly the other day. Why could she not to say that. She wished that she had been less unkind that day—wished that she had held him off a little longer at least—it used to be so pleasant to have him drop in for an hour or two.

The day was closing in dark and stormy. Eloise from the window looked at the swollen river, and the pools that stood here and there on the lawn.

Suddenly she stood erect and and looked eagerly at a well-known figure coming toward the house. It was Richard Holmes.

The girl stood watching his progress eagerly, as he picked his way among the pools of water, her lips parted, her pretty head thrown back, her dark eyes glad and bright.

"I am glad he is coming," she said, softly to herself, as she stood surrounded by the creamy draperies of the window waiting for him.

She heard his firm step on the piazza. She heard him ring the bell and then speak a few words to the maid who opened the door.

Suddenly a great roar filled all the air, drowning the voices in the hall, drowning the silvery chime of the little French clock, drowning every thing, swallowing up every thing in its awful volume of sound. There was a terror in it unlike the heaviest crash of thunder—a strange and terrible menace in the sound, swelling and gathering and growing louder every moment.

Eloise stood paralyzed with fear. She was powerless to cry out, to move herself; she could only stand and listen to that awful, all-pervading roar.

She did not think what it might mean. She had heard vague rumors of fears for the great dam above, but had not heeded.

In a moment it was all over; the sound had come upon her in all its awfulness. She fell back, overpowered with terror, and became unconscious.

A violent blow on her head roused her to herself. She found herself floating on the strong current, borne along at a sickening speed, upheld by the strength and fury of the roaring waters.

Near her she saw the great elm-tree that had stood before the house ever since she was a child. It must have been a branch of that which struck her and brought her back to life.

With great, dark eyes dilated with horror, and a face white and ghastly as the faces of the dead, the girl flew along. She had caught hold of the branches of the great tree, and was clinging with a grasp like death itself. Life was sweet—too sweet to lose. In her first moment of consciousness, she had thought of Richard Holmes. Where could he be? Drowned? O, God forbid—not drowned—the thought was dreadful to her. In a flash she was revealed to herself. She loved him—loved him with her whole heart—had loved him all the time without knowing it. What had he come to the door for that night? It seemed ages ago to her now—to bring a message of warning? Her father—was he safe? O, heaven, that appalling darkness—that dreadful roar of rushing waters!

She raised her voice and called, "Richard!" It was lost in the roar of the flood. She tried again, summoning all her strength, and sending her clear voice out over the waters—"Richard! Richard!"

She at most she heard a human the flood struck the house; he might be somewhere near her now.

She raised her voice again, and called his name with a desperation born of fear and love. A dark object was floating near her, tossing up and down on the resistless current. She could see that it was a man, clinging to a mass of boards. The face was turned from her, but the head looked familiar. She called again, and the man turned and looked at her.

"Is it you, Eloise?" he screamed; and then she barely heard him—"you, Eloise? Thank God!"

She breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe now—safe, even on the bosom of this rushing ocean of fierce waters and crashing debris—if he were near.

She saw that he was trying to get to her, but could not: that he dared not loose his hold on the boards and trust himself one instant in that mighty current. She could see his face, white and agonized, turned to her—always turned to her. Something had struck him and cut a gash in his head, and the blood was trickling down his pallid cheek; she could see it from where she clung in the branches of the elm-tree.

She did not know that one beautiful, white arm was bare to the shoulder and bleeding from a cruel blow she had received—she did not realize the pain in her head where the tree had struck her—such things were trivial now. Life was the only thing to be thought of—life—and death—if death should come.

A house came reeling down and struck the mass of boards to which Richard clung. The shock loosened his hold and tossed him far out into the water. The horrible undercurrent succed him in and he sank from sight. The next moment his white face showed above the water. Such horror and despair Eloise had never seen as she saw there. One last appealing look at her, one cry from her white lips, and he was gone again. Eloise prayed—prayed as she had never dreamed of praying before; crying aloud for help and pity in this time of need.

Richard came to the surface again—near her this time. Could she reach him? Only a little nearer—he was half unconscious and could not help himself. She leaned far out over the dark torrent, holding to the tree firmly with one arm and touched him with her hand—caught him by his collar, and held his head above the water as they were borne along. She called to him wildly. He heard and understood, made one great effort to seize the branches of the tree, and at last, with an almost superhuman strength, drew himself up into the sheltering arms of the old elm.

There he clung with what frail strength was left him; but he was too weak for words. It was no time for speech. The scene was more terrible than any of the imaginings of Dante. Great masses of timbers, that ten minutes before had been houses and homes, came rushing by with shrieking women clinging to them, and little children borne along upon them. Strong men were tossing like egg-shells on the waters, and horses and cattle were plunging madly for life among the ruins of great barns that came crashing by. Now and then, some wild shriek or unearthly moan would mean the death-cry of a human being going down to eternal sleep under the roaring waters.

death; with one blow it sent the elm-tree spinning far ahead on the waters. Eloise and Richard were hurled into the air and fell together clinging to whatever they could find—a door, a fence—any thing to keep afloat. At last they climbed to the ridge-pole of a house and clung there. All night they floated, bruised and cut by heavy objects striking them, almost losing their hold many times, but never quite—tossing, plunging, flying with a speed that was terrible.

In the first gray dawn of morning they were rescued. Friendly hands drew them from their perilous position and bore them to a place of safety. There they lay for days unconscious. The shock had been too great—human endurance had been too sorely tried.

The physicians who dressed their wounds and the nurses who cared for them shook their heads gravely over the young strangers given so mercifully into their hands.

Richard woke to consciousness first, but lay with closed eyes, resting and trying to think why he was there and what had happened.

All at once he heard a voice he knew and loved. It was Eloise, delirious with fever. "Richard," she was saying, "I love you now, I loved you all the time, but I did not know it. Richard, did the horrible waters drown you? O, my darling!"

He opened his eyes and looked across the room toward the weak voice dying away into silence. What he saw was Eloise lying on the snowy cot with closed eyes and flushed cheeks—Eloise pitifully thin and changed, but Eloise still, despite the streaks of silver in her dark hair, and the lines of pain on her white brow, left there by the agony of that fatal night.

Richard looking at her thus loved her all the better for the marks of sorrow; they made her tenderer to him; their awful [illegible] had welded together their souls forever.

It was a very quiet, [illegible] ceremony that made the [illegible] wife. It was no time [illegible] making and rejoicing [illegible] poverty were every [illegible] ther was among the [illegible] vants were missing [illegible] friends were gone [illegible] forever. Every [illegible] ther's wealth had [illegible] She was penniless [illegible] home was entirely [illegible] ing that had been [illegible]

Nothing she had [illegible] days was left here [illegible] thank God, her [illegible] brave Richard [illegible] gether through [illegible] their paths henceforth [illegible] lay side by side.

Eloise was a changed woman. What had been wrong in her became good. What had been vain and foolish became beautiful and pure. Her whole nature was changed—her heart ennobled and uplifted, made sweet and womanly and good.

It is no wonder that her husband, tenderly stroking the dark hair with its streaks of silver, smiles and is thankful for her, rejoicing in her as the gift of the flood, which disolated so many hearts—glad and proud that she is in his home and at his fireside.—Harriet F. Crocker, in N. Y. Ledger.

"The wife of an Earl is a Countess, isn't she?" asked Squildig.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 21. 1890.

The population of Huntington, by the new census is 10,091, making it the second city in the State.

W. S. Williams, of Cherokee County, Ala., is the father of 28 children, the eldest of which is 49 years old and the youngest 6.

A young child ten years of age, named Poles, while visiting near Charleston, had her ears pierced. They became inflamed and finally rotted off. Blood poisoning set in and caused the child's death.

The Kansas farmers in convention at Topeka refused to put a plank in their platform endorsing Prohibition. They are taking their politics straight.

Mr. Porter sticks stubbornly to his estimate of 64,000,000 as the present population of the United States, in spite of all protests. The father of the census law, the Hon. S. S. Cox, thought the total would be from 62,000,000 to 64,000,000; Edward Atkinson estimated it at 64,500,000, and Mr. Henry Elliott, Actuary of the Treasury, also suggested 64,000,000 as about the outcome of the census.

Last Saturday morning a B. & O. train passed through Grafton which carried $13,000,000 worth of silver. The train was composed of four express cars and one passenger coach. The coach contained no one but armed officers. The precious metal was being shipped from the Treasury at Washington to the sub-Treasury at New Orleans.—Grafton Eagle.

WHERE NOT TO BE DURING AN ELECTRIC STORM.—At a window, at an open window especially, in a severe electrical storm, you can get a reserved seat for danger, or for fatal shock, usually. If you want a safe place in a severe thunder-storm, shut the window down and then keep away from it. When you can count ten between the flash and the roll it is somewhat safer to look out through the glass at the superb spectacle. An electric storm is a fine show when you can enjoy it with safety, but when it is crackling directly overhead neither a tree nor an open window are good places for the sight.

Killed in Bed by a Snake.

Jasper Keith, a farmer, living in Winston county, Ala., awoke and found his wife and 8 months old babe dead in bed by his side. Their bodies were badly swollen, and coiled in one corner of the bed was a moccasin snake, whose bite is as fatal as that of the rattlesnake. During the night the snake had crawled into the bed and had bitten Mrs. Keith and the child. Keith was so overcome with grief and horror that he fell prostrate across the dead bodies of his wife and babe.

This aroused the snake and it struck at Keith, but its fangs caught in the sleeves of his nightshirt and he escaped the fatal sting. Realizing his peril, Keith caught the snake in his hand and hurled it to the floor before it could strike again.

THE ANNUAL BABY CROP.—"It has been computed," says the St. Louis Republican, "that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies are born each year. The rate of production is, therefore about seventy per minute—more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one-a-minute calculation every newspaper reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a well-known hospital writer that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would be overflowing and at the same time extend around the globe. The same writer looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last corner in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of twenty a minute, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of this infantile host after they had been passing him at the rate of 1,200 an hour during the entire year. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls."

COWBOYS AND THEIR BRIDES.

Unusual Scenes at a Double Wedding in the Wild West.

PHOENIX, A. T., August 14.—Charley Meadows, Jack Brown and George Nelton, three representative cowboys of the Tonto cattle range, have arrived from Payson.

They give details of a unique double wedding that occurred in Payson last Friday, between Thomas Beach and Maggie Meadows and Charles Cole and Julia Hale.

About noon on Friday 250 guests assembled on the main street of Payson. All were mounted, and when everything was ready the two couples rode up on spiritued broncbos to the center of the gathering. The brides wore riding habits and the grooms were in regular cowboy regalia. Justice of the Peace Birch was awaiting them, and with the briefest of legal ceremonies tied the knot as fast as the law allowed.

After congratulations had been extended to the happy couples, presents were announced. The present from Charlie Meadows was as many head of his cattle as the married pairs could find and brand between then and sundown. The chase was at once begun. the young women, who are expert riders, carrying branding irons and assisting in tying down the cattle. Each married pair secured 18 head.

A Judge With a Body-Guard.

Judge Lilly, surrounded by two companies of militia, while a third patrolled the streets, opened the Pineville, Ky., court, last week, and with some difficulty impaneled a grand jury. The court is being held in a hut, and 400 armed outlaws, representing the French-Ebersole faction, are camped about the place, and a battle is imminent at any time. In his charge to the jury the Judge daclared the condition of affairs in Perry county a disgrace to Christendom. In the entire history of the county but one man had ever been convicted of murder, and his punishment was a brief term in prison, and yet over 500 murders had been committed in the county, over 300 in the past twenty years, and only nine arrests, all told, had been made. Besides this, scores of dwellings had been robbed and burned. Even the court house had with valuable records, been destroyed, and not an arrest made. No taxes had been collected for two years.

The outlaws are entrenching themselves about the place, and little is needed to precipitate a mountain war. There is not a church or school in the county, and not a religious service has been

sleeps with soldiers in his room and on guard. He has made his will and admits that he hardly expects to get out alive. All food is tested before being eaten, and no man is allowed to enter the town until he is searched. A single spark will kindle a war that will speedily engage a thousand men and cost scores of lives.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 15.—Senator Gorman has proven that the democrats made no mistake in putting him in charge of party interests during the tariff debate. By his adroituess, with the able assistance of his democratic colleagues, in showing up the absurdities and general injustice of the tariff bill towards the masses, particularly the tillers of the soil, he has driven the republicans into such a state of consternation that their leader, Senator Quay, has offered a resolution which postpones the Federal Election bill until next winter in order to try and stop the damaging debate on the tariff bill. The resolution provides for a vote to be taken on the tariff bill on the 30 inst. Its introduction has set the republicans in Congress nearer wild than they were before, if that could be possible; but Mr Quay had no choice; he was compelled by the Manufacturers who furnished him the money to win with in 1888 and upon whom he relies for the money for the '92 campaign to do it; they fear the effect of the exposure of the whole sale robbery of the people of this country for their benefit which is daily going on in the Senate chamber, (Mr. Vance has just shown that it is proposed to rob the people, through a tax on their tin cups, pans, and pails, of $75,000,000 for the sole benefit of the newly formed Pittsburgh tin plate trust) and the attempt is made to secure democratic votes for the resolution to vote on the tariff bill by making the same resolution postpone the Federal Election bill, and it is even stated in some quarters that the resolution is the result of a bargain made by Mr. Quay with Senator Gorman.

No such bargain has been made, although it is an open secret that it might have been made long ago, and whether the resolution, if it is reported by the committee on Rules to which it was referred, will receive the support of the democrats will depend entirely upon circumstances. The democrats have their eyes wide open and are greatly enjoying the republican ro now going on and may be depended upon to do their part in keeping it a going, and to take advantage of anything that turns up. The republicans are to hold a caucus to-night, and a regular circus is expected.

Speaker Reed has been the maddest man in town ever since Mr. Quay offered his resolution, and he swears that the Senate shall act upon the Federal Election bill at this session or he will not allow the House to act upon the Senate amendments to the tariff bill. Mr. Reed charges it all to Secretary Blaine, who has been from the start open and active in his opposition to the Federal Election bill.

Secretary Blaine's policy towards the Central American Nations, if persisted in, will undoubtedly prove a very bad one for this country. In setting himself up as the mediator—he wants to be dictator—in the constantly occurring quarrels between the petty so called republics of that country he is going against all the precedents of the State department, except the action which he himself took while Garfield was lying on his death bed and which Mr. Arthur'r Secretary of State repudiated as soon as he succeeded Mr. Blaine. This country has no business meddling with the internal affairs of other countries; but

probably controlled in this matter by capitalists with whom his relations have been too close for him to refuse their requests.

The anti-lottery bill will come up in the House Saturday if a quorum can be kept together. The same bill has been favorably reported to the Senate.

Speaker Reed has been unable even to count a quorum except at rare intervals during this week. The G. A. R. encampment at Boston was the magnet which drew the members off. "Corporal" Tanner was there in the interest of his pension business and Mr. Harrison was there hoping to gain some friends for '92, but these two eminent republicans did not go together, nor did they meet while there.

The House committee on Territories has made a favorable report on the bill appropriating for the use of needy settlers in Oklahoma the unexpended balance of the money appropriated for the Mississippi flood sufferers—about $45,000.

Senator Carlisle for the first time took part in the tariff debate this week; he did not make a set speech—he will do this later on—but merely stated some facts showing that certain figure's relating to the tin plate industry, which had been several times referred to by republican speakers, were misleading and not to be relied upon.

At the request of several of the democratic members of the House committe on Territories further consideration of the bill to admit New Mexico has been postponed until after the new Constitutional convention is held.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfeces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.
MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

A. J. Simpkey, is a personal enemy of mine, and is circulating through the County, to injure me that I stole a suit of clothes from his store, while he kept at Edray, which is a base falsehood.

L. M. WAUGH.

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
DOES CURE
CONSUMPTION
In its First Stages.
Be sure you get the genuine.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.
J. C. MARQUIS.
Monumental Architect
Staunton, Va.
G. C. COOPER, Agent,
Green Bank, W. Va.
Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the will of Sallie Gum, dec'd, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises of the said Sallie Gum, dec'd on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1890,

the following personal and real estate, viz:

1 Horse, 1 Cow, 2 Stacks of Hay, about 50 Bushels Buckweat and a small quantity of oats.

Also all the lands of which the said Sallie Gum died seized and possessed with, all the oppurtenances thereto belonging.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases of personal property will be required to pay cash all sums of $5.00 or less; and for amounts above $5.00 will be allowed six months time purchaser giving bond with approved personal security, with interest from date. The purchaser of the real estate will be required to pay $50 cash and for the residue will be allowed 6, 12 and 18 months credit, upon executing bonds with approved personal security, with interest from date. A lien will also be retained on the land as ultimate security.

M. J. McNEEL, Adm'r c. t. a.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,
DEALERS IN
First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.
We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.
Quick sales and small profits is our motto.
Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.
All orders by mail receive prompt attention.
P. O. Address, Mauntain Grove, Va.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.
(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)
Mt. Grove, - - Va.,
DEALERS IN
All brands of
LIQUORS,
At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general Mercandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BRYAN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MILLER.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself candidate, to represent the 4th Legislative Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully
W. C. ARBAUGH.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate district composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates; subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
L. B. HILL.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Hinton on the 27th day of August, 1890.

Respectfully
J. P. MAUPIN.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas Co., at the election to be held Nov. 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully
J. H. PATTON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County

Gentlemen and fellow citizens: I announce to the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties: At the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work for better the condition of our people and the counties, and asking your support, I am,

Truly Thine,
C. B. SEE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself candidate for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to Primary election. Your support is kindly solicited.

Yours Respectfully
GEO. H. MCGLAUGHLIN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself candidate for the office of Sheriff. If elected, Wm. H. Cackley will be my deputy.

Respectfully
R. H. HILL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

To the creditors of J. H. M. H., deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of Circuit Court of Pocahontas, in a cause therein pending, to sell the real estate of the said J. H. M. H., for the payment of his debts, are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. H. M. H., for adjudication to C. F. Moore, commissioner, at his office in the County, on or before the third day August, 1890.

Witness John J. Beard, clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 15-4t. Fri $5.50.

SEED WHEAT.

We have for sale at mastery about 130 bushels of Easter wheat at $1.50 per bushel put

HOME NEWS

—L. W. Herold, Esq., of Frost, was in to see us Monday.

—D. G. Ruckman, Esq., of Mill Gap, Va., was in town Monday.

—Mr. C. W. McCormick, of Buckhannon was in the city Monday.

—Mr. J. T. Hogsett, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—Everybody send us 15cts, and take THE TIMES from now until after the election.

—Mr. Henry White, of Douthard's Creek has been on the sick list for some time.

—Mr. Andrew Campbell, father of Hon. A. N. Campbell, Judge of our circuit Court, died at his home near Pickaway, Monroe County on the 12th inst.

—We are requested to say that Rev. W. T. Price will preach the funeral sermon of Newton Barkley on next Sunday evening, 26th, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

—John Wanamaker is daily expected at Huntersville to look after the Post Office. There is some difficulty in keeping the Office supplied with deputies.

—Quite an enjoyable Sunday School picnic was held near the Sulphur Spring on Beaver Creek last Saturday, under the control of the Protestant Methodist Church.

—Mr. Henry Breinfoerder and wife and Miss Ada, of Cincinnati, were in town over Sunday. They were going to Traveler's Repose, where they spend several weeks every summer.

—Mr. Geo. H. McGlaughlin's announcement, appears this week for Commissioner of the County Court. Mr. McGlaughlin is a whole soul man and believes in expending money where it is most needed and in an economical way.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of Mr. R. V. Hill, of Academy, for Sheriff, and if elected, Mr. W. H. Cackley, of Dunmore will be his deputy. These gentlemen are well known in our County and it is scarcely necessary for us to say they are very popular and will doubtless poll a strong vote.

—We are informed by one of our cattle men of Knapp's Creek that the Texas cattle fly, known as the "horn fly" has made its appearance there. It is a small black fly, a little smaller than the ordinary house fly, with long sharp wings and is very annoying to cattle. We would be glad if anyone acquainted with the habits of these insects would communicate with us, for the benefit of our cattle men.

—When we were furnished the names and grades of the teachers who attended the examination at this place a few weeks ago, by mistake a few names were left out,—though not by any fault of ours, which we give below: Miss Alice Clark, grade No. 1, average per cent 90: Delia Payne No. 2, 82; Mr. John Sydenstricker No. 1, 88.

—On Wednesday before the County Conventions, which were held on July 26th, we received a communication from Dr. J. A. Larue, of Academy, announcing Capt. W. L. McNeel, a candidate for State Senate which, (as Wednesday is the day we go to press) came too late for publication, and before the next weeks issue we were ordered to leave it out altogether. What we want to say, is, that it was for no motive whatever of ours that it was left out that week. Capt. McNeel as well as Dr. Larue, we believed then, as we do yet, are as good friends as we have in the County, both being patrons of THE TIMES, and we would not, knowingly, do anything against the nomination or elections of Capt.

—A new Post-Office has been established at the Lockridge ford, called "Driscol," with D. B. McElwee, Esq., P. M.

—Dr. S. P. Patterson was called to Mountain Grove this week to see Wm. McCormick, Esq., who is quite sick.

—Candidates will please send in their orders for tickets for the primary election. We can print them cheaper than anybody else in the County or out of it.

—Attorney Geo. W. McClintic, of Charleston is visiting his brother L. M. McClintic, Esq., at this place.

—The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is bald. If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alterative that can be found for old and young.

—License to marry were issued last Saturday to Mr. Morgan Collins and Miss L. M. Grogg, near Green Bank, and Mr. Wm. Baxter and Miss Wilson, of near Edray.

—Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevent the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

—The tale will soon be told. Next week the Convention to nominate a Congressman and State Senator will be held in Hinton; the primary for this County comes the 9th of September, and on September the 10th a candidate for the Legislature will be put in the field.

—The new road across the bottom at the lower end of Mr. Cury's place is nearing completion; but is useless until the birdge is built, unless some one establishes a ferry across the creek. This makes the second road built for the special benefit of the bridge, but still no bridge.

—From the present appearance it looks as though we wouldn't have any bridge across Knapp's creek at this place for some time to come. Mr. Dassonville, the abutment contractor, came on last week with a force of hands, and spent a day or two looking for stone. He found some, but, concluded they were a little farther to haul than he expected, and if the Court didn't allow him extra pay, he would "throw up" the job, and sent his men home. He is now working on the foundation of Attorney L. M. McClintic's house, where he will be pleased to meet the Court should it wish to come to his terms. Otherwise ta. ta. We would suggest, that, should the Court wish to re-let the contract, that bond be required when bid was received.

Transfers of Real Estate,

The following is a list of transfers of real estate for the month of July:

A deed from S. B. Moore and wife to Chas. Cook for land near Edray.

From Chas. Cook and wife to Wm. M. Sharp, for land near Edray.

From Otho W. Ruckman, Jr., W. W. Ruckman and Mattie E. Ruckman to M. F. Ruckman for their interests in 133 acres known as the Jas. W. Ruckman estate.

From Alvin Clarke and wife and others to R. F. McClure for land on Droop Mountain.

From L. W. Huckman, and wife to H. A. Yeager for House and lot in Green Bank.

From L. W. Marshall, of Ro

Edray Items.

The Farmers Alliance is in a flourishing condition, having now 145 members.

W. C. Hall & Son, are running their store in the interest of the Alliance.

Blackberries are plentiful and the gatherers, are numerous.

The whistle of the steam thresher which is being run by Wash Beverage and Son, is heard in this vicinity. Crops are making a fair yied.

Mrs. Geo. H. McGlaughlin showed us a fine redish, which measured 16 inches in circumferance and weighed 6½ lbs.

Miss Kittie Lakin is visiting friends in our town at present.

Our farmers are about done making hay. The hay crop is very good.

Lots of drummers have been in our town the past few days.

Madame rumor reports a wedding in our neighborhood in the near future.

Success to THE TIMES.

LOOKOUT.

Hillsboro Happenings.

The picnic, given a few days ago by the Sons of Temperance and the Band of Hope and which was also joined by the Methodist Sunday School, was a success. At ten o'clock the Band of Hope marched to the grove with bright banners waving in the air. They presented a pleasant sight to those already assembled in the grove. The organ at the Methodist church was taken out to the picnic grounds and the songs and recitations By the Band of Hope were very good indeed. At one o'clock the well filled baskets were opened, and a good dinner was enjoyed by all. In the afternoon Rev. C. Sydenstricker's speech on Temperance was excellent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moffett, who have been visiting relatives and friends here, will leave for their home in Nebraska, Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Thrasher and children, who have been been visiting relatives here, will leave for their home, Tuesday.

Messrs. S. J. Payne, J. H. Clarke and Lacy Sydenstricker, were off to Cranberry a day or two fishing. Mr. Alvin Burr joined them at Cranberry, and the party caught over four hundred trout. It is worth a trip to Cranberry to catch those delicious speckled beauties.

The question of the day, is, who will get the most blackberries. Wagons go out to Cranberry, every day and there is a demand in town for berries which can be supplied. Come on with your berries.

CECIL.

Marlinton Movements.

The recent rains have greatly improved the prospects of corn, buckwheat and fall pasture.

Quite a number of parties have been to Laurel Run and Elk in quest of blackberries. Knapps creek and the Little Levels, sent representatives. Some would gather others would fill the "air tights." On their return with their ruddy toothsome freight, there would be songs and jokes, notwithstanding torn clothes, scratched fingers and backaches.

From the last announcement of the Fishburne Military school at Waynesboro, the writer learns that Mr. George A. Warwick, was one of the distinguished cadets. He received a certificate of distinction in commercial law, and was an officer in the cadet corps, so there is another Pocahontas student to be proud of.

Mr. Fred Wallace, of Mill Point, visited Marlinton this week. He won eviable distinction year before last at Hampden Sydney, by bearing away one of the medals. He

Texas, fellow students of Henry McGlaughlin, paid him a visit the same time. Mr. Arbuckle, has made a fine record in his college course, and will teach in Mississippi, the coming year.

It is reported that the vacant home of Richard Knapp, was burned a few weeks since, thus the mystery deepens around the question "what has become of Knapp?"

Numbers of very fine fish, suckers, bass and catfish, have been noticed floating down stream, either dead or dying. Have they had too much dynamite in theirs!

J. K. S.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

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AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
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We call your attention to our bands of Fertilizers now for sale and ready to deliver for fall wheat:

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Analysis.
Ammonia, 1 to 2 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent. Potash, 1 to 2 yer cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S
DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.
Analysis.
Bone Phosphate of Lime and Fish, 28 to 33 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 14 to 16 per cent

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'
ACID PHOSPHATE
Analysis.
Bone Phosphate of Lime, 20 to 25 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent.

GEENBRIER D. M. CO'S
FLESH BLOOD AND BONE, FOR CORN

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S
PURE GROUND BONE MEAL.
Ground Bone as a permanent improver for land it is useless for me to recommend you It is ground by ourselves, and is free from all adulterations. We guarantee the purity of every sack.

Liverpool and Kanawha Salt, Lime and Glow Plasters.

We are determined to sell these goods at the lowest possible margin, and will be glad to have farmers call and get our CASH prices.

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½ columns	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
1 col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 21, 1890.

Tactics of Clerks.

She was tall, tough, sharp-edged, hollow-cheeked, sunken chested and saucer-eyed, with shoulder blades that projected like rudders. She hadn't teeth enough to go around and her hair matched a reddish complexion that was more suggestive of sand paper than water. Her nose was long and sagacious and gilded hoops tested the elasticity of her ears. Her vowels escaped through her nose and her diphthongs were brought out with feline intensity.

She was at the silk counter, and had selected for a dress pattern seventeen yards of dark blue India silk, well flowered with ripe cherries.

"What name, please?" asked the urbane sales man, dating a check.

"Baker."

"Initials, please?"

"M. A. Baker."

"Address?"

"No. 261 West——street."

"Thank you," said the clerk, carefully tearing the leaf from the stub and placing it between the folds of the goods.

"Now, Mrs. Baker, isn't there something else this morning?"

A radiant smile flashed across the long, red face, the high shoulders squared themselves, and there was a perceptible straightening of her whole being as she said:

"I guess not."

The shrewd clerk took his cue, talked bargains, waning season and good service, brought specials from remote shelves and remnants from under the counter, and in less than five minutes the bony spinster was in a bewilderment of short lengths. The man seized every opportunity to call her "Mrs," and when she left he had sold a blue check of ten yards for a house dress, three two yard lengths for sofa cushions, and two and three-eighths yards of plain black gros grain for waist trimming.

"How did I know she was married? I was dead certain that she isn't. That's why I called her 'Mrs.' It takes a very small amount of diligence to master a woman. If she is not married it pleases her immensely to be taken for a wife—that is, after she is past the charming period. If she is married it flatters her to be taken for a girl.

"I rarely make a mistake. There is a prim coquetry and a disappointed look about the unwooed woman that is as self evident as her features. A married woman gives herself away by her apathy. If she is tired she looks it and if she is discontented she shows it.

"The stern, stately customer I never meddle with. She always knows what she wants. Argument is needless, but if it becomes necessary to use an address, madame is the word.

"Now, if I have a lot of goods, lower my voice to a confidential point, ring in the 'Lady' and if she has the money she will buy."

He—"Smart as you think me, here I am literally and metaphorically at your feet."

She (longing for an osculatory evidence of affection)—"Yes but you ought to be smart enough to go up head."

Young Doctor to Old Doctor—Doctor, I have told you how I'm treating that patient. Do you think I should change the course of treatment any?

"Has he got any money?"

"No, but his life is insured."

"Well, just continue your present treatment."

Teacher—John, of what are your boots made?

Boy—Of leather, sir.

Teacher—Where does leather come from?

Boy—From the hide of the ox.

Teacher—What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?

Boy—My father.

She—Well, you men have a grand advantage over women, for if nature gives you a mean or ugly mouth, she also gives you a mustache to cover it, while we go through life with mouth uncovered.

He—But the all law of compensation steps right in and evens things up; if a fellow's got bow legs, now—

She—Mr. Shapjacks!

Wife (from the window)—Well, I declare! John, I wouldn't spend time sprinkling the dust in our neighbors' back yard—especially when they are people who talk about us the way they do.

Husband—That's all right, my dear; their pet poodle was washed this morning—now he's out here rolling in the mud. Trust your husband, my sweet, for thoughtfulness.

Mr. Crampns (in Redhot, Arizona)—It's rum, sir, that causes all the crime in this town.

Colonel Winchester—Mebbe you're right. Only last Sunday Poker Bill shot at Swede Pete——'

Mr. Crampns—There it is! If he hadn't been drunk he would't have shot at him.

Colonel Winchester—And if he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have missed him.

That country editors are sometimes very busy men is evidenced by the following editorial paragraph from a recent issue of the Waitsburg (Wash.) Times: "When we returned from dinner on Tuesday we found a piece of paper sticking into the keyhole of our office door, on which was written these words: 'Been here twice to subscribe for the Times, but failed to find you in. Send it to me and I will hand you $2 the next time I am in town.' We very much regret being absent when the writer called, but Great Scott we can't take money all the time. We've got to take time to eat."

During one of the fairs in Paris some years ago Baron James de Rothchild was a patron. Chancing to pass a stand where some pretty young ladies were installed he asked, says the London Tid-Bits, in a bantering tone:

"Well, my dears, what can I do for you?"

"Ah, Baron," said one, "you can give us your autograph."

"With pleasure," responded the gallant old Baron, "if you will preface it with an agreeable sentiment."

"So the young lady, without much

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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OF THE

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A syndicate of capitalists have secured the concession for operating this

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Below will be found a list of the prizes which will be drawn on

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AT ZACATECAS, MEXICO,

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CAPITAL PRIZE $150,000.00

100,000 Tickets at $10.00: Halves, $5.00; Tenths, $1.00; American Currency.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1	PRIZE OF	$150,000 is	$150,000
1	PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1	PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
3	PRIZES OF	10,000 are	30,000
2	PRIZES OF	5,000 are	10,000
5	PRIZES OF	2,000 are	10,000
10	PRIZES OF	1,000 are	10,000
20	PRIZES OF	500 are	10,000
200	PRIZES OF	500 are	40,000
300	PRIZES OF	150 are	45,000
500	PRIZES OF	100 are	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

150	PRIZES OF	$150 are	$22,500
150	PRIZES OF	100 are	15,000
150	PRIZES OF	50 are	7,500
997	Terminal Prizes of	50 are	49,950
2402			$524,950

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Drawings under the personal supervision of Lic. Herminio Arteaga, who is appointed by the Government as Intervenor.

"I CERTIFY that with the State Treasurer all necessary guarantees are deposited, assuring full payment of all prizes of this drawing.

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Remittances must be either by New York Draft, Express or Registered Letter American money. Collections can be made by Express Companies or Banks. Ticket sent direct to management will be paid by drafts on New York, Montreal, St. Paul, Chicago, San Francisco or city of Mexico. For further information address

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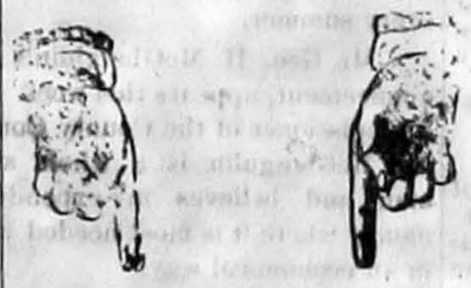

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Tenre Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

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In the SMALL Size (40 little frames to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them but after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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FITS or Falling Sickness CAN be CURED.

We will SEND FREE by mail a large TRIAL BOTTLE, also, a treatise on Epilepsy. DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER! Give Post Office, State and County, and Age plainly. Address, THE HALL CHEMICAL CO., 3860 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

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FREE OUR NEW Gold Watch Offer. Worth $1 Gold Watch, Best Watch in the world. Perfect Timekeeper. Warranted heavy, solid gold hunting case, with letter and name diamond, with works and cases of equal value. One reason is that kind-hearted men money and fame, together with our large and valuable list of 25 specimen Watches. These samples, as well FREE

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Sept 4

Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, ~~August~~ 28 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 5

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. (C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 2nd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. BUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
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Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
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DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

I CURE FITS!

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then they have them again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not sending for a treatise and a bottle of my remedy. Give express and P. O. address. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

FOR MEN ONLY!

HER CAT AND HIS CHICKENS.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

I dare say 'twould have come around anyhow in the course of time, but law sakes alive! her cat and his chickens did hurry matters up the liveliest and quickest I ever seen in the hull of my born days. You see, we'd lived in Owltown nigh on to sixteen years. There wasn't anoter house in sight when we built our little cottage there. Jennie Wren (we named her Jennie first and tacked on the Wren after, 'cause she proved to be the cheeriest, chirpiest little blessing that ever brightened the airth) was 2 years old when we moved into it, and her 18th birthday was due the 30th of that June.

She'd been away since the foregoin' September, a-stayin' with her Aunt Janet in Boston and a-finishin' off at a good school there, and I tell you every month she was gone 'peared like a year to her father and me. But we knowed from her letters, that come reg'lar twice a week that our darlin', our only darlin', for we'd never had another child, hadn't changed a bit.

We'd been a leetle, just a leetle, feared at the goin' off that city air and influences might change her some but we'd got over that fear altogether and was awaitin' to welcome her home with the lovingest of hearts when the trouble begun at the cottage next door. It had been nigh on to a year empty when, the very day after Jennie started for her aunt's, the Rosemarys moved in. There was only three of 'em—the Widow Rosemary, her father and her son. The son was a good good lookin' young fellow of about five and twenty. He'd come to Owltown to be overseer in the big carpet factory, and when he wasn't to the factory he was a potterin' around his garden, and he hadn't been here more'n a week when he put up a hen house in the back part of it plumb again our fence.

Well, things went on agreeably 'tween the two families, though we never become what you might call really acquainted with each other, the widow bein' in deep mournin' and seemin' to want to live very much to herself until this June. Then one mornin' I heard angry voices in the next garden and, steppin' to my kitchen winder, I ketched the words: "Two more chickens gone, and it's that cat takes 'em—I'll swear it is."

"Yes, no doubt of it," says old Mr. Rosemary. "I've chased him away myself several times. He ort to be pizened—that's what he ort to be."

Mercy me! my heart stood still, 'cause there wasn't no cat but our Frisky in the neighborhood, and he was Jennie Wren's cat, and she thought the world of him. His birthday and her'n came on the same day of the same month, though his'n was ten years later, and she never writ a letter to us that she didn't send her love to him.

I never knowed him to trouble our chickens and I didn't believe that he'd took their'n. So I throwed on my sun-bonnet and marched out into the back yard and mounted an old chair that stood there, and peekin' my head over the fence, I says:

"If you're a-talkin' about our cat Mr. Rosemary, I'll make bold to say you're mistaken."

With that the old man speaks up and says: "Well, I've sent him er of them times!" says I.

"Well, no ma'am; I can't say he did," says he. "But they're disappearin' day arter day, and where can they go?"

"Rats," says I, gettin' down from the chair, and I can't imagine, though I've tried and tried, what made young Mr. Rosemary bu'st out a laughin'.

But that very afternoon, as I was a-settin' on the back porch a-sewin', over the fence come Frisky with a chicken a-hangin' in his mouth.

Lands! I was taken aback. I dropped my work and flew down the stoop 'bout as fast as he'd come over the fence, and I ketched him and made him let go the chicken, and then I slipped off my slipper and giv' him a good whippin', which bein' his first so frightened and astonished him that he howled perfectly awful. Then shut him up in the cellar and left him there, supplyin' him with food and drink, of course, for two days and nights. Well, the 30th June come at last and with it our precious Jennie Wren, and after she'd hugged and kissed her father and me until we wus all out of breath, she sot down in her favorite rockin'-chair and asked, "Where's Frisky?" I went and opened the cellar door and called him; but it was some time 'fore he'd come, and when he did come he didn't do credit to his name, for he just crept along and looked as though he expected to see that slipper a-hoverin' over him in the air.

"Why, what' the matter with him?" says Jennie. So I told her all about it. And, if you'll believe me, that girl took Frisky's part right straight through. "Of course he don't know strange chickens," says she. "The folks that used to live there didn't keep any, and there isn't another house nearer than a block. He thought they was birds, and he's never been whipped for catchin' birds. And I'd just like to see Mr. Jack Rosemary pizen him. Poor old Frisky!"

But Frisky hid under the sofa and refused to come out and be comforted, and pretty soon what with Jennie Wren a-tellin' and us a-listenin' to lots of city news, we entirely forgot him. That is, we forgot him till tea time, and then, father and me and Jennie was a-drinkin' our tea, we heard quite a commotion in the next garden. "Dear me," says I, almost droppin' my cup, which I wouldn't a done for a good deal, it being one of my blue chanay set, "Frisky's out and at it agin." And sure enough. I'd no sooner got the words out of my mouth than over the fence flies Frisky with another chicken, and Jack Rosemary calls out as mad as can be:

"I'll git my pistol and shoot him. I ain't a goin' to stand this no longer."

"Oh! dear," says I, and I jumps up and was a-goin out, when Jennie says: "Let me go, mother," and in a minit she was on the old chair, and the young man, hearing her, begun:— "There, ma'am, I hope you'll acknowledge it now, that I've seen it with my eyes, and unless that———." But just as he gits as far as this Jennie's pretty fluffy, golden head pops up above the fence, and she says in a voice as sweet as honey: "I beg your pardon, sir, but was you a-speakin' to me?"

"O! no, certainly not," says he, a-stammerin' at a great rate, "I noyin' your cat in any way."

I don't know how Jennie Wren ever kept her face, but she did, long enough, anyhow, to say slowly and gravely: "But they do annoy him sir. They disagree with him very much indeed." Then she slid from the chair on to the grass and laughed and laughed till I thought she never would stop. The very next day the widow called on us a-sayin': "She'd been very remiss in not being more friendly, but she hoped we'd overlook it, and she'd try to be a better neighbor in future."

Then we returned her call, and then the old man and Jack paid us a visit, and it wasn't long before the young fellow was in here on some excuse or other every day. And I declare to man three weeks hadn't gone by since the day he threatened to shoot Frisky when I overheard Jennie Wren a-sayin': "Really and truly my cat never did molest our chickens," and that Jack makes answer. "Well, I'm perfectly willin', just to protect the poor things, to have my chickens become our chickens as soon as possible. I only remains for you to consent."

"Why, what do you mean, Jack Rosemary?" says Jennie.

"Can't you guess, Jennie Wren?" says Jack, and he takes her in his arms and kisses her.

And I vow that cat never did touch one of them chickens after they were married.

Presidential Tips.

The biggest railway official in the country that I know of told me the other night that "the porters of special cars pick up big money. Whenever a special car is used the best porter who is handy is assigned to it. This man expects and usually receives a handsome gratuity. Those who travel in special cars can afford to be liberal to the one who, for the time being, becomes a valet, or personal servant, and generally are. When Gen. Grant went anywhere the porter of the special car always got $50. He never gave less, whether the time was a day or a week, and never gave more. It was invariably a fifty dollar bill. President Arthur always gave the porter two twenty dollar notes or two twenty dollar gold pieces. He was also liberal to other minar railway officials. President Hayes used a special car pretty often. He tipped the portor $5. When Garfield traveled special the porter got only $2, and considered himself lucky to get that. Garfield was always very close about money matters. He saved money while in congress on a salary that few others were barely able to live upon."

Customer—How much is this wine?

Clerk—That wine, mem, is a prime article, and I know you'll like it; everybody does. Is that your little boy? Fine looking little lad; anybody could see that he was your son. Here, Charley, don't you wan't a cookey? This wine, mem, is worth $150 a gross. Have it sent, of course?

Customer—Oh, I only wanted a quarter of a pint.

Clerk—Quarter of a pint? You'll find the homœopathic dispensary on the next street. Will you pay for that cookey, or will you have it charged?

Wife—"Why, husband, I thought you had more sense than to buy a corset. You know the fellow next door worries us nearly to death

"Call no man happy," says Solon, "till he is dead." "Call no man unhappy," Socrates added, "till he is married."

If ever religion were destroyed by reason it would be restored by emotion.

We more frequently think people beautiful because we love them than love them because we think them beautiful. The heart is not critical.

We can sometimes forget without forgiving, and owe a grudge though we cannot remember why.

It is foolish to give our affections to children, for others may forsake us, but they must.

When woman according to M. Paul Bourget, has lost every rag of character, she still clings fondly to an antimacassar.

"Is this a healthy locality?"

"Healthy! Do you see that woman in the doorway of the house opposite?"

"Yes."

"Well, when she came here six months ago she was so weak she could not stand alone. Last Monday she had a little disagreement with her husband, and the doctor says the old man will be laid up for six weeks."

A young couple on their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert.

She (archly).—And you don't find it tiresome all alone with me? You are quite sure you don't want to go back to your bachelor life again?

He (earnestly).—Quite, my darling. Do you know if you were to die to-night I'd get married again to-morrow morning!

They were talking of the vanity of women and one of the few ladies present undertook a defence.

"Of course," she continued, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the neck-tie of the handsomest man in this room is up under his ear."

She has worked it. Every man present put up his hand to his neck.

Wagg.—Hello, Wallace, you're quite a stranger. Been away on a long trip West, I understand?

Wallace.—Yes, my boy, I've had quite a journey. I've been out to Seattle.

Wagg.—You don't say so. And was Attie glad to see you, old man?

Hirshkind—Und vat may be the price of this vatch?

Jeweler—Ten dollars.

Hirshkind (sotto voce)—He asks ten; he means eight; he'll take six; it's vorth four; I'll offer two.

Mrs. Cumso—Why did you discharge all your white servants and employ negroes, Mrs. Fangle?

Mrs. Fangle—My husband's sister died last week and I'm in mourning now.

Wee Wife—Love you? Of course I do. You dear, blessed old peach crop.

Big Husband (loving but luckless)—Great Scott! Why this new title?

W. W.—Because you are such a perpetual failure.

Wife—Henry, how does this card happen to be in your sleeve?

Husband (sleepily)—I was merely making arrangements to get you a new seal skin sacque, my dear.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September 4, 1890.

THE PRIMARY ELECTION.

The democratic Primary Election or Pocahontas County will be held on Tuesday, September 9th. On that day the polls will be open at the regular places of voting and at the regular hours from sun-rise till sun set. We would like to impress on the people the importance of coming out and casting their votes. The object of the primary is to get the sense of the people, which cannot be had fully unless their wishes are expressed at the poles. Some persons are in the habit of remaining away from all conventions and primary elections and then complain of what is done.

If you are interested in the result it is your privilege and your duty to have a voice in the decision. Come out, one and all, and let this primary be an expression of the will of the people.

Mr. Alderson, the Nominee.

The Democratic Congressional Convention, for this District, met at Hinton on Tuesday, the 26th August, and was largely attended. Col. W. A. McCorkle, of Charleston, presided. There was no contest before the Convention, and everything passed off quitely and in perfect order. When the counties were being called for nominations and Kanawha county reached, Hon. Henry S. Walker arose and, in a neat and very appropriate speech, which was loudly applauded, withdrew the name of Gov. Wilson, and then a motion was made to nominate Mr. Alderson by acclamation, which was carried unanimously and the chairman declared him the nominee of the Convention.

Mr. Alderson and Gov. Wilson were called for and both responded in brief, but excellent speeches. Speeches were also made by Col. St. Clair, W. E. Thompson and others, after which the Convention adjourned.

Mr. Alderson having thus been fairly nominated, has a right to expect and should, of course, receive the hearty support of every Democrat in the District. This is no time for lukewarmness or indifference. The District is close, and to secure success it is necessary that we stand up bravely for our nominee and use our utmost efforts to secure his election. Let us remember that his fight is our fight and that if he be defeated it will be the defeat of the party in this District.

When we consider the record made by the Republican party in the present Congress; its forcible ejectment of Democrats from seats to which the people had elected them; its arbitrary change of the rules of the House purely for partisan purposes; its waste of the public revenues in pension, subsidies, &c., and its increase rather than decrease of tariff taxes, we are at a loss to see how any one, even a Republican, can hesitate when asked to cast his vote against this party.

Let us, then, rally, with one accord, to the support of the candidate our party has given us, and let it not be said that there was one Democrat, in the entire District, who refused to *vote for* and to *work for* our nominee.—Independent.

Senator St. Clair.

The Democratic Senatorial Convention for this, the 8th district met at Hinton 27 August. There were two candidates from this county—Capt. Wm. L. McNeel and Col. St. Clair. Mr. Morman, Editor of the Monroe Union, was chairman of the Convention and Mr. Hedrick, of Greenbrier, was secretary. The chairman requested the Pocahontas delegation to name its man and they would nominate him; but the Pocahontas delegation, it seems, could not agree. The friends of McNeel and Moorman were not willing that either should be withdrawn, so when the Convention met Col. J. W. St. Clair of Fayette was put forward by W. R. Thompson, Esq., of Summers, and was unanimously nominated by acclamation.

The nomination is a strong one and will doubtless be heartily ratified by the party. Col. St. Clair deserves well of his party, for no man has worked harder for its success. He will make an active, vigorous canvass, and will be a power of strength to the party in the campaign this fall.

Nearly all Provided For.

It was thought that all the members of the Harrison tribe and their personal retainers were given good places at the public trough, but it seems that one has been overlooked for a long time. He is Mr. Curtus Miller, of Deansville Oneida county New York, the President's partner's brother. However, he was provided for the other day. He was appointed deputy collector of Internal Revenue at Utica, and his appointment was due principally to the fact that Mr. Curtis Miller is the brother of the President's law partner, William Henry Harrison Miller, whom the President appointed Attorney General.

The list of the Harrison family now drawing pay from the United States Treasury, by virtue of Benjamin Harrison's appointment, may thus be extended as follows:

1. The President's brother.
2. The President's brother-in-law.
3. The President's sister-in-law
4. The President's father-in-law.
5. The President's son's father-in law.
6. The President's wife's cousin.
7. The President's son's wife's cousin.
8. The President's nephew.
9. The President's daughter's brother-in-law.
10. The President's brother's son-in-law.
11. The President's wife's niece's husband.
12. The President's son's father in law's niece's husband.
13. The President's brother in-law, number two.
14. The President's secretary's brother-in-law.
15. The Prisident's partner's brother.

It is a pity that so imposing a family group must be preserved for posterity only in the inexpressive and hard lines of type. Such a gathering has never before been witnessed in our history and probably never will be again. The resources of the "art preservative" are unequal to this occasion, and the man with the camera should be called in. The family should be assembled at the Cape May gift cottage and photograped and the picture labelled "Public Office is a Family Trust."—Register.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 29.—Blackguardism and pugilism were the twinisms put upon exhibition in the House this week by the republicans. More disgraceful scenes were never witnessed, and the active participants were all members of the republican party, which claims to represent all that is good and moral in the politics of the country—claims, mind you.

Representative Cannon, one of Speaker Reeds most submissive lieutenants, began the trouble by assuming the authority to publicly reprimand in a resolution forty four members of the House by name, because they did not meekly sit in their seats in order to be counted to make up a quorum. Ten of the gentlemen named were republicans. The subject before the House was action in both parties. The gentlemen whom Mr. Cannon wanted to reprimand, very naturally protested against any such proceeding. Mr. Vaux, the venerable successor to Mr. Randall, his gray locks fairly bristling with indignation, said: "Have you a right to impute motives? That is not the preliamentary power of the majority in this House until the empire comes." This was greeted with applause from the democrats.

There was more of the same sort, and it so angered Mr. Cannon that he completely lost his head and made use of language which no respectable newspaper can print. That fired up Mr. Mason, a republican opponent of the bill whose family were in the gallery, and going over to where Mr. Cannon was he roundly abused him in the choicest Chicago billingsgate; but he had the good taste to do it in a tone too low to be heard by the ladies in the galleries. Meanwhile the House was in a terrible uproar.

The lie was passed between Representatives Mason, of Illinois, and Walker of Massachusetts, both republicans, and had it not been for the interference of members they would have engaged in fisticuffs.

It would seem that nothing more disgraceful could occur; but the end was not yet. Representatives Wilson, of Washington, and Beckwith, of New Jersey, two more republicans, got into an altercation over the Cannon resolution, and Mr. Wilson called Mr. Beckwith a blankety blank liar, whereupon the Jersyman disgraced himself and his constituents by applying the most disgraceful epithet in the English language to the Representative of the State which bears the honored name of the father of his country. The result was an immediate slugging match which required the combined efforts of the Sergeant-at Arms and a number of members to stop. These be the men who are asking the voters of the country to continue them in power.

The agreement to begin voting upon the tariff bill September 8th. has been unanimously ratified by the Senate. Senator Gorman says the bill will be sufficiently exposed by that time to show the people of the country what an outrage the republicans are foisting upon them. The sugar lobby is again gathering here in force in order to get in their work when the sugar clause of the bill is reached, which will probably be next week.

Senator Gorman is chuckling over a joke which he very innocently played upon the representatives of several enterprising newspapers several days ago. He entertained at his house a number of his Maryland friends and by the merest accident one of the correspondents saw the party enter the house. The result was that full particulars were sent off by telegraph of a caucus of democratic Senators. Mr. Gorman laughs heartily every time any one says anything about it. There has been no caucus of democratic Senators, nor is there any probability that there will be one. They are acting as a unit and there is no occasion to caucus.

By accident I have stumbled upon the republican programme by which the leaders of that party expect to hoodwink the voters once more. There is to be no further appropriation of money at this session than is absolutely necessary to keep the wheels of government moving. They will then go before the country posing as economists and ask the suffrages of the voters. If they can persuade Mr. Harrison to call an extra session to meet not later than November 10, or 15, it will be done; if not at the regular session which meets in December contributions are being solicited from all parties interested in any of the hundreds of measures carrying liberal appropriations, now pending, and they are all promised that the bills shall be pushed through at the next session, and the statement is made that forty-three republican Senators have agreed to adopt a gag rule for the Senate in order to push these bills through the faster. By this means the leaders of the party hope to raise a corruption fund large enough to buy up the doubtful districts and retain control of the next house.

A desperate affray occurred at Cross Keys, Southampton county, Va., John Doyle and John Scott became involved in a quarrel, and the former grew so enraged that he procured a shotgun and discharged both barrels into the body of Scott, killing him almost instantly. Doyle was arrested and taken to the jail at Courtland. A woman was at the bottom of the quarrel.

Mr. John F. Allen, of the firm of Allen & Ginter, cigarette manufacturers, Richmond, died in that city on the 23d inst., in the 75th year of his age. He was a prominent, wealthy and useful citizen, and universally esteemed for his kindness, business integrity and broad views of public duty.

The body of a young woman, who is supposed to have been murdered, was found under a high cliff of perpendicular rocks on East river, Mercer county, a few days since, by a party of loggers. A black valise, well worn, filled with clothing and other articles and $1.76 in cash was found with the body.

The most valuable metal in the world is said to be gallium, which is worth $3,250 an ounce. Calcium brings $1,800 a pound and cerium $1,920 per pound. Gold is worth $240 a pound.

There is to be a Confederate reunion at Franklin, Pendleton county, Sept. 5, Senator Faulkner, Congressman W. L. Wilson and ex-Senator Camden are expected to be present and make addresses.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Roncoverte, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on the premises near Traveler's Repose, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on SATURDAY, 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1890.

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract 123 acres part of a tract of 509 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike: About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The ballance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce, and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

The aforesaid land will be started at the upset bid of J. L. Arbogast for $1,400.

B. M. YEAGER, Sec'l Com'r.

Sept 4-4t. Printer's fee $10.96.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the will of Sallie Gum, dec'd, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises of the said Sallie Gum, dec'd on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1890,

the following personal and real estate, viz:

1 Horse, 1 Cow, 2 Stacks of Hay, about 50 Bushels Buckwheat and a small quantity of oats.

Also all the lands of which the said Sallie Gum died seized and possessed with, all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases of personal property will be required to pay cash all sums of $5.00 or less; and for amounts above $5.00 will be allowed six months time purchaser giving bond with approved personal security, with interest from date. The purchaser of the real estate will be required to pay $50 cash and for the residue will be allowed 6, 12 and 18 months credit, upon executing bonds with approved personal security, with interest from date. A lien will also be retained on the land as ultimate security.

M. J. McNEEL, Adm'r c. t. a.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

Mt. Grove, - Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Merchandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Very respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Primary election to be held Sept. 9th, 1890. If elected Geo. W. Callison will be my Deputy.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates, subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
L. B. MOORE.

To the voters of the 8th. Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Hinton on the 27th day of August, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. P. MOOMAU.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,
J. H. PATTERSON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County

Gentlemen and fellow citizens and to the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties: at the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work to better the condition of our people and the counties, and asking your support, am,

Truly Thine,
C. B. SWECKER.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to Primary election. Your support is kindly solicited.

Yours Respectfully,
GEO. H. MCGLAUGHLIN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election. If elected Wm. H. Gackley will be my Deputy.

Respectfully,
E. F. HILL.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

As Huntersville district is entitled to the next Commissioner of the County Court, I have consented to become a candidate for that office, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, and if elected I pledge myself to use my best endeavors to promote the greatest good to the greatest number of the citizens of Pocahontas county.

Respectfully,
M. A. FRAME.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

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Respectfully,
M. A. FRAME.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

Gentlemen: I hereby announce myself a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to the Primary election.

Respectfully,
JOHN W. WARWICK.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

We are authorized to announce Geo. P. Moore for re-election for Commissioner of the County Court.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

We are authorized to announce G. M. Kee, of Marlinton as a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court subject to the Primary. Mr. Kee is well known to have faithfully discharged any public services that has been his duty to perform and after much solicitation has agreed to accept the office should he be elected to it.

HOME NEWS

—We failed to change the date this week on the first side from August 28th, to Sept 4th, which mistake our readers will please look over this time.

—Mr. Geo. S. McNeel, of Academy was in town Monday.

—Mr. C. E. Beard, of Mill Point, was in the city Monday.

—Several persons in town Monday attending a justice's trial.

—Mr. L. W. Herold, and wife of Frost, were in town Tuesday.

—Mr. J. R. S. Sterrett, of Austin, Texas, was in town Tuesday.

—Daniel Brown, of Brownburg, Va., was in the city Tuesday.

—R. W. Hill, Esq., of Academy made us a pleasant call Tuesday.

—Mr. G. C. Cooper, of Green Bank was in town Tuesday.

—The new dwelling of Attorney McClintic's is going up rapidly.

—Old Huntersville is improving slowly, but surely.

—Everybody come out at the Primary Election next Tuesday.

—When you come to the Primary election next Tuesday call and see us.

—Mr. Clarence Moore, of Charleston has been in our town for several days.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic returned Sunday from the Conventions at Hinton.

—Rev. C. M. Campbell, of the Episcopalian church of St. Albans, preached an interesting sermon in the Methodist church at this place last Sunday night. He called to see us Monday.

—Cattle and sheep have been passing through for eastern markets lately. Mr. Withrow McClintic took a fine lot of sheep to Philadelphia, and Giles Sharp, Esq., cattle.

—The announcement of Mr. Geo M. Kee, for Commissioner of the County Court, appears in this issue. Mr. Kee if elected will no doubt make an able and efficient Com'r.

—The Brushy Ridge Camp-meeting closed last Friday morning. This meeting was a success. There were about 20 conversions. The Association voted unanimously for another Camp-meeting next August.

—Read the announcement of Mr. Jno. W. Warwick elsewhere in THE TIMES this week for Commisoner of the County Court. Mr. Warwick is well known in the County and it is scarcely necessary for us to say he is very popular, and if elected would no doubt make an excellent Commissioner.

—Mr. Jas. Barker, insurance agent, of Wheeling is spending a few days in our city, and is doing a nice little business. Everybody should have their property insured, as we know not when it may be our misfortunes to have our houses go down in ashes and without the wherewith to replace them, would be in a "bad fix."

—This week we announce Mr. Geo. P. Moore for re-election for Commissioner of the County Court Mr. Moore has held this office to the universal satisfaction of the public, generally, and discharged the duties of said office as well, no doubt, as any man in the County could have done.

—I will hold my second teachers' examination at Academy, Sept. 12th and 13th, beginning at 8 o'clock, a. m.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

—Geo. M. Kee, Esq., of Marlinton, called to see us Tuesday.

DIED—At St. Albans, W. Va., Aug. 20th 1890, GEORGIA, beloved wife of Mr. Newton Beard, aged 28 years. After a few months only of wedded life, she was called by the Master to her heavenly home; and died with her trust fixed firmly on Him. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

C.

Dunmore Doing.

Fine weather.

Frost done some damage to corn and tobacco, though the corn will be very good.

Our farmers are done threshing. Wheat and oats fell short of an average crop.

Miss Alice McGlaughlin of Bath Co., has been visiting here, also Mr. Henry McGlaughlin, of Marlinton gave us a call.

Mr. E. H. Jackson and Mrs. O. M. Noel are on a visit to Rockingham Co., Va.

Mrs. C. F. and C. R. Swecker and Miss Pinkney and Rev. J. H. Rexroad, all of Highland Co., Va., paid us a visit. Rev. Rexroad preached some very excellent sermons for us.

Rev. J. A. Taylor will preach at Glade Hill on Sunday 7th.

Miss Mollie Smith is home again from a visit to Knapp's creek.

Capt. Smith is at home.

Mess. B. F. McElweek and H. A. Yeager have returned from Hinton

Hurrah for Alderson and St. Clair. They will get there all this time.

Huntersville is sure of a R. R. if the bridge is completed across Knapp's creek so it can be hauled over.

If we had good roads our County would be more prosperous.

Our Farmers Alliance will meet at Dunmore Saturday the 6th inst. Important business is to be transacted, and a full attendance is desired.

Singing at X roads on Sunday the 14th.

There is talk of a Sunday school picnic near Dunmore.

Let every body turn out at the Primary and select your man. We have good men in the field, and some one ought to be elected.

Miss Kittie Lakin spent Sunday at home and returned to Edray.

TRAVELER.

Extention of Time.

The time for receiving bids on the school houses heretofore advertised in THE TIMES to be located, one near the Lockridge ford and the other near Frost, has been extended until Sept 10th.

By order of Board
JAS. W. WARWICK, JR., Sec..

Two Deaths in a Duel.

A desperate duel to the death took place at Rowland, Ky., the junction of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad with the Kentucky Central, at nine o'clock the other morning.

Robert Ferguson, a fireman on the Louisville and Nashville road was recently married to a pretty young woman, and "Boss" Hamilton, another fireman, was reported to have told tales about her.

The trains of the two men met at Rowland. Ferguson walked up to Hamilton and in an excited manner exclaimed:—"You have been talking about my wife, so I understand."

"No I haven't," says Hamilton, "and the man who says so tells a lie."

"I say so," replied Ferguson, and at the same instant both men drew pistols.

They fired almost simultaneously, and in less than fifteen seconds each man had fired four times. Then both reeled and fell, their heads almost touching as they dropped. The train men rushed to them, only to find both dead. Each had three bullet holes in his body.

An eye witness said it was the gamest fight he ever saw. Neither man flinched nor uttered a sound after the shooting commenced.

Actors Attacked by a Mob.

There was a very serious riot on the floating theatre at Ceredo, Wayne county. The audience drove the performers from the stage into the river, and there stoned them in a most inhuman manner. Several of the troupe as well as the citizens and police who went to the rescue were badly wounded. The "Sunny South," variety troupe were at the theatre, which had all along been disorderly, made an open attack on one of the performers. Two members of the company went to his aid, but were overpowered and terribly beaten. The whole troup then went to the rescue, while the two police of the town deputized half a dozen citizens, and tried to quell the riot. The lights were put out, and police, citizens, performers, and audience became mixed up in a confused mass.

The audience drove the police and performers back through the stage and all were crowded into the river, while crowds on the bank began to stone the half drowned and helpless wretches. Finally the police got ashore and began shooting into the crowd. Jim Fry was badly wounded. While this was going on the company got a shoce, when they were again attacked, and four or five were knocked senseless with clubs or stones. Finally all were rescued by citizens but the company is badly used up.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of THE TIMES will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity: Catarrh being a costitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A large boiler and machine works giving employment to eight hundred men is to be removed from Columbus, Ohio, to Buena Vista, Va., the contract having been signed.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held for the Circut Court of Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, at the Clerks office of said Court on the First Monday in September, 1890.

James L. Sheets,
vs.
Wm. N. Moore.

The object of this suit is to enforce a vendor's lien retained in a certain deed executed by Andrew C. Wooddell and others to Wm. N. Moore, and to subject the land therein conveyed to the payment of the unpaid purchase money due on said land. And it appearing, by affidavit, that diligence has been used on behalf of the plaintiff to ascertain in what County the defendant, Wm. N. Moore is, without effect, it is ordered that he appear here within one month from the date of the first publition hareof and do what is necessary to protect his interests in said suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

C. F. MOORE, sol.
Sept. 4-4t. Printer's fee $6.98

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 16th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause of Mary E. Piles, plaintiff, against George C. McGlaughlin, defendant, the undersigned special commissioner in said suit will proceed on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1890.

to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of said County a tract of about

175 ACRES OF LAND

south of and near the village of Green Bank, adjoining lands of Geo. Kerr and others and the same land conveyed to George C. McGlaughlin by deed from J. C. Arbogast and wife recorded at page 3 of deed Book, No. 14 in the Clerk's office of the County Court of said County.

TERMS: Cash in hand sufficient to pay costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal installments at 6 and 12 months respectively from day of sale with interest thereon from said day, the purchaser to execute bonds with good personal security for deferred payments and the title to be retained as ultimate security for said payments.

H. S. RUCKER, Sec'l Com'r.

Bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k Cir. Ct.
Sept. 4-4t. Printer's fee $9.20

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

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We call your attention to our bands of Fertilizers now for sale and ready to deliver for fall wheat:

GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO'S
PREPARATION FOR WHEAT AND GRASS.
CASH $22,00 TIME $25.00.
Analysis.
Ammonia, 1 to 2 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent. Potash, 1 to 2 yer cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S
DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.
CASH $17.50 TIME $20.00.
Analysis.
Bone Phosphate of Lime and Flesh, 28 to 33 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 14 to 16 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S.
ACID PHOSPHATE.
CASH $15.00 TIME $17.50.
Analysis.
Bone Phosphate of Lime, 20 to 25 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S
FLESH BLOOD AND BONE, FOR CORN.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S
PURE GROUND BONE MEAL.
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Liverpool and Kanawha Salt, Lime and Glow Plasters.

We are determined to sell these goods at the lowest possible margin, and will be glad to have farmers call and get our CASH prices. They will be as low as the lowest.

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Sample sent on application.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 28, 1890.

DROP A NICKLE IN THE SLOT.

BY LILLIAN T. ROBERTS.

Clark Hall was a clever city boy and, being a minister's son, had always received the best of home training. As he grew into his teens his mother often felt anxious lest he yield to the many temptations which city life afforded. So far he seemed to be a manly, wide-awake boy, fond of out-of door sports, but choosing only such associates as his mother approved.

New devices are constantly springing up to beguile pennies from the passers by, and the beautiful city in which Clark lived was not in this respect behind any of her sisters. It seemed as though at every street corner there were machines doing wonderful things for a small sum. If one was thirsty, he had only to slip a cent into a slot, and forth would come a glass of cool water: or his handkerchief would be perfumed for a penny, or, for a small sum he could learn his exact weight; or have his life insured for the day; or listen to a musical engine; or be the happy possessor of chewing gum or candy—indeed it would take a whole page to tell the marvellous performances of these money catching machines. Clark had tested the merits of many of these, but, like most boys, he had a sweet tooth, and the chocolate machine made his money fly. He had only to drop a ten cent piece into the slot, and two packages—supposedly of Huyler's best—would come sliding out, one of solid chocolate, the other with a delicious creamy interior.

One day, as he was passing the corner where the chocolate machine was dealing out its tempting contents to a crowd of boys, he felt in his pockets for the dime, but on taking it out it proved to be a three cent piece. It was exactly the size of the dime. Quick as a flash the thought popped into his head: "Why wouldn't three cents do? I wonder if the man would notice it? Wouldn't it be a joke to fool him?"

"Wouldn't it be cheating?" whispered a small voice.

Clark looked around. Nobody was speaking.

"What nonsense!" he said to himself. "It is only for a joke, and, if the man isn't sharp enough to find out, it isn't my affair; so here goes!"

As the little coin chinked into its place, Clark wondered if the machine would work, but out slid the packages as usual. Clark seized them and hurried off, laughing at the thought of outwitting the man, but somehow the chocolate had a bitter taste.

The next day he tried it again. If his conscience pricked him, it was only a pin-prick, and how good the chocolate did taste! As he argued the matter to himself, it was foolish to spend ten cents when three cents would do and no one mistake. So he treated himself to chocolate once, and sometimes twice, a day, providing himself with three penny pieces for that purpose.

But one day as he dropped in the coin, a rough hand seized his collar.

"I have caught you at it, young thief!" shouted a harsh voice, with good sprinkling of oaths. "Getting ten cents' worth of chocolate for three cents!"

It takes only a little to draw a crowd in a city, and soon a throng had gathered at the corner.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"Oh, this young chap has been passing off three cent pieces for a dime. He didn't think I'd find him out, but I've been suspecting him for several days, and now I've caught him. I reckon he'll have to pay for it!" emphasizing this announcement with a volley of oaths and an angry shake

How Clark felt! His cheeks were on fire, and he held his head down low lest somebody should recognize him.

"Why, how is this, Clark?" asked a familiar voice.

The boy looked up to see his father before him. The man explained how he had caught him.

"Is this true, Clark?" said Mr. Hall.

"Oh, father!" Clark sobbed—breaking quite down, and unable to go on.

"Will five dollars make the matter right?" asked Mr. Hall, turning to the man, whose wrath at the sight of the money cooled down amazingly, and who now burst into a torrent of excuse for the boy, to none of which Mr. Hall listened, but walked off with his son toward home. It was a silent walk. Clark stole a glance at his father's face. What a sorrowful look it had, as though it had received a great blow!

Mr. Hall opened the front door, and led the way to his study.

"Now, by boy," he said gently, though from the shake of his voice it was evident that he was laboring under some strong emotion, "tell me about it from the very beginning."

And, amid sobs, Clark told the whole story.

"O father, I am truly sorry! I will never, never cheat again! Do forgive me."

For a reply his father opened his arms and drew his boy to him.

"Clark," he said earnestly, "stealing is stealing. A man ought to be as honest in little things as in great ones. It seemed a cute thing to pass off three cents for ten, but you were as dishonest as though you had each time pilfered seven cents from a drawer. There are more ways than one of committing a theft. There are plenty of men who ride twice on a railroad ticket, and think they are really doing something praiseworthy if they cheat a rich corporation. I have heard people, when shopping chuckle over the fact that they had received more change than was their due; and there are many who slip a three cent piece into the church box, hoping to cheat their neighbors, and perhaps the Lord, into the belief that it was a dime. I would far rather, my son, that you would be an honest poor man than a dishonest rich man; but I know it is possible to be both rich and honest."

It was no unusual thing for Mr. Hall to pray with his son; so now they knelt while the father, in solemn, tender words, besought the Father of all to make his boy honest in thought as well as deed, truthful in spirit as well as in speech. It was a lesson in honesty which Clark never forgot. For a long time he avoided passing that dreaded corner where the chocolate machine still plied its lucrative trade, and not until the five dollars were re-

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

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OF THE

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3	PRIZES OF	10,000 are	30,000
2	PRIZES OF	5,000 are	10,000
5	PRIZES OF	2,000 are	10,000
10	PRIZES OF	1,000 are	10,000
20	PRIZES OF	500 are	10,000
200	PRIZES OF	500 are	40,000
300	PRIZES OF	150 are	45,000
500	PRIZES OF	100 are	50,000

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150	PRIZES OF	$150 are	$22,500
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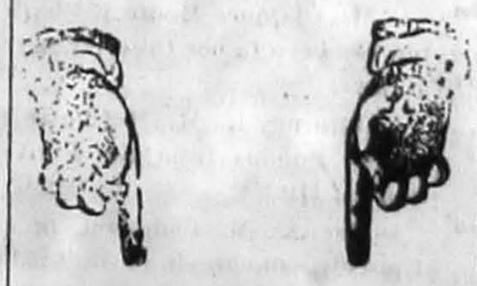

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SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 18, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 8.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. GEE,
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Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

DR. I. N. WEYMOUTH,
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Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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FOR MEN ONLY!

Leaves From the Note Book OF AN OLD DETECTIVE.

Murder will out," said Mr. Price Brindle as he lit a cigar and puffed at it vigorously, at the same time gazing keenly at me through the cloud of smoke he had raised.

"Do you think so?" I queried.

"I know so," was his emphatic rejoinder. "There's no such thing as a man having committed a crime, escaping entirely. He may run scot free for a month or a year, but sooner or later he is bound to be found out. Now, in the case of old Mr. Jordan. One would hardly think to look for his murderer in his son in law, who seemed to love the old man as his own father."

"There seems to be no doubt of the young man's guilt?"

"Not the least. An incautious word gave him away, and he is now in prison waiting trial. I am sorry for his poor wife; but what could she expect marrying such a man as Jack Ferguson?"

"Such a man as Jack Ferguson?"

"Yes. He was a reformed gambler if the truth has been told, and Madeline Jordan took her ducks to a poor market when she became the wife of Ferguson. I came over at her request, however, to see you Mr. Deering. The poor young thing seems all broken up over the affair, and I don't wonder."

"You think it necessary for a detective to look into this affair, Mr. Brindle?"

I regarded the junior partner of the firm of Jordan & Brindle questioningly.

"No, I don't think there's the least use," returned he. "I am of the opinion that Ferguson will confess, or at any rate can be made to do so, if the case is worked up properly. That may be worth your time, captain."

"I will come over," said I. "The inquest has not been held, I understand?"

"No. At my request it has been stayed till you looked into the affair. I saw that the murderer was put in a safe place, however, pending an examination."

Price Brindle rose to his feet and bowed himself out, leaving me to my reflections. He was a man of influence in the little city of Dorington, a member of a lumber-dealing firm, that was supposed to be wealthy.

The sudden death of the senior member of the firm had startled the community, and when it was found that a murder had been committed, the wrath of Dorington was deep indeed.

I had not been long located in the place, and was somwhat surprised at recieving a call from Mr. Brindle on the afternoon of the day of the murder. He explained that his partner had been found dead on the floor of his office adjoining his dwelling, with a knife in his heart. The old man's son-in law had quarrelled with Jordan on the previous day, and had been heard to utter threats. Moreover, the knife, a clasp affair, with a long, wicked blade, belonged to young Ferguson and this fact, coupled with one that Ferguson had admitted quarrelling with Jordan, led to his being arrested for murder.

Soon after the departure of Price Brindle, I repaired to the scene of the crime. I was admitted by Mrs. Ferguson, a bright, pretty woman of less than twenty, whose face was treaty in her brown eyes. I was touched at her grief, and promised to do what I could.

I entered the office, a small room, adjoining the one in which the real-estate dealer slept, he being a widower, his daughter acting as housekeeper. The body of the dead lay on a bed in a room off from the office.

Madeline did not accompany me to the place, but Mr. Brindle did.

"He was found right here," explained brindle. pointing to the floor near a table, "where he had fallen out of his chair when the assassin plunged a knife to his heart."

I glanced keenly about, at the floor, the chair, and the immediate surroundings. Under the table was a cuspidore in which lay the stump of a half burned cigar, and on the table sat a bottle of wine.

The land dealer had evidently been enjoying himself at the time he met his fate at the hand of an assassin.

From the office I passed into the bedroom and examined the dead. The knife wound was plain to be seen. I soon made an important discovery.

There was no blood on the clothing of the murdered man, and I had noticed none in the office. Surely this was a little singular.

As I passed back into the front room, I saw Price Brindle just removing the cuspidore from under the table.

"Leave that where it is," I said sharply.

"Eh! What sir!"

The gentleman seemed astonished.

"Leave that cuspidore where it is, Mr. Brindle," I said, "nothing must be disturbed till the inquest. You ought to know the custom in cases of this kind. Nothing must be disturbed in this room for the present."

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Brindle appologetically. "I have assumed charge since my partner's death. and supposed it would be all right to clean up the room a little, but I realize that you are right, Mr. Deering. I see that you understand your business, and Madeline did right in suggesting you as the proper person to look into this affair."

We left the room in company. I interviewed the officer in charge, and then went to Mrs. Freguson.

"Have you made any discoveries?" she questioned at once.

"I think so," said I.

"Tell me—"

"Not yet. You must tell me all you know about this sad affair. Mrs. Furguson.

I then began questioning the young wife closely. She admitted that her father and her husband had quarreled. Mr. Jordan was a man of violent temper, and often had hot words with those of his employ.

On the previous evening the two, Jordan and Ferguson, had still a late hour, smoking and chatting in the office.

"Had they quarreled last night?"

"None that I am aware of; in fact, I am sure the meeting was a pleasant one," assured the woman. "When Jack was leaving, a stranger called at the office and my husband left the two together."

"Indeed! Did you see the stranger?"

"Yes; I saw him go down the walk in the moonlight. I had a bad toothache, and could not sleep, and was up tending to it. Jack

"Who discovered the tragedy?"

"One of the servants?"

"And then your husband was arrested?"

"Yes he was arrested. I think Mr. Brindle pointed him out to the officers.,

"What sort of a man is this Brindle?',

"A gentleman, sir; but he is mistaken when he accusses Jack."

"Perhaps. Did the stranger, whom you saw leave the office at a late hour last night, resemble Mr. Brindle?"

"Not in the least. Jack says he had a heavy beard. Oh, no, sir, Mr. Brindle is a gentleman, and would not wrong anybody intentionally."

"Perhaps not."

I questioned her minutely about her father's relations with different men. She could give no information about her fathers visitor; but requested me to see Jack, who had seen him in the full glare of the office lamp.

Once more I returned to the office and made it a point to secure two things, the cuspidore and the bottle of wine. I had a theory which I was determined to carry out immediately.

The bottle of wine and cuspidore I secreted in a paper, and carried them both to a chemist who was a personal friend. Leaving those with him, I turned my steps toward the city prison.

I found Jack Ferguson a young man of good address, and frank face, yet deeply distressed over his unfortunate position. He had little to offer save that he was innocent. The knife found in his employer's heart was his, but it had been stolen from him a long time before the tragic night. As to the stranger, he had never seen him before, and even Mr. Jordan seemed not to know him.

"He was very chatty, however, and offered cigars to both Mr. Jordan and myself."

"Did you accept one?"

"Yes."

"And smoked it?"

"No; I was just going out, and put the cigar in my pocket."

"Where is it now?"

"In my coat at home."

"Very g od."

A little later I left him and repaired to the chemist.

"What luck, Will?"

"The wine is all right."

"And the cuspidore?"

"I'll tell you," and my friend bent forward and whispered a word in my ear.

"I thought so," I said with a start,

The chemist was curious, and I had to enlighten him as to my latest case. I had everything in readiness for the inquest, which was held the next morning. I made myself solid with the coroner at the outset, and had learned from Mrs Ferguson her whole family history, and such other things as I deemed necessary.

The first witness called was young Ferguson, who gave an account of that last evening with his employer. Since the young man was under arrest, his testimony was taken with a degree of allowance on the part of the jury. He told of the coming of the stranger a man with an immense beard who professed to know Mr. Jordan, and who seemed a good-natured fellow indeed, since he offered cigars at once. Next on the stand was Mad-

see that this had an influence on the jury.

I took it upon myself to ask a good many questions. The most important witness was yet to come, however, in the person of the murdered man's partner.

He was cool and collected enough when he took the witness stand. After the coroner had brought out the fact that it was Ferguson's knife found in the heart of the murdered man I took the witness.

"How long have you been in partnership with Mr. Jordan?"

My first question was one easily answered, which led to others of a preliminary nature.

"Now, Mr. Brindle, is it your opinion that your partner came to his death from the knife wound?"

"Of course. How else could it be?" said he quickly.

We will get at that soon," I said. 'Now, sir, if the knife caused Jordon's death, what became of the blood? I found none on the floor, nor any in or about the murdered man's clothing."

I regarded the witness keenly.

" He must have bled internally," was Brindles reply.

"Would it be possible to stab a man to the heart and not draw a drop of blood to the outside?"

"I do not know, sir."

"But I know. It would be impossible," I said sharply.

"Well it may be. I cannot judge," returned the witness. "I am sure the knife was found in Mr. Jordan's heart, and, as it belongs to Jack Ferguson that is evidence to me that he is the murderer."

"Now don't jump at conclusions, Mr. Brindle. We do not care for your opinion in the case just now. You will simply answer questions put to you," I said curtly.

"I am ready to answer, sir."

"Very well, sir. An expert surgeon has held a post-mortem on the remains, and he asserts that Mr. Jordan was stabbed after life was extinct!"

I bent and regarded Brindle keenly. I saw his face blanch, and believed he trembled.

"What is this to me?" he said finally.

"You will soon discover."

"I did not come here to be insulted."

The man was getting on his dignity, and it pleased me.

"You shall not be insulted," I said. "We only seek the truth, and so are sifting matters. Now, Mr. Brindle, tell the jury who the strange man was who visited Mr. Jordan on the night of the murder."

"I know nothing about him."

"Are you sure?"

"I am not in the habit of being doubted, Mr. Deering," snapped the witness angrily.

The man was losing his temper, a fact that pleased me not a little. I would soon have him at a good advantage.

"I suppose not," I returned, "but I beg to differ with you as regards this stranger. However, let him drop now. Do you recognize this?"

I suddenly presented a morroco cigar case to the gaze of the witness. He glared a moment and then put out his hand.

"It is mine," he said.

"Exactly."

I now turned to the jury, and said,—

"Gentlemen, this cigar case was found in Price Brindle's pocket, the pocket of a coat worn on the night

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September 18, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON.

For Clerk County Court.
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

The assessed valuation of all the railroads in West Virginia is $17,293,768.

The earth is nearest the sun on the second day of each year, on which day she is only 90,822,000 miles from his solar majesty.

"Should every dog of every breed in America be killed to-morrow," says a St. Louis statistician, "the real loss to the country would not be $100. On the contrary, the gain would be at least $30,000,000 per year. Nations famed for their thrift and economy do not take to dogs."

Mr. Johnson Declines.

The card of Mr. J. M. Johnson, Sr., declining the Republican nomination for the State Senate in this District, appears in today's paper, and makes a definite settlement of the matter. Mr. Johnson is not the sort of a man to allow himself to be made a tool of by the Force bill politicians.

It now looks as if Col. St. Clair will have a walk-over, without republican opposition.—Monroe Watchman.

How They Equalize.

The title of the Tariff bill now under discussion in the Senate is "to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports and for other purposes." How it equalizes duties a few citations will show.

On the ordinary cotton or flax laces used by the trim millions of our pretty girls who have more good looks than money the duty is increased from 30 to 40 per cent., whereas silk laces, which only Miss Flora McFlimsey can afford, are raised but 10 per cent.

The $300 shotgun with which Miss Flora's brother bowls over a woodcock pays from 38 to 45 per cent. duty, while the cheap German gun, sold to farmer boys who cannot afford to buy a high-priced

Black brilliantine, pays 92½ per cent., while silks and satins are put at 68. The Sultan of Turkey makes his subjects pay only 18 per cent. on the brilliantine, but our Republican Congress charges 97½ and then wants to gag the Democratic Senators who expose and inveigh against the wrong.

In linins, the belle's gossamer handkerchief remains at 35 per cent., but the farmer's brown drill, used for summer clothing, is screwed up from 35 to 63, and his crash towel from 35 to 70. Our friends will not even let him wipe the sweat from his brow short of 100 per cent. Is it strange that there is a Republican revolt at the West against this form of "equalization?"

Hon. John E. Kenna delivered a strong speech in the U. S. Senate on Monday August 31st, upon the McKinley tariff bill. Mr. Kenna's speech is pronounced one of the ablest that has been delivered on the tariff, and was listened to with marked attention. In closing he used the following:

"The laborer, forming the great mass of consumers, has been the first to tax and last to relieve. The tax on lawyers and doctors and merchants and bankers was repealed! But the tax on pilots and engineers was retained for years. The tax on deeds and bank checks was repealed! But the tax on hats and boots was retained at war rates. The tax on incomes was wiped from the face of the earth! But the coat and the shirt, the breeches and the blanket, the dress and the cloak and the shawl, the plow and the spade, the pick and the shovel the chisel and the plane, the plate that holds the hard earned meal and the fork that carries it to the hungry lip, the blanket that shields the wasting form and the sheet that shrouds it cold in death—go on—like Tennyson's brook—go on forever—levying silent tribute from the weary and heavy laden that colossal fortunes may tower to the skies while "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11.—To see the jollification in which the republicans are indulging over having re elected Speaker Reed from a district where there was no organized democratic opposition, one would suppose that they had elected a majority of the next House and secured a mortgage on the Presidential chair for four years from March 4th, 1893. Let them remember that "he who laughs last laughs best."

The adulation which Mr. Reed is now receiving here from members of his party is absolutely sickening. He is naturally vain and self conceited, but since his return he is worse than ever: he struts around with his head thrown back and his chest expanded looking exactly like a barn-yard turkey gobbler among a lot of hen turkeys: He regards his re-election as not only an endorsement of his unspeakable record as Speaker, but, also as an endorsement of his presidential aspirations, and the turning down of a certain gentleman who has for many years been supposed to carry the vote of the State of Maine around in his vest pocket—James G. Blaine. By the way, it is noticeable that among all the telegrams of congratulation received by Mr. Reed there was not a word from Mr. Blaine.

Representative Cooper proved that Lemon, the pension attorney, who endorsed Commissioner Raum's notes for $12,000 the day after Raum made a ruling that put more than $200,000 in Lemon's pocket, had committed a forgery more than twenty years ago in this

patent upon which the Refrigerator company of which Raum is president and Representative Smyser, to whom has been delegated the task of electing Representative McKinley, is a large stock holder, was a worthless fraud before the republicans of the whitewashing committee got their heads together and decided not to investigate the private business affairs of Raum. The majority of the committee may whitewash until doomsday, but it will not change the verdict of "guilty as indicted," which the unprejudiced public has found against the Commissioner of Pensions, and Mr. Harrison will retain him in office at the peril of his party. It is stated quietly by republicans that Mr. Harrison would have demanded the resignation of Raum before this if the Congressional elections were not so near, and that after Raum gets his coat of whitewash and the elections are over he will be compelled to resign.

Has Mr. Harrison the backbone to carry out the threat he made of vetoing the River and Harbor bill if the $5,000,000 of Senate amendments were agreed to? We shall soon know, the Senate amendments were agreed to, and the bill is now in his hands.

The democratic Senators like most members of the party believe in the principle of reciprocity and would be glad to see it extended to every country which buys our products or sells us theirs, but they want none of the so called reciprocity which is contained in the Aldrich amendment to the tariff bill which puts it in the power of the President to close our ports against friendly nations whenever it may be his pleasure so to do, and that makes it possible for combinations of unscrupulous speculators to manipulate our tariff for their own benefit at the expense of the consumers.

That isn't the democratic idea of reciprocity, therefore it was no surprising that the solid democratic vote was cast against it. Two republicans—Messrs Evarts and Edmunds—also voted against it, and another republican—Senator Hoar—had the unblushing effrontery to state in substance in his closing speech that he only supported it because he regarded it as make believe reciprocity. He told the truth; the object of the republicans in adopting the so called reciprocity amendment is to catch votes for the party. They recognized the popularity of the idea and have attempted to take advantage of it.

The democrats of the House have this week been engaged in justifiable fillibustering to prevent the seating of two negro contestants whom the majority of the committee on Elections have unjustly decided were entitled to seats held by democrats. If the republicans will persist in their dirty political work let them keep a quorum of their own members present to do it.

Senator Gibson says the sugar schedule of the new tariff bill will rob the sugar planters of Louisiana of more than a million dollars a year, which will go into the pockets of the members of the sugar trust.

If the conference committee to which the tariff bill has now gone allows October 1, to remain as the date for the new tariff bill to go into effect, and it throws the country into a financial panic, as the bankers of New York say it will, owing to the unusual demand on the part of importers for money to get their imported goods out of the bonded ware houses before that date, the responsibility will be with the republican party. They have been warned, and if trouble ensues the people of the country will know where to place the blame for it.

The population of West Virginia is now about 775,000. In 1880, the

Rev. Sam. Jones commenced a series of sermons at Lynchburg, Va., last Saturday.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of Jamuel Judy vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 27th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 55 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of J. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it consid rable impravements, including dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.88

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 189 in the cause of William Gibbs vs. C. A. Yeager and others, I will on, Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 130 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager M. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and outbuilding upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.75

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Bonner. We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 20th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the defered payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. A. REVERCOMB,
C. P. JONES, } Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in faid cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t Printer's fee $9.98

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highder on the premises near Traveler's Repose, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on SATURDAY, 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1890.

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract 128 acres part of a tract of 500 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 577 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & C. Turnpike: About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The ballance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce, and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

The aforesaid land will be started at the upset bid of J. L. Arbogast for $1,40 .

B. M. YEAGER, Sec'l Com'r.

Sept 4-4t. Printer's fee $10.96.

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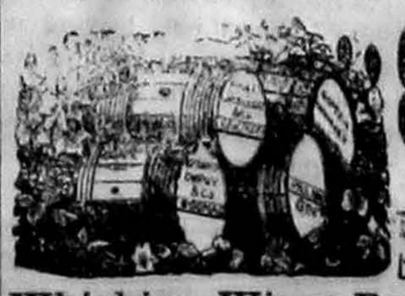

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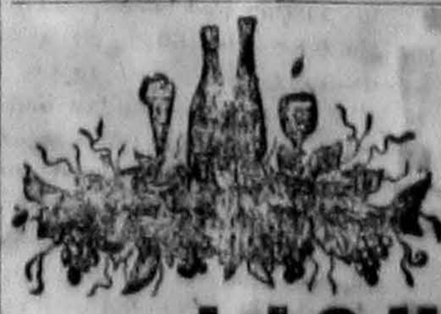

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(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

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LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partisan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

HOME NEWS

—At last—a new fence is being built around the court house square.

—For all kinds of job printing, call at THE TIMES office.

—Mr. R. H. Moore, of Academy, was in town the first of this week.

—Jno. W. Warwick, Esq., of near Edray, called to see us Monday.

—For beautiful wedding invitations THE TIMES job office is head quarters.

—Several wagons from around this place were at Millboro Depot last week.

—Attorney Shelton Reger and wife, of Philippi are guest, at Huntersville Hotel.

—Jacob Boner, Esq. left last Friday morning for Baltimore to buy his fall and winter goods.

—Mr. Robt. Skeen and daughter Miss Kate of Covington, Va., are the guests of Mr. Wm. Cnery's of this place.

—Attorney Geo. W. Reverscomb of Warm Springs, Va., was in town the first of the week and called to see us.

—The Alderson Fair Co., will accept our thanks for complimentary ticket. We are sorry we cannot attend.

—Mrs. C. A. Dameron and family, of Alleghany Station, Va., are visiting her parents Mr. J. C. Loury's at this place.

—Mr. J. C. Loury, Jr., who has been traveling for a few weeks in the interest of his parcel handler, has returned home, and reports success.

—J. F. Hull, Esq., of the firm of W. C. Hull & Son, of Edray, called to see us Tuesday. He was on his way to attend the Healing Springs for his health.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of H. B. Sharp, Esq., of Split Rock, as an Independent Candidate for House of Delegates.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker and and family, who have been away on a six week's vacation visiting relatives at Lewisburg, Lynchburg and other places have returned home.

—We have just received a large supply of all kinds of stationary which we can print in the latest and most beautiful styles, and sell as cheap as can be bought in any city.

—In our rush last week, by mistake in setting up the Democratic Ticket, we left out the name of Maj. J. C. Arbogast for Sheriff which the Maj. and our readers will kindly excuse.

—We are requested by Mr. S. B. Moore, of Edray, to inquire through THE TIMES where the most suitable place would be to hold a singing association this fall. We would suggest Huntersville as a good place.

—We are requested to announce that the Rev. S. L. Wilson, Evangelist, of Greenbrier Presbytery, will hold a meeting at Marlin's Bottom, commencing Friday night the 19th and continuing over Sunday.

—There will be a Sacramental meeting at Mt. Vernon the fourth Sabbath of this month. Preaching on Friday evening before. Preaching at Mt Vernon Sabbath morning 11 a. m. and at night.

—The quarterly meeting for Lewisburg district, M. E. Church South, will meet at this place Oct. 11, 12; Green Bank 18, 19.

—Greenbrier Presbytery at Alderson, Sept. 10, Rev. R. A. Pendleton, Moderator, and Revs. D. M. Layton and R. L. Telford, clerks, Revs. H. S. Sydenstricker and W. T. Price and elder A. M. McGlaughlin of this County were present at the opening.

—Notice of the sale of the late Mrs. Susan Burr, is sticking in manuscript on the store door of Mr. A. Barlow, and as nobody reads the numerous notices that are stuck around in manuscript, we are requested to say by an interested party that the sale will take place next Tuesday the 23rd.

—Mrs. S. A. Campbell, and family who have been visiting her parents, Mr. J. C. Loury's at this place for some time, except their daughter Miss Grace, who will attend school at this place this winter, left for their home at Belington, Monday.

—Andrew Hughs, Esq., mail carrier from this place to Dunmore, rides 30 miles a day six times a week, and receives as compensation, for same $4.00 per month and says he has been trying to get $4.50 but so far has failed. We would like to ask the contractor, who is a high tariff man if this is the high wages promised by his party before the last election.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Plenty of rain.

Mr. M. G. Mathews our worthy Supt., was in town holding the examination Friday and Saturday.

Miss Bertha Sharp is visiting at her sisters Mrs. Henry Overholt.

Mr. W. H. Overholt, is putting up a fine Office and ware-house which will add much to the beauty of our town.

Misses Lillie Hull, and Laura Sharp of Edray, have enrolled as pupils of the M. & F. Academy.

Mr. Tom Edgar, of Renicks Valley spent a few days last week with his brother Capt. Edgar.

Miss Lou McNeel has returned home from Lewisburg, accompanied by her neice Miss Mary McNeel.

Mr. Wm. Cackley, passed through town Saturday.

Mrs. Watts and Son and Mrs. Beliver Williams of the Highlands were visiting at Mr. R. W. Hills last week.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker and son John have returned home from attending Presbytery at Alderson.

PUNCH & JUDY.

The "Sinks" Locals.

As this is a portion of our county seldom heard of I will send you a few items.

As fine a lot of fat cattle are now grazing on Rich Mountain as can be found in any Co. in the State. This is given up to be the finest grass portion of our Co., and your correspondent saw haystacks cut and put up right out of the pasture where over a hundred fat cattle were running.

Mr. J. P. Brock, of New Market, Va., who spent three weeks at the house of Mr. C. Waybright for his health has returned home.

Messrs David Grogg and Lee Simmons of Highland Co., Va., are visiting at this place.

A couple of things badly needed in Rich Mt'n are a new school house and a preacher.

Miss Annie Turner of Grant Co., is visiting her brother Mr. Benj. F. Turner.

A. M. Hedrick of Washington City was around in the Mt'ns about Franklin looking after the interest of the moonshiners and made a trip to this Mt'n last week but found no trace of them here.

It certainly makes the hunters out here feel bad to see the deer [illegible] and

ed.

The far famed Sinks are just four miles below here in the edge of Randolph Co., Gander Creek sinks beneath the Mt'ns and runs under it for ¾ of a mile cutting numerous beautiful chambers, figures almost equalling as I am told, the Luray caverns, of Va., your correspondent has visited the lower month and hopes to go through them soon.

Rich Mtn., can boast of a girl 13 years old Miss Ina Waybright who is six feet tall.

County Court Proceedings.

The following are the proceedings of a special term of the County Court held Sept. 10th:

J. C. Price, S. B. Hannah, and A. K. Dysard are appointed commissioners to let to contract the unfinished part of the Stony Bottom and Sitlington's creek road, known at the Snake Dam road.

The contract for building the abutments and wing walls for the bridge across Knapp's creek near Huntersville was awarded to John Grogg at $9.25 per cubic yard according to specifications heretofore published, except that each end of the abutments are to be connected by dawell pins 4' in long; and the wing walls at $6.00 per cubic yard according to said specifications All work to be done under the supervision of Geo. P. Moore, Amos Barlow and H. S. Rucker, and to be paid for as the work progresses at the rate of 50 per ct. of its value and the Court approves the bond of the said Grogg given for the faithful permorance of his contract. The work to be completed on or before the 20th day of December 1890.

Ordered that upon request in writing of H. S. Rucker Com'r on the newly established road through the lands of Wm. Curry and others the Clerk issued a draft on the Sheriff in favor of Frank Thompson for $200 being part of contract price for making said road as contractor.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of THE TIMES will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity: Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—The Baldwin District Fair, to be held in Staunton on September 30th and October 1st 2d and 3d, will be one of the finest exhibitions ever held the society. The premium list is a very liberal one. The amusements will be of a rare order, and the aquatic exhibitions on the lake under the direction of the incomparable Paul Boynton, the famous swimmer, are expected to draw an immense concourse of witnesses.

Farmer: "How much be them pants anyway?" Clerk: "Three seventy five." Yes, same old price. "Taters worth half what they uster be; corn 'way down to nothing oats down, butter down, eggs down —I'd like to know, by gol! what keeps pants way up, bub. "Suspenders, perhaps."

If Mr. Farmer will write down to Blaine, McKinley & Co., at Washington, D. C., perhaps they can tell him of other things besides suspenders that keeps pants up.—Kanawha Democrat.

A fire in Hinton Sunday morning last 6th inst destroyed J. H. Hoover's hardware store, W. L. Fredeking's jewelery store, a drug store and the postoffice, causing a total loss of about $15,000. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp

A Lumber Camp.

Though lumbering has been the chief industry of our county for a number of years, it was our privilege for the first time last Sunday to visit one of their camps, which was one of the camps of the St. Lawrence Co., situate about two miles from this place.

Even now as we sit in our office, we can hear the sound of the woodman's axe and the roar of falling pine trees on the distant hills.

We were entertained and shown around by the young chief foreman J. C. Kinports, Esq., who is a son of Mr. Porter Kinports of Grant, Pa., a member of the Company. Clide, as he is called by his intimate friends is a young man of rare business qualities and who thoroughly understands his business, and one among many who would resume the responsibilities of as large a business as this.

First, we were shown the stables which would make the average farmer of the age envy, and then horses though handled roughly are well taken care of are the finest.

After being shown around for some time, and admiring the wonderful conveniences and luxuries of the woodsmen, the dinner bell rang, and we were ushered into a large dining room, where everything is as bright as a new pin, and partook of a dinner, served by Mr. O. Guay, the French cook, only equaled by an occasion of the "stepping off" of the daughter of our farmers who are far famed for having good things to eat, and as we sat there filling our lank inner man, with the good things that surrounded us, and which was for the first time in a good while, as being an editor, we were so pleased that we almost forgot the light table and dull monotony that awaited us at home, but it was wasn't long before the terrible truth dawned upon which can only be felt by one of the profession. How grand it would be to bid adue to shears, paste pot and pencil and take up our abode in the lumber woods, but for the wo-work.

After dinner we talked awhile with Mr. Wm. McDowe, who a short time ago had the misfortune of getting his leg broken, and then with no little reluctance, at, not leaving the camp, specially, but but the the good things to eat.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

The Fall term will begin on the second Wednesday (10th) of September. New students will report for examination on Tuesday the 9th. Courses of study are offered in the Arts, Sciences, Engineering and Law. Also preparatory department. For information and catalogues apply to E. M. Turner, Morgantown, W. Va.

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term for 1890, the undersigned Commissioner of School Lands, will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House Door of said County, on the 20th day of October, 1890 for cash, the following tracts of land to-wit:

1s. 1056 acres, part of an undivided tract of 2112 acres lying on the head waters of Thorney Creek, forfeited in the name of Reuben Buzzard.

2nd. 428 acres, part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of James Wanless.

3rd. 100 acres, part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of Wm. S. Grimes.

4. A tract of 89 acres lying on the waters of Sitlingtons Creek, adjoining the lands of Harvey Nottingham and others forfeited in the name of Rachel C. McNeel.

5th. A tract of 2½ acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the Lime-Stone Run, adjoining the lands of A. J. Sharp and others.

6th. A tract of 2 acres of waste and, unappropriated land lying on the waters of Knapp's creek, adjoining the lands of P. H. Loury and others.

The 89 acre tract and the 2 acre tract have on them fine banks of Iron Ore.

JOHN W. WARWICK,
Com'r of School Lands.

Sept 18-4t. Printer's fee $9.74

Many Persons

Are broken down from overwork or household care. Brown's Iron Bitters

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once, it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakens "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

PATENTS.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held for the Circut Court of Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, at the Clerks office of said Court on the First Monday in September, 1890.

James L. Sheets,
vs.
Wm. N Moore.

The object of this suit is to enforce a vendor's lien retained in a certain deed executed by Andrew C. Wooddell and others to Wm. N. Moore, and to subject the land therein conveyed to the payment of the unpaid purchase money due on said land. And it appearing, by affidavit, that diligence has been used on behalf of the plaintiff to ascertain in what County the defendant, Wm. N. Moore is, without effect, it is ordered that he appear here within one month from the date of the first publition hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interests in said suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

C. F. MOORE, sol.
Sept. 4 4t. Printer's fee $7.98

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 16th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause of Mary E. Piles, plaintiff, against George C. McGlaughlin, defendant, the undersigned special commissioner in said suit will proceed on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1890.

to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of said County a tract of about

175 ACRES OF LAND

south of and near the village of Green Bank, adjoining lands of Geo. Kerr and others and the same land conveyed to George C. McGlaughlin by deed from J. C. Arbogast and wife recorded at page 5 of deed Book, No. 14 in the Clerk's office of the County Court of said County.

TERMS: Cash in hand sufficient to pay costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal installments at 6 and 12 months respectively from day of sale with interest thereon from said day, the purchaser to execute bonds with good personal security for deferred payments and the title to be retained as ultimate security for said payments.

H. S. RUCKER, Sec'l Com'r.

Bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k Cir. Ct.
Sept. 4-4t. Printer's fee $9.20

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the will of Sallie Gum, dec'd, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises of the said Sallie Gum, dec'd on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1890,

the following personal and real estate, viz:

1 Horse, 1 Cow, 2 Stacks of Hay, about 50 Bushels Buckweat and a small quantity of oats.

Also all the lands of which the said Sallie Gum died seized and possessed with, all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases of personal property will be required to pay cash all sums of $5.00 or less; and for amounts above $5.00 will be allowed six months time purchaser giving bond with approved personal security, with interest from date. The purchaser of the real estate will be required to pay $50 cash and for the residue will be allowed 6, 12 and 18 months credit, upon executing bonds with approved personal security, with interest from date. A lien will also be retained on the land as ultimate security.

ed at the Post-office at Hunters-
W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
ch	$ 1 00	$ 3 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
in.	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
lumn	9 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

ding notices, not exceeding five
twenty-five cents for each inser-
and five cents a line for each addi-
line.

RMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

py, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after
tths, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50
se terms will be strictly complied

Huntersville, W. Va.

September 18, 1890.

Continued from 1st page.

as stabbed, and the stub of a
found in the cuspidor in Jor-
s office being analized, is found
ntain a most subtle poison.

The stranger who visited Jor-
on that fatal night passed ci-
, and one of them Jack Fergu-
took, but did not smoke.
t, too, has been analized. It
ained the same subtle drug.
evident that a double murder
contemplated."

rofound silence reigned while I
e this announcement.

he face of Mr. Price Brindle
very white. At lenghth he
,—

What is this to me? I can't see
this helps Jack Ferguson."

I'll tell you," I cried, turning up-
him with a piercing book.
se plot to remove both Mr. Jor-
and Jack Ferguson has failed.
e poisoned cigar that the former
oked came out of this morocco
e. The cigars remaining here
tain the same deadly drug, and
acknowledge the case and ci-
s to be yours, Price Brindle!"

White as a ghost, the witness
ped,—

The case is mine, but not the ci
s It is a plot to ruin me."

Oh, no, it is not," I said, sud-
ly producing a huge false beard.
is you wore on the night of the
rder, Mr. Brindle. The evidence
mplete. You are the murderer!'

His white lips parted, but no
nd came forth. With a gasp he
ped from his chair in a dead
t.

rice Brindle confessed the crime
n after. His motive was two-
. His partner's daughter had
sed him, and married Jack
gnson, and he (Brindle) was an
bezzler, having robbed the firm
some time, and fearing detec-
, he planned the murder.
ling to kill Ferguson, an after-
ught caused him to attempt
g the crime on the young man.
ndle died in prison soon after
confession.

Grandma's Schoolmistress.

No, grandma," said Jennie, de-
edly, "you are quite wrong.
cle Tom's Cabin' was not pub-
ed first in book form; it appear-
as a serial."

Well, well," said grandma, with
gh, "perhaps you are right. I
e a good many blunders now a-
s."

half an hour, however, she had
vered her spirits, and began to
a visitor how she saw General
shington in Portsmouth after
revolutionary war.

Why, grandma," interrupted
nie. "It wasn't Washington,
as Lafayette. You always told
e."

When she painted a monogram on the baby's arm.

"You seem to have taken upon yourself the office of grandma's schoolmistress," she concluded. "You have been both impertinent and cruel."

"Perhaps I ought to have said, 'I beg your pardon,' when I corrected her," said Jennie, between her sobs, "but I was in a hurry to speak."

"You should not have spoken at all. You are very kind to grandma. You pick up her stitches, thread her needle, and do her errands patiently, but still it is through you that she is every day reminded of her age and weakness. You correct her when she makes a mistake, you express your surprise when she forgets."

"But I can't bear to have her make mistakes before people!" cried poor Jennie.

"The record of a long and honorable life is not to be injured by a few lapses of memory at its close," said her mother, still indignantly. "Little daughter, learn to be humble as well as kindly in your treatment of the old."

Jennie dearly loved her grandmother, and she was broken hearted at the thought of having failed in tenderness towards her. The lesson did not need to be repeated and one day grandma said to her lovingly, "My little girl, you grow pleasanter to live with every day. You are like the little girls I used to know when I was a child, loving yet respectful and childlike."

He sat and looked at the busy editor for about 15 minutes steadily. Finally he yawned sleepily and remarked:

"There are some things in this world that go without saying."

"I know it," snapped the editor, "but there are too darned many things that say a good deal without going."

I beg pardon for intruding upon your time," said the polite, smiling man with the small valise in his hand. "A pedlar is a nuisance. I know it as well as anybody. But there are various kinds of pedlars, and all of us must live. It isn't our fault that we are here. Those of us that earn our living honestly have to share the odium that belongs to the calling. I'm not complaining of this, gentlemen. It is a part of the curse' that came in the original package to Adam. If there is any one of you that has a spot of grease on his coat, vest or pants—trousers he added, opening his valise and taking out a small cake of soap and a sponge' "I shall be happy to remove it without charging a cent and without asking anybody to buy my soap. It's my way of advertising. My dear sir, allow me. There is a little spot on your vest."

He rubbed the spot with a piece of soap, deftly applied the sponge, made a few passes over the cloth with a piece of cotton and said:

"There sir, that spot is gone. You will never see it again. And probably you will never see me again, either, as I travel but once through a community. My goods will be found at the stores. I take it for granted that nobody wishes to buy a cake of my soap. I wish you good morning, gentlemen."

"After the polite, smiling visitor had gone away the gentlemen whose garment had been operated upon upon had occasion to consult his watch.

over hills vibe glad! Yet know ye that your music is all discord compared to the laugh of a child—that laugh that marks the boundary line between beasts and men, and every wave of which doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O, Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of joy, there are enough dimples in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

Commercial College OF KY. UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, KY.
Cheapest & Best Business College in the World.
Highest Honor and Gold Medal over all other Colleges, at World's Exposition, for System of Book-keeping and General Business Education. 10,000 Graduates in business. 1000 Students annually. 18 Teachers employed. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Stationery, and board, about $90. Short-Hand, Type-Writing and Telegraphy specialties. No Vacation. Enter now. Graduates successful. This city is beautiful and healthful. For circulars address Wilbur R. Smith, Lexington, Ky. Mention this paper.

Coughing,

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure." —Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Me.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARQUIS.

Monumental Architect

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G. C. COOPER, Agent,

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Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices.

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Founded in 1804;—in successful operation since 1808. Among former Presidents, Dr. McGuffey, well known as the author of a series of readers. Tuition about $30 per year, including all College branches, Elocution, Drawing, Painting, &c. Long list of well-known alumni. Send for Catalogue to C. W. SUPER.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S

PILE BEANS

PUBLICA

OF THE

State of Zacatecas, Mexico.

A syndicate of capitalists have secured the concession for operating this

LOTTERY,

and will extend its business throughout the United States and British Columbia.

Below will be found a list of the prizes which will be drawn on

AUGUST 27, 1890,

AT ZACATECAS, MEXICO,

and continued monthly thereafter.

CAPITAL PRIZE $150,000.00

100,000 Tickets at $10.00; Halves, $5.00; Tenths, $1.00; American Currency.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1	PRIZE OF	$150,000 is	$150,000
1	PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1	PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
3	PRIZES OF	10,000 are	30,000
2	PRIZES OF	5,000 are	10,000
5	PRIZES OF	2,000 are	10,000
10	PRIZES OF	1,000 are	10,000
20	PRIZES OF	500 are	10,000
200	PRIZES OF	500 are	40,000
300	PRIZES OF	150 are	45,000
500	PRIZES OF	100 are	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

150	PRIZES OF	$150 are	$22,500
150	PRIZES OF	100 are	15,000
150	PRIZES OF	50 are	7,500
997	Terminal Prizes of	50 are	49,950
2492			$524,950

CLUB RATES: 6 Tickets for $50.00.

Special Rates Arranged With Agents.

AGENTS WANTED

In every town and city in the United States and British America.

The payment of Prizes is guaranteed by a special deposit of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000), with the State Government, and approved by Jesus Arechiga, Governor.

Drawings under the personal supervision of Lic. Herminio Arséaga, who is appointed by the Government as Interventor.

"I CERTIFY that with the State Treasurer all necessary guarantees are deposited, assuring full payment of all prizes of this drawing.

HERMINO ARTEAGA, Interventor."

IMPORTANT.

Remittances must be either by New York Draft, Express or Registered Letter American money. Collections can be made by Express Companies or Banks. Ticket sent direct to management will be paid by drafts on New York, Montreal, St. Paul, Chicago, San Francisco or city of Mexico For further information address

JUAN PIEDAD, Manager,
ZACATECAS, MEXICO.

A partado 48.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

One of the MERIT'S FREE

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERM OF SUBSCRITIO N,

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
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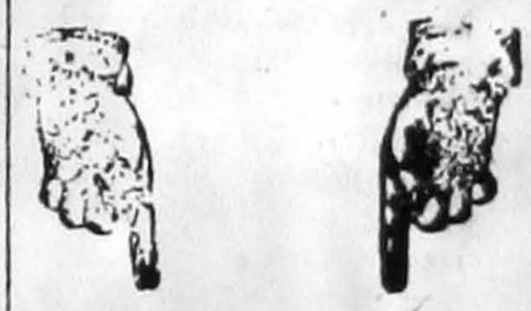

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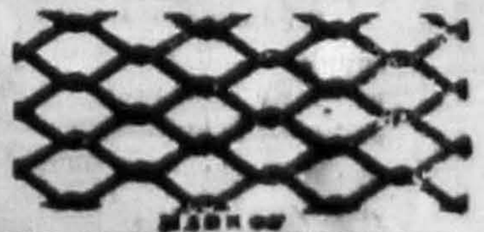

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To THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 Pearl St., New York.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

VOL. VIII. HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1890. NO. 10.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* has come to the conclusion that hypnotism is nothing more or less than the old mesmeric craze revived.

The *Drovers' Journal* figures that the daily mileage made in cities of the United States by cars supplied with electric motors is now more than one hundred thousand miles and is growing rapidly.

Professor Simonson says that there are now from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 students of Volapuk in the world, of whom 1,000,000 are competent to use it; 1200 business houses where it is employed, and 1200 Volapuk text and reading books, as well as thirty well regulated Volapuk journals.

The Chicago *Herald* says that "Florida and California are each making a strong bid for winter visitors by sending out cars filled with tropical and semi-tropical fruits attractively displayed. There is a car of this kind known as 'Florida on Wheels,' which made the tour of the Eastern resorts and did good missionary work during the summer months. A train of cars known as 'California on Wheels' and containing a superb exhibit of fruits, is now en route for the East for the purpose of booming Southern California as a winter resort, and will undoubtedly influence many people to cross the continent the coming winter."

One of the curious facts which workingmen and mechanics detailed to undertake work in different towns notice, remarks the Chicago *News*, is that the small country places are frequently ahead of the metropolitan cities in the way of scientific improvements. Many a rural village of 5000 or 10,000 inhabitants quickly avails itself of the opportunities which the city inventors and scientists have been discovering for years. Thus it happens that little towns of a few thousand population which have grown up within the last four or five years have electric lights, electric railways, cable lines, and water works more perfect than the big cities have.

Several California papers recently contained a matrimonial appeal, signed by "a young and beautiful Hungarian maiden, an orphan without means, but well educated and with domestic tendencies, who seeks a companion for life." The answers were to be directed to Paris, where the young lady was employed as a nurse. Incredible as it may appear a dozen offers from marriageable young Californians came over the sea. A lively correspondence ensued, and finally each of the wooers received an exquisite photograph and an affirmative answer from the beautiful Hungarian maiden, with a request that the lover should send the necessary cash for a transatlantic ticket. The swindler or the syndicate of swindlers netted 6000 marks in all by the trick. And now the prospective bridegrooms, among whom are some well-known names, dare not whisper their misery.

The experiments in the cultivation of plants under the electrical light, recently made by the botanical department of the Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., have given some curious and interesting results, and results which are in some respects confirmatory of somewhat similar experiments not long ago reported from Russia. The first and most noticeable effect of the treatment is an enormously increased rate of growth. The plants which are lighted seem to work day and night and to "run very much to leaf." Vegetables shoot up very quickly, and peas in a few weeks are two or three times as tall as those planted at the same time in daylight. In the case of seeds and fruit of any kind, however, the results are entirely different, and the plants which had grown slowly and by daylight were ahead. It was observed that in every instance the reproductive powers of the plants were strongly affected, being

TO A LITTLE BROOK.

You're not so big as you were then,
O little brook!
I mean those hazy summers when
We boys roamed, full of awe, beside
Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide,
And wondered if it could be true
That there were bigger brooks than you,
O mighty brook, O peerless brook!

All up and down this reedy place
Where lives the brook,
We angled for the furitive dace;
The redwing-blackbird did his best
To make us think he'd built his nest
Hard by the stream, when like as not,
He'd hung it in a secret spot
Far from the brook, the telltale brook!

And often, when the noontime heat
Parboiled the brook,
We'd draw our boots and swing our feet
Upon the waves that, in their play,
Would tag us last and scoot away;
And mother never seemed to know
What burnt our legs and chapped them so—
But father guessed it was the brook!

And Fido—how he loved to swim
The cooling brook,
Whenever we'd throw sticks for him;
And how we boys did wish that we
Could only swim as good as he—
Why, Daniel Webster never was
Recipient of such great applause
As Fido, battling with the brook!

But once—O most unhappy day
For you, my brook—
Come Cousin Sam along that way;
And, having lived a spell out west,
Where creeks aren't counted much at best,
He neither waded, swam, nor leap,
But, with superb indifference, stept
Across that brook—our mighty brook!

Why do you scamper on your way,
You little brook,
When I come back to you to-day?
Is it because you flee the grass
That lunges at you as you pass,
As if, in playful mood, it would
Tickle the truant if it could,
You chuckling brook—you saucy brook!

Or is it you no longer know—
You fickle brook—
The honest friend of long ago?
The years that kept us twain apart
Have changed my face but not my heart—
Many and sore those years, and yet
I fancied you could not forget
That happy time, my playmate brook!

Oh, sing again in artless glee,
My little brook.
The song you used to sing for me—
The song that's lingered in my ears
So soothingly these many years;
My grief shall be forgotten when
I hear your tranquil voice again
And that sweet song, dear little brook!

—*Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

A LAST CHORD.

Madame Langelot, a comely, smiling woman of thirty-six, was humming merrily as she went to and fro in her dining-room, and giving the last glance, the careful housewife's glance, to the family table. Whatever the season might be, there was always a bunch of flowers to enliven the board and testify to the delicate touch of woman.

Suddenly Madame Langelot stopped, as she recognized her husband's step, and he had hardly entered the room when she exclaimed;

"What is the matter? You look upset."

"I have reason to be, darling," he replied, "when a man hears at the same moment of the failure and the death of his only brother——"

"You brother, oh, my poor dear!" cried Madame.

"His marriage, as you know, was an unfortunate one," continued the husband, "he was an artist in heart and soul, and forgot everything in his love for an Italian lady, who had a madonna-like face and wonderful musical talent. Her dark eyes bewitched him, and in spite of my entreaties, and our father's opposition, he married her. He was utterly incapable of managing his business, and was made reckless by the death of his adored wife. Yesterday, in despair, he took his own life, and on me devolves the task of settling his affairs in an honorable manner. I must do this dear, for he was a Langelot."

"Of course," was the reply, "it is your duty."

"There is something else, said Monsieur Langelot slowly, and his wife, startled by his hesitation, exclaimed anxiously:

"What do you mean?"

"My brother has left a son, he is twelve years old, but delicate and deformed, and will never be able to provide for himself."

"And you think it is our duty to

"You are perfectly right," cried the young woman, kissing her husband fondly, "how good you are, dear! Bring the poor boy home, and he shall be our Clairette's elder brother."

And thus the orphan's fate was settled by these two simple loving souls.

Monsieur and Madame Langelot, who had been married twelve years, idolized their only child. Clairette was three years old, a frail, delicate little creature, highly nervous, treated like a queen, and somewhat despotic, as spoiled children usually are.

In a few days Lucien Langelot arrived at his uncle's home. He was painfully deformed, pale and delicate, and of his mother's radiant beauty had inherited nothing except the large dark eyes, which illumined his thin face with their brilliant flashes. Close against his breast he pressed a violin, his dearest treasure.

At sight of this stranger the little Clairette began to cry and sob convulsively. Her cousin looked timidly at the fair-haired and gaily dressed little creature for a minute, then raising his instrument, said softly,

"Listen, the violin will sing to you—do not cry."

And beneath his young fingers the artist's bow moved wondrously, the sound of a gay yet tender air burst forth, and the improvisation like a caress suddenly soothed the child's fears, and she was silent.

"More, more! Sing again, pretty music!" cried Clairette when the player stopped, and she clapped her little hands in glee.

So the wonderful violin played on, seeming to speak words of enchantment, and showing plainly what the poor hunchback had received as his maternal inheritance. From that day a tender affection united the two children, and the years passed on.

Lucien has become a man, and is associated with his uncle in business. He is a most valuable assistant, being gifted with extraordinary intelligence. He has not neglected his musical talent, and has had the best instruction.

"Do you know, my boy," said his uncle, "that you will some day be a great composer, our pride and glory?"

"My only glory," replied Lucien, softly, "is in knowing that Clairette is pleased with me."

He speaks the truth, poor fellow; his whole happiness in life depends upon his cousin's smile.

She too, the petted sensitive child, is now grown up, and has become a lovely woman. She loves her cousin with frank sincere affection, and prefers to all other music the air he played for her when first they met, so that in the family the melody is always called "Clairette's Song." It is a composition worthy of a master-musician, and since drying the child's tears, has become the souvenir of her earliest joys.

What happened next was inevitable. One day Lucien acknowledged to himself that he loved Clairette, and called himself a fool for daring to raise his eyes to the daughter of his benefactor. True, she was his cousin, but how could he, the poor hunch-back, hope to marry the beautiful blooming girl? He concealed his grief within his heart, and the violin, his only confidant, wept and sobbed for his hopeless love.

Claire Langelot, a gentle, affectionate girl, treated Lucien as her dearest friend and counselor, confiding to him her inmost thoughts. One day she artlessly told him of her love for Raoul Darboz, and then in a sudden burst of happiness, exclaimed:

"Here, Lucien, take your violin and play Clairette's Song for me!"

Ah, what bitter irony that was! The instrument was forced to sing her happy love, under his martyred fingers!

A little later, Raoul and Claire were married. Lucien played the wedding march. It was his own composition, and all through the music a mystic strain was interwoven by the master's skill, and filled the vaulted edifice with its tender melody.

The bride started when she recognized her favorite air.

"Poor dear cousin," she thought, "it is all for me that he is playing."

At the wedding breakfast they awaited the musician, impatient to congratulate him on his new composition, but he did not appear.

"An artist's caprice," said Uncle Langelot. "I'll wager that he is busy writing out his latest improvisation."

Claire was grieved at Lucien's absence, but that evening she and her husband set out for Fontainebleau, which was the first stopping place of their wedding tour.

On arriving at the hotel near the grand old forest, the young bride sat looking

Night fell, calm and quiet, the trees were rustled by the caresses of the breeze, a sweet perfume came from the forest, and the only sound was a soft indefinable murmur that seemed like the breathing of nature.

Claire turned to Raoul, saying:

"Do you know, I am anxious about Lucien. He may be ill. I did not see him, even to say good-bye."

Raoul clasped her in his arms as he replied with love's jealousy:

"Forget him and every one, my wife, all your thoughts now belong to me," and beneath the blue sky where the golden stars were sparkling, she forgot all else in the embrace of him to whom she had given her heart.

Suddenly there arose on the still night air a soft strain of music that sounded like a sigh, a lamentation, and Claire, roused from her ecstacy of love exclaimed:

"Hark! That is Clairette's Song. Dear Lucien! I know that he has come to celebrate my happiness, to play for me on my wedding-night. But, ah, how sad the music sounds."

"You are dreaming my love," said Raoul, as he closed the window, "I did not hear any music."

She listened again, but the silence was unbroken and once more she forgot everything but her love.

At dawn the next day, in a pathway near the hotel there was found lying across his broken violin, the dead body of Lucien Langelot. The brief lament of unspoken hopeless love had floated up for a moment to the young bride's ear, but the last chord from Lucien's violin, had awakened only the birds of the forest.—*The Epoch.*

Why the Dayaks Hunt Heads.

Many Dayak tribes of Australia are still addicted to head-hunting, a practice which has made their name notorious, and which but lately threatened the destruction of the whole race. It is essentially a religious practice—so much so that no important act in their lives seems sanctioned unless accompanied by the offering of one or more heads. The child is born under adverse influences unless the father has presented a head or two to the mother before its birth. The young man can not become a man and arm himself with the mandau, or war-club, until he has beheaded at least one victim. The wooer is rejected by the maiden of his choice unless he can produce one head to adorn their new home. The chief fails to secure recognition until he can exhibit to his subjects a head secured by his own hand. No dying person can enter the kingdom beyond the grave with honor unless he is accompanied by one or more headless companions. Every rajah owes to his rank a tribute of a numerous escort after death. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

An Electrical Riding School.

It is said that an electrical riding school is shortly to be equipped in Paris. This intention is doubtless attributable to the success which attended the opening of the electrical riding school in Nice last year. Here, it will be remembered, wooden horses were used, and propelled round the ring by the power of electric motors. There was a series of rings, on which an equal start was made, but the relative speed of the horses depended on the radii of the respective rings, those inside, of smaller circumference, being patronized by the steady-going and older individuals, while the delights of rapid locomotion were secured to the riders on the outer circles. At the same time the rider could reduce the speed or stop instantly by means of a controling arrangement. This refinement of the primitive merry-go-round created quite a furore in Nice, and it seems not improbable that before long it will find its way to this country.—*Times-Democrat.*

The Broom-Corn District.

Coles and Douglas Counties, in Illinois, produce half of the broom-corn grown in the United States. The soil of these counties, which is strong, quick, and rich, is well adapted for the culture of the brush. Fifty years ago the territory embraced by the two counties was a great swamp, full of large ponds and was called "sockem" land. Just what "sockem" means in this connection nobody seems to know. In later years the swamps and ponds were drained by means of large open ditches and miles of drain tile. This drainage left an almost inexhaustible soil. Broom-corn is supposed to exhaust soil more than any vegetable that grows in that climate, but there is a field near Bushton, in Coles County, owned by I. W. Sain, that this season produced its forty-ninth consec-

"KNEE DEEP! KNEE DEEP!"

"Knee deep! knee deep!" I am a child again!
I hear the cowbells tinkling down the lane,
The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant call
Of quails beyond the hill where nighthawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.

I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain
Of plowman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,
And, down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,
"Knee deep! knee deep!"

We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago!—and the boy-soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache gone and pain!
"Knee deep! knee deep!"

—*Henry J. Stockard, in the Cosmopolitan.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Goes into tea without being asked—Milk.

Society leaders are in the swim everywhere but at the seaside.—*Puck.*

Arbitration gives two parties the halves of a pretty stale and bitter loaf.—*Puck.*

Ladies' change—that found in the pockets of husbands at night.—*Boston Courier.*

It may be said of a man who invests in a quarry that his lot is a hard one.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Some men stand on principles, others trample on them. The latter, naturally, make the most noise.

Silver is sold in France by the "kilo." In this country it comes in quartz.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

A man must necessarily have a sharp eye in order to cast a piercing glance.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"A good lathering is the first requisite of a good shave." "It is also the best thing for a bad shaver."—*New York Herald.*

"Do you dictate to your typewriter?" "I used to do so, but I married her and now she dictates to me."—*Boston Courier.*

There is reason in all things. Few never call their wives "old hens" until they became broilers.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Dedhed—"Say, doctor, what kind of medicine will cure my cold?" Doc Smart—"The kind I prescribe."—*Yankee Blade.*

An uptown man recently left his family and has not since been found, although his nose turned up.—*Philadelphia Times.*

If money could be borrowed as easily as trouble, the world would be full of round-shouldered people.—*Indianapolis Ram's Horn.*

Waggin' Their Tongues.—"Did you ever know that a wagon spoke?" "Yes, I heard one complain about being tired." *The Bostonian.*

"You'll be a President, perhaps,
If well you run life's race."
"I'd rather be," the boy replied,
"The man who plays first base."
—*Washington Post.*

"The new assessor is a very honest man." "You don't say so! What has he been doing?" "Why, he told me he often taxed his own memory."—*West Shore.*

"Judge," said the prisoner, who had robbed an art store, in a pleading tone, "there ain't any law to prevent a man's taking photographs, is there?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Brown—"Hellos, Smith, have you change for a V?" Smith—"Yes; here you are." Brown—"Thanks. I'll bring the five-dollar bill next week."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Groom—"A ring around the moon is the sign of rain." Bride (sweetly)—"And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of——" Groom (sadly) "Reign."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Miss Amy—"Now I'll sing you 'Only a Lock of Her Hair.'" Young Dolley (after she has made several false starts)—"You don't seem to have the right key for that lock."—*Lippincott's.*

Susan (reciting)—"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward—" Father—"There, Susan, that'll do. We don't want any of that baseball nonsense in this house."—*Boston Transcript.*

If progress, now so fresh and fleet,
Keeps on, it's just as like as not
We'll have our baths and shave, and

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 2, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON.

For Clerk County Court.
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Senator Chas. J. Faulkner will address the citizens of Pocahontas County on the political issued of the day at Huntersville, on Saturday, Oct. 11, 1890, at 2 o'clock P. M. Let everybody come out to hear him.

The democratic party of South Crolina is splitting apart on the line of intelligence. One wing has glued the seat of its pants down to dead issues that fatten only usurpers, speculators and office holders, while the other is moving on toward schoolhouses, daylight and the encouragement of industry by caring ing for the industrious, including the farmers. One portion of the party is abroad only for party supremacy, while the other is seeking general prosperity.

Never let rubbish accumulate in or about a house. That for which there seems no particular use in a family should be given away if it will be of any use to others, or destroyed. Many good people refrain from offering to others things they have no further use for, not from stinginess, but from fear of wounding sensitiveness, or pride of another; thus many a generous thought is strangled at its birth. This is because that it is not generally known that the thought behind the act is what others feel, and influences the manner in which a gift is received.

Be generous in thought. Cease to pity the unfortunate, and extend the hand to help them cheerily, as, where two who are friends are walking along the same road, one stumbles and the other helps to raise him. Help is better than pity. This spirit governing the act allows benefits to be received without any sense of mortal pride hav-

one returning them.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The parnership heretofore existing under the name of Lam & O'Farrell is desolved by mutual consent to take effect October 31st, 1890. We earnestly request all persons indebted to us to come forward and settle their accounts as we want to close our books by that time. The business heretofore conducted by Lam & O'Farrell will be carried on at the same place. The party taking charge will make his announcement through THE TIMES in due time.

Respectfully,
LAM & O'FARRELL.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26.—"Might makes right" has always been the motto of the republican party. But it has never so openly lived up to the brigandish theory as during this session of Congress and the action of the majority of the House this week has been more revolutionary than ever before. When, after a three weeks struggle the republicans succeeded in mustering a quorum of their own, it was of course expected that they would seat the negro contestant Langston, whose case had been pending for more than two weeks; but that they would attempt to seat negro number two, without having given any previous notice of any intention to call up the case, and without allowing one word of argument, no one outside of those in the plot had the remotest idea. Well, that is exactly what was done. The Speaker ordered the South Carolina contested case of Miller vs Elliott to be called up, and in exactly thirteen minutes the House had unseated Col. Elliott and given his seat to the negro Miller. Several republicans, notably Representative Kerr, of Iowa, tried to persuade the Speaker to allow both sides to be heard before taking a vote, but the republicans hooted them down and proceeded to consummate the legislative disgrace. Privately, republicans apologizing for their unseemly haste, say that they feared they would not hold the quorum for any length of time.

The tariff bill has been reported from conference and while in some respects it is better than it was as passed by the Senate it is on the whole, the most atrocious piece of tariff legislation ever conceived by the republican party, and that is saying a great deal. It was only by the use of the party whip that an agreement was reached in conference, and about one fourth of the republicans privately curse the bill, which they say robs their constituents, but when a vote is taken every one of these men will be found smilingly voting for the bill as reported from the conference. There has been considerable talk about the democrats in the Senate taking advantage of the rules of that body to debate the report on the tariff bill until the first week in November in order to prevent the calling of an extra session for the purpose of passing the Force bill, but no such programme has yet been agreed upon, although in certain contingences it may be done. Anything would be excusable and allowable to beat the Force bill.

Mr. Morton, the gentleman who presides over the Senate when he has nothing more pressing to do, seems to be a little slow in keeping up with the news procession. In spite of the fact that nine tenths of the papers in the United States, aside from the cringing republican organs, last winter printed something about the bar room in Mr. Mortons new hotel here, than just this week Harvey Ingham, of the Iowa State Register, stated that he had just discovered that drinks were sold in his hotel, and at the same time he announced that he had at once ordered the sale stopped. If it were not for the honorable position he holds I should be inclined to call Mr. Morton a hypocrite.

The Senate has amended and passed the bill intended to make the United States Courts a part of the machinery of the republican party, although ostensibly its object is to define and regulate the jurisdiction of the United States Courts.

There are now three negroes sitting as members of the House of Representatives, two of them in stolen seats.

The season for booming summer resorts being about over, and that for winter resorts being not yet open, Mr. Harrison and his family returned to Washington.

It has been decided by the House committee on the Judiciary to make a favorable report on the bill, which has already passed the Senate, forfeiting the property of the Mormon church.

There is a screw loose in the Raum vindication, and one of the republican members of the committee is said to be opposed to the proposed white-washing. He is being "argued" with; hence the delay in making the report.

The House has voted without a division to expunge the speech wherein Mr. Kennedy called Senator Quay a modern Judas Iscariot and a felon, from the *Record*, and Mr. Kennedy made another speech stating that he was glad he made the first one, and that he still stood by his original language. Mr. Quay has been so busy trying to save his nominee for the governship of Pennsylvania from defeat that he hasn't had time to give the public his opinion.

Representative Flower doesn't seem to be worrying over the adverse criticisms of his management of the democratic Congressional campaign. He says wait until the returns are in and see the results of the committee's work.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, Ohio

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRAUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Bure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

WRIT OF ELECTION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
September 24, 1890.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:

To the Commissioners of Election in the several Counties of the State:

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. T. C. Green, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1881, and ending on the 31st day of December, 1892, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virginia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several places of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the the vacancy in said office for said unexpired term.

In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said [G. S.] State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.

By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING.
WM. A. OBLEY,
Secretary of State.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of Samuel Judy vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 20th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 55 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of M. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it considerable improvements, including dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.88

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 189 in the cause of William Gibbs vs. C. A. Yeager and others, I will on, Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 130 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager M. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and outbuilding upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.75

A. E. WHTE. R. S. LOVELACE. J. M. PRICE.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Ronceverte, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Billiousness. All dealers keep it.

County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Bonner. We the undersighed Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 20th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the defered payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. A. REVERCOMB,
C. P. JONES, } Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in faid cause has been duly excuted.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4 Printer's fee $9.98

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1889 and the June term, 1890 in the chancery cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special commissioner, appointed for the purpose sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, OCT 20th 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out building's; situate at Marlinton, in Pocahontas county, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE,

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale: the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 monts from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interests from date for the deferred payments: a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, certify that the above commisioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, cl'k cir. ct.

September 25-4w. Printer's fee $10.28.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

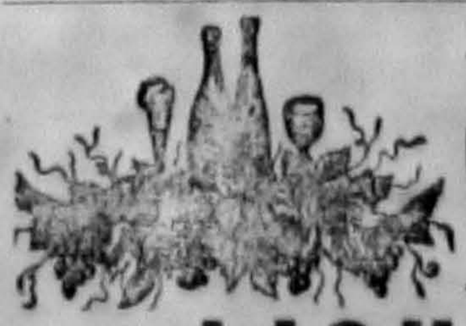
We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mauntain Grove, Va.



A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods

County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in he Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pacahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no paines will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

I CURE FITS!
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,
A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

STEEL FENCE
EXPANDED METAL

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constitutents without partizan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

HOME NEWS

—The contractors for removing the bridge at this place are in town.

—Deputy sheriff L. W. Herold, of Frost, called to see us Tuesday.

—J. F. Hull, Esq., of the firm of W. C. Hull & Son, of Edray, was in the city Tuesday and colled to see us.

—The workmen on the abutments for the bridge at this place are progressing finely.

—Mr. Price McComb, and son Beckly, Esq., of this place and several parties of this vicinity are attending the Staunton fair this week.

—Mr. M. W. Beard, of Beaver creek and Miss Arnett, of Monroe County, were married a few days ago THE TIMES extends congratulations.

—Miss Fannie Wakeman, a charming young belle, of Dunmore, has been the guest of Miss Minnie McElwee, on Knapp's creek for a few days past.

—Witherow McClintic, Esq., passed through town Tuesday with a fine lot of sheep and cattle for eastern market.

—Any person desiring to obtain wintering for cattle on first-class hay will do well to apply to Harry M. Moore, of Dunmore, who has a considerable quantity of choice feed to dispose of.

—Attorney C. F. Moore in the interest of the Adm'r, attended the sale of the real and personal estate of Sally Gum, dec'd, which took place near Green Bank, last Saturday. E. O. Moore purchased the land at $165.00.

—The marriage license business is quite brisk at this time. That's right young men marry while you're young, for when you get old it's not always you can.

—We received a communication from Geo. S. Moore, saying it is reported that the reasion he and his wife parted was because he abused her, which he wishes to say is false.

—Wesley Brown, (col.) passed through town to day with a carload of fine three year-old cattle belonging to C. R. Moore, Esq., of this place. We understand they were on their way to Philedelphia.

—The County Alliance, will convene here at 10 o'clock on Friday, Oct. 3rd. Change of hour by order of the President.

C. R. MOORE, Sec'y.

—Evangelist S. L. Wilson of the Greenbrier Presbytery, traveling in the interest of the Home Missions, preached last evening in the Presbyterian Church the final of a series of most excellent sermons. He is a fine preacher, clear expounder and undoubtedly the right man in the right place.

—We received an invitation to attend the marriage of Miss Maggie Plunkett and Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, in Staunton, Va., Oct. 1st, which occasion we very much regret are unable to attend. We extend our congratulations to this happy couple and best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

—Misses Ina McCutchen, Nelis Pritchard and Mary Cackley, of Dunmore accompanied by C. A. Pritchard, Esq., passed through town Tuesday on their way to attend a select school of young ladies at Mr. John Warwick's, near Edray, taught by his daughter Miss Em

run with job printing at this time, but hope to get caught up in a few days.

—The time has come when forberance has ceased to be a vistue, and the good citizens of Huntersville will have to take prompt and vigorous action to put a stop to the disgraceful conduct of a few boys on our streets and at our Churches. When people lose all respect for themselves and others, and misbehave at Church and on the public streets as some have been doing the last few nights, it is high time for law abiding citizens to take the matter in hand. The law affords protection and could be vigorously applied.

—Miss Mary V. Beard and Mr. Sam'l E. McNeel both of near Academy, were married in the church at that place, Tuesday. The bride is a beautiful and an accomplished lady, while the groom is one among the most worthy young men of our County. Also license were issued Tuesday to Mr. J. T. Auldridge and Miss Lena McCoy, of near same place, and M. O. W. Ruchman and Miss Ollie Sutton, of near Green Bank, were married to-day (Wednesday. We extend to these happy young couples our congratulations and best wishes for long, happy and prosperous lives.

Gillispie Budget.

We can boast of fine fall pasture fat sheep, fat cattle and plenty of rain.

Capt. George Steel and C. O. Arbogast, Esq., have their hay bailer at Mr. Charles Burner's bailing hay. Mr. Arbogast has the contract for furnishing hay and beef to the Winchester lumber camp and he is delivering 40 ton of hay, and butchers two beeves a week for the camp.

Mr. R. B. Kerr, has sold and delivered 50,000 feet of plank during the last month. Robert is a hustler.

Mr. Adam Hevener died on the 18th of Sept aged 75 yr., 2 mo. and 26 days. Mr. Hevener was a good citizen; a consistent member of the Dunkard church, and acknowledged by all to be a christian. He leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter to mourn his loss. They have our sympathy.

Jacob Sheets has finished his job of logging here, and has undertaken to log a million feet at A. J. Moore's for Samuel Cooper of Green Bank.

The Jacob H. Arbogast farm was sold last Saturday by Com'r B. M. Yeager to J. L. Arbogast for $1755.

Mr. G. B. Slaven has just completed a very snug dwelling house, which adds very much to the beauty of our village

POCAHONTAS.

Edray Items.

John Gay, Esq., of Marlinton is now very ill, he is not expected to live, he had been apparently improving in health for a few days, but last night (the 28th) he had another stroke of parlysis and seems to be nearing the "swellings of Jordan."

Wm. Gibson and wife, and son James and grand-daughter Levie Gibson, started on a visit to Indiana, a few days ago.

Corn crop is fine in this section, all well matured. Buckwheat failed to turn out well. Fall pastures are fine.

Mr. J. C. Gay, of Elk, has received by telegraph the sad news of the death of his son Charles E. at Spokane Falls, Washington. No particulars have been received yet.

Xx.

Farmers as a class have more need for legislation, more reason to ask it, more cause to demand it than any other one class. They have been robbed, ridiculed and ignored without mercy, and that, too, by the very men and their agents whom their votes have placed in

The Village Camp and Dedication of the Southern Methodist Church at Huntersville, commencing next Wednesday evening 7 o'clock in the M. E. Church South, this place, will be conducted services called a "Village Camp."

It is really no *camp* but custom has so designated it: there is no camping except in regular dwelling houses; and the services will be in the church and regulated to suit the occasion. There will be preaching at least every morning and evening so long as the meeting shall last.

According to present expectations Rev C. Sydenstricker, of Hillsboro will open the services by preaching Wednesday evening 7 o'clock, followed by Rev. W. H. Ballengee Thursday morning 11 o'clock.

This meeting is for the benefit of all who can attend: and all are invited.

DEDICATION.

On Sunday morning 11 o'clock, Oct. 12th, the dedicatory sermon setting apart the new church for the worship of God will be preached by Presiding Elder S. G. Ferguson.

The men who fail to protect their own rights have no good reason to expect others to protect them in their stead. Why farmers and laboring men come to the front as men of brains, organized and united, and demand their rights, they will receive them. Unorganized, no matter how large their numbers, they are weak and futile. Organized for political action, their strength is invulnerable.

Dunmore Doings.

Nice rains and big meetings.

Mis Cora Jones, the famous organist, has arrived at Dunmore and will teach in Capt. Smith's family. She was accompanied by her brother Arby.

R. L. Nottingham, Esq., and wife are attending the Staunton fair this week.

Auctioneer Swecker, will start next week to Beverly to commence large sale of stock and real estate and from there to Pendleton Co.

Mrs. Betsy Yeager died at the home of her son at Traveler's Repose, on the 29th Sept., aged about 80 years.

Mrs. Hulda Comrad is not expected to live at this writing.

TRAVELER.

KISSINGER'S BILE BEANS
SMITH'S
To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,
FREE FREE, Our new Solid Gold Watch Worth $100.00. Best watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, solid gold hunting cases, both ladies and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. Our reason is such locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Honse hold Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which we hope for years when once started, and then we are repaid. You pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address Stinson & Co., Box 878, Portland, Maine.
TO WEAK MEN
Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.
FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR OF MANHOOD Lost, Failing Manhood, Impotency and Nervous Debility; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Persons, Robust Health Restored. Best in existence. Simple, Natural, Effective. WEAK, UNDEVELOPED OR WASTED PARTS OF BODY Positively developed. HOME TREATMENT—Results in a day. Full particulars (sealed) explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.
FOR THE BLOOD.
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take

be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.
Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

PATENTS.
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term for 1890, the undersigned Commissioner of School Lands, will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House Door of said County, on the 20th day of October, 1890 for cash, the following tracts of land to-wit:

1st. 1056 acres, part of an undivided tract of 2112 acres lying on the head waters of Thorney Creek, forfeited in the name of Reuben Buzzard.

2nd. 428 acres, part of said undevided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of James Wanless.

3rd. 107 acres, part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of Wm. S. Grimes.

4. A tract of 89 acres lying on the waters of Sitlingtons Creek, adjoining the lands of Harvey Nottingham and others forfeited in the name of Rachel C. McNeel.

5th. A tract of 2½ acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the Lime-Stone Run, adjoining the lands of A. J. Sharp and others.

6th. A tract of 2 acres of waste and, unappropriated land lying on the waters of Knapp's creek, adjoining the lands of P. H. Loury and others.

The 89 acre tract and the 2 acre tract have on them fine banks of Iron Ore.

JOHN W. WARWICK,
Com'r of School Lands.
Sept 18-4t. Printer's fee $9.74

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Real Estate in Pocahontas County.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pendleton County, rendered on the 14th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause therein, pending, in which John McCoy Adm'r of the estate of Pendleton McCoy dec'd is plaintiff and Pendleton McCoy's heirs et al, are defendants, I will as special Commissioner at the Court House of Pendleton County, on Thursday October 16th, 1890 proceed to sell the interest of Pendleton McCoy (being the undivided one half thereof) in a tract of land containing about 1629 acres more or less, situate in the county of Pocahontas and State of West Va., on the Rich Mountain and both sides of Greenbrier River about 8 miles north of Traveler's Repose.

This tract of land contains a large quanity of valuable timber, most of which is accessible to the Greenbrier River, the land is valuable for grazing purposes, a portion of it is improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling house and some outbuildings.

Terms—Ten per cent of the purchase money cash in hand on day of sale, and the residue in three equal annual payments from day of sale, with interest from day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title to the land sold to be retained until the further order of the Court.

M. K. BOGGS.
Spec'l Commissioner.

The Commissioner in the above named cause of P. McCoy's Adm'r vs Pendleton McCoy's heirs et al, has given bond with security as required, which has been approved by me.

J. P. BOGGS,
Clerk Circuit Court Pendleton County.
Sept 25-4t Printer's fee $13.92

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

The Fall term will begin on the second Wednesday (10th) of September. New students will report for examination on Tuesday the 9th. Courses of study are offered in the Arts, Sciences, Engineering and Law. Also preparatory department. For information and

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Dubious Forebodings—She Saw too Much—The Trouble—A Brutal Retort, Etc., Etc.

ONE SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

"What do you like best about school, George?"

"Not gettin' caught whisperin'."

LOST TRACK OF THE PRICE.

New Boarder—What is the price of good, fresh butter?

Landlady—Really, I couldn't tell. It's been so long since I made any inquiries about it.

A CONDENSED QUART.

"What's this?"

"That's your condensed milk."

"But I ordered a quart—that's no quart."

"Yes, it is. It's a condensed quart."—[Bazar.

THE NEXT THING.

Mrs. Larkin (reading)—Mrs. McGill of Salt Lake City found a $5 gold piece in a crop of a chicken she was dressing for dinner.

Larkin—Now look out for an English syndicate to buy up all the chickens in the country.—[New York Sun.

A BRUTAL RETORT.

"A Portuguese proverb asserts that a contented ass enjoys long life."

"You ought to be able to get good insurance rates on that principle."—[Epoch.

SHREWD FLATTERY.

Agent—That child is very much like you, Madam.

"It is not my child, Sir."

"One would know that, Madam, for it is a very homely little thing."

A SUGGESTION.

"I don't know whether to make the incision from the left hankipanki over to the boorioboolaga, three inches, or to achieve the same results by cutting from the parallax straight through to the rutabaga," said the surgeon to his assistant.

"Take the short cut and you'll get there quicker, doctor," suggested the patient.—[New York Sun.

AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL.

Cautious Dame—Are you sure this horse is suitable for a lady to drive?

Livery Man—Yes'm. He's a very intelligent hoss, mum, and won't let you run him into anything.

A SHOCK TO HIS FAITH.

"Now, Tommy," said that young man's mother, after a heated encounter in which he had come out second best, "say your prayers right away and get into bed."

"I already said 'em, maw," answered Tommy, "as soon as I found out you meant to gimme a lickin', but it didn't work."—[Terre Haute Express.

THE STOVE WENT OUT.

Mistress (during a heated term)—Get dinner to-day on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

Bridget—Plaze, mum, I did thry, but th' stove wint out.

Mistress—Try again, then.

Bridget—Yis, mum, but it's not come back yit. It wint out t'rough th' roof.—[New York Weekly.

LOVE'S TIE DOESN'T BIND THE DOG.

Oh, love's a chain of wondrous might,
We find it as on we jog;
'Twill tie up hearts exceeding tight—
But will not tie the dog.
—[Washington Post.

STRUCK BY A TRAMP.

"What do you mean?" said a gentleman, jumping aside as a tramp drew back his hand as if to strike him.

"Nothing at all, sir," replied the tramp meekly. "I wouldn't strike you for $50, sir. No, sir," he continued hurriedly; "no, sir, I wouldn't. But if you will permit me I'd like to strike you for a quarter."

NOTHIN'.

"My dorg kin lick your dorg, Tommy Bodkins."

"He can't do no sech thing, Patsey McIntyre; I 'ain't got no dorg."

"Well, my pa kin lick yours."

"Can't neither; 'aint got no pa."

"Well, my ma kin lick yours."

"Bet she can't; ain't got no ma."

"What her yer got, anyhow?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, jes yer come over here, an' I'll take that out o' yer."—[Harper's Bazar.

CHARGES SUSTAINED.

Immigrant Inspector—We have information that you came over here on contract.

Lord Fitzmud-Fitzmud (indignantly)—Aw-what-d'-ye—why, you wude, impudent fellah, I come o'ah here to marry Miss Angelina Goldust, of New Yawk.

Immigrant Inspector (triumphantly)—Well, what's the matter with yer; ain't marriage a contract? You'll have to go back.—[Life.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

"Maria," he pleaded, "if your father will not give his consent, will you elope with me?"

Papa (who is a lawyer)—Not exactly. Murder is assaulting with intent to kill, the other is killing with intent to salt.—[Harper's Bazar.

EASILY SPOTTED.

Where'er you meet a man whose face
Is very sadly patched,
As though he'd fallen through a hedge
And had it fiercely scratched,
Oh, do not dare to ask of him
The source of all his woe.
He's one of those who thinks that he
Can shave himself, you know.
—[Chicago Evening Post.

DUBIOUS FOREBODINGS.

Miss Columbia—Are you sure you really love me and are not marrying me on account of my wealth?

Lord Anglo—And are you sure you love me and are not marrying me on account of my title?—[San Francisco Wasp.

SHE SAW TOO MUCH.

She (after marriage)—You told me that I was your first love, but I have found a whole trunkful of letters from all sorts of girls, just bursting with tenderness.

He—I—I said you were the first I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me. See?—[New York Weekly.

UNDECEIVED AT LAST.

Barber—Your head is full of dandruff, sir.

Customer—I'm glad you told me. I was under the impression that it was brains.—[Life.

THE TROUBLE.

"They say the sun never sets on the British Empire."

"Too many bayonets, I suppose."

A FAMILIAR CUSTOMER.

New Boy (at news stand)—That man has been standing there an hour reading all the latest weeklies and magazines.

News Man—Have patience. He'll buy a penny paper when he gets through.—[Good News.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

When night has let her curtains down,
with low and plaintive hum
Mosquitoes thirsting for our blood around
our pillows come.

We watch, we wait with bated breath
while strikes the midnight chime,
And hit our cheeks a stinging slap and
miss 'em every time.
—[Boston Courier.

THE MERCENARY GIRL.

Miss Gotham—What kind of scent do you prefer?

Miss Bullion—Cent per cent.—[New York Herald.

DIDN'T WANT ANY CONSCIENCE IN HIS.

"Can you recommend me to an artist who can make a picture of my hotel?"

"Yes. Try Smithkins. He's a straightforward, conscientious fellow."

"Then he won't do. The hotel is on a side street. I want a picture of it facing the square, with four-horse omnibuses and barouches passing up and down."—[New York Sun.

IMPRACTICABLE ADVICE.

Husband—Dr. Knowall says people should change their clothing with the weather.

Wife—Huh! And I haven't but ten dresses to my name, and only one waiting-maid.

PARTICULARS NEEDED.

Easterner (in far Western store)—Got any neckties?

Proprietor (mystified)—Um—er—what sort—silk, calico or hemp?—[Good News.

A POSER.

"They have one law for the poor and one for the rich."

"Oh, come! That's all cant."

"All cant, is it? Show me the time when Cornelius Vanderbilt or Mr. Astor has been sent up for vagrancy."

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

"Lives of rich men all remind us
We can make our own sublime,"
And by liberal advertising
To the highest summit climb.
—[Drug, Oil and Paint Reporter.

SLEEP IN THE WOOD.

They say that pines conduce to somnolence,
And leave the weary man both span and spick.
To put a tramp to sleep, who gives offence,
There's nothing like a solid chestnut stick.
—[Epoch.

HE LOVED PRECISION IN SPEECH.

A citizen who was stopped by a tramp on Michigan avenue the other day replied to his request by saying:

"No, sir—no, sir—not a penny! You are a fraud!"

"In what respect?"

"Why, haven't you asked me for money?"

"Certainly, but how does that make me a fraud?"

"Well, then, an impostor."

"But I'm no impostor; I simply asked you for a dime. I didn't claim to be either the Governor of New York or a fire-sufferer; I made no statement from which you can argue that I am either a fraud or an impostor."

"Well, I have nothing for you."

Your Cuss Words Mean.

"You need not have looked severe because I said that I didn't care a dam," said a gruff old Senator. "That is not swearing. The expression has a very different meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in India is the smallest piece of money known, and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'damn' from the Latin verb meaning 'to condemn,' is a very different thing. Curiously enough it seems almost invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners, and it has always been such a favorite with the English that in the last century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinguished Gallic writer of that epoch said that English was a beautiful tongue and that 'Goddam' was the basis of it. 'People of that nation,' he remarked, 'have a few other words which they use in conversation, but the principal one is Goddam. You can go anywhere in England if you know that.'

"A funny misapprehension also exists as to the expression 'Go to the deuce.' People generally suppose that 'deuce' means 'devil,' whereas, as a matter of fact, it is derived directly from the Latin 'Deus'—'God.' So, when any one is telling you to go to the deuce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare.

"Speaking of Latin reminds me that among the ancient Romans it was considered the thing for each man to have some particular god to habitually swear by. Some swore by Jupiter, others by Mars, others still by Minerva, and so on. The demi-gods, like Hercules, Castor and Pollux, were also made use of in the way of oaths. Castor and Pollux were usually appealed to as the 'Twins'—'By Gemini!'—the phrase whence we get our exclamation 'By Jiminy.' It was not thought very proper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the names of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moments of great aggravation they might go so far as to cry 'Mecastor!'—'By Castor!' The Greeks swore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables, and even to this day the same oath is often heard in Italy, while in France a lover is being intensely affectionate when he calls the lady of his heart 'petit chou,' or 'little cabbage.' 'By Jingo' is from 'Jincoa,' the Basque name for God. Barbarous tribes have been accustomed to swear by the head of their ruler. Queen Elizabeth was said to have been a very hard swearer, as ladies were very apt to be in her day. Louis IX of France forbade the use by his courtiers of such oaths as 'Pardieu,' 'Cordieu,' 'Tete-dieu,' and so on. There chanced to belong to one of the ladies of the court a small pet dog named 'Bleu.' The courtiers made up their minds to swear by the dog instead of the deity, and hence came the parbleus and corbleus of later times. Pythagorus had a favorite oath, which most people would consider not sufficiently forcible to be satisfactory. He swore by the number four, which the Greeks regarded as symbolizing perfection."

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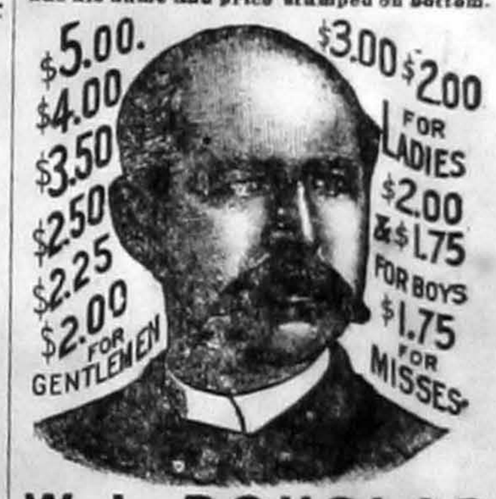

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TO THE "OPTIMISTS."

A white-winged bark went slowly
Away o'er the sunny sea;
Within a sweet child caroled
At the wave's low melody.
'Twas but a fair-day shallop,
With pinions all fine and light;
And soon the crested billows
Awoke in their reckless might.

* * * * *

In vain the anxious gazing
From the silent, weed-flecked strand;
The hat with ribbons briny,
On the foam-decked, glistening sand,
Is all that tells the story
Why the land-clasped bay is now
Empty, where in the morning
Lay rocking the milk-white prow.

How often men, like children,
Sail over life's sunny waves,
Recking nought of the dangers
That have made a thousand graves,
Seeing only the sunshine
On the sapphire sea asleep,
Until their gilded shallops
Are gulfed in the angry deep.

Better the watchful scanning
Of an ever-changing sky;
Better the careful furling
Of sails when the storm is nigh.

—*Clara J. Denton, in the Household.*

ONE GOWN FOR TWO.

Mrs. Hawes had returned to her work of looking over old coats and trousers with a view to making them into rugs. She remarked to herself, and to the cat, that it "wa'n't no manner of use to waste her breath callin' when folks didn't want to hear."

She stood tearing off a strip from an old-time Sunday coat belonging to her husband, when the door opened quickly, and a girl about sixteen years old walked in with an air as if she had been running.

"Here I am, mother!" she said. "What is it you want?"

Mrs. Hawes glanced up. "'Twas Marthy Jane I was callin'," she said.

"I'm Marthy Jane. O mother, when will you know me?"

The girl threw her head back and laughed. Mrs. Hawes dropped the coat-skirt, gazed a moment, and then laughed, too, but with a vexed air.

"That comes of havin' twins to contend with," she remarked. "I thought by the way you broke into the room 'twas Jane Marthy. She's liable to come through a door 's if she had ben shot out of a gun. Where've you both ben?"

"Down t' the brook. The wind blew so 't we didn't hear you when you first called. Did you want anything particular?"

The girl tried to speak patiently, though she was longing to go back and resume making a swing between the two cider apple-trees.

"Miss Lawler's jest ben here," Mrs. Hawes announced.

"Oh, has she?"

Martha Jane clasped her hands as she put this question. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled with interest. Her mother partially ripped a sleeve before she spoke again. Then she continued:

"She's decided to have that music-party—musikarl, she calls it—next Wednesday evenin'. That German, Herr Rickerstruther or somethin' can come then— sooner'n she expected. She invited both you girls. She said it would be finer'n than anything you'd ever heard. Miss Dalrymple from Boston's goin' to sing. I thought you'd like to know right off. That's why I called, though I knew you was havin' a good time at the brook."

Martha Jane turned and walked to the window. From there she asked, "You said we were both invited?"

"To be sure. I'm afraid you'll have a hard time dividin'," the mother answered, anxiously.

"There's nothing to decide, said Martha Jane. "It's Jenny's turn. I went to the church fair last month, you know."

She came from the window and stood before her mother. She flung out her hands with a quick gesture as she exclaimed, passionately, "I do wish we had more than one dress! It does seem sometimes as I couldn't bear it!"

"You don't wish no more'n I do," said Mrs. Hawes. "You know jest how 'tis. We keep paym' doctor's bills to pay for my sick spells, 'n' now it don't look 'n' if we could ever afford for you each to have a new dress. I s'pose we ought to be thankful you s'n have one, 'n' so swap 'round 'n' git to places, bein' jest of a size 'n' like's two peas, anyway. I wish 'twas diff'rent, but I can't help it."

She sighed as she ran her knife across the stitches.

"But since you want me to try, I must."

Miss Dalrymple was sorry for the child when she had placed her by the piano again. The small face was white and the lips almost stiff.

"Take heart," whispered the lady. "You did so well before. What shall it be?"

When, at last, the song was selected, Miss Dalrymple looked at her companion in surprise.

"Do you know in what key that is written?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But can you sing as low as that?"

"Oh, yes."

The other stood in amazement, with the sheet of music in her hand.

"I don't understand it," she said.

The girl gazed pleadingly at her, but was silent.

In a blind way the accompaniment was begun; but when an untutored but rich contralto voice commenced the song, there was a sudden discord among the keys of the piano, and Miss Dalrymple wheeled round and stared at the girl beside her, who trembled so that she could hardly stand.

There was entire silence among the people present.

"What does it mean?" cried Miss Dalrymple, looking about her in wonderment. "It cannot be possible that this child has two distinct singing voices, one very high and the other very low. She is a phenomenon."

Judge Lawler, in the door-way, began to chuckle audibly. He had seen a slight figure steal out and soon return, and now he thought he understood.

The girl, at whom everybody was looking, tried twice to speak before she could say a word. Then she burst out shrilly:

"Oh, if you please I am the other twin!"

"That explains," cried the Judge, and he began to roar with laughter. All the company joined in, and the "other twin" stood in the midst, blushing, and finally laughing, too.

"You are not the one who sang first?" she was asked.

"No, ma'am. That was my sister Jenny. It was my turn with the dress——"

Martha Jane stammered, then was silent, growing more painfully red than ever.

She had waited across the way at Mrs. Hardy's for her sister to leave the party. Then the two had changed frocks so that both should have a share of the music. This had been Jenny's little plot. In the hurry of changing she had not told that she had been obliged to sing.

"No matter about the dress now," said Miss Dalrymple, with ready tact. "Let us finish the song."

The distressed young face appealed to her deeply.

Afterward, sitting by the child, she heard why the twins were obliged to "take turns at everything nice," as Martha Jane expressed it. "But," said the girl, "it did seem as if we could not both give up hearing you. It was Jenny who thought up the plan."

The next morning Miss Dalrymple returned to Boston. As she left the phaeton in which Miss Lawler had driven her to the station, she saw two girls in plain gingham gowns and broad hats hurrying down the road. They were the twins, and they brought two lavish bunches of roses, which they shyly offered.

It was Martha Jane who spoke for both. But all she was able to say was, "Miss Dalrymple, we could not help coming to see you off—and to thank you."

The singer kissed each young face as she took the flowers. She thought she had never received homage so sweet as that she saw in their eyes.

The train was coming. "I shall remember the lessons I am to give you," she said.—*Youth's Companion.*

London Purple.

The powder known as London purple is called a by-product, obtained in the manufacture of aniline dyes. The crude coal oil is first distilled to produce benzole, which is then mixed with nitric acid, and forms nitro-benzole. Iron filings are then used to produce nascent hydrogen, with an excess of nitric acid in the benzole. When distilled, aniline results; to this are added arsenic acid, to give an atom of oxygen, which produces rose aniline, and quicklime, to absorb the arsenic. The residuum, obtained by filtration, is known as London purple, after having been dried, pulverized, and passed through fine sieves or bolting cloth. It is composed of lime, carbonaceous matter, and arsenic acid, the latter being the active poisonous principle, as in Paris green.—*New York Sun.*

chance," suggested Mrs. Hawes, more to see what this daughter would say than for any other reason.

"I shouldn't wonder," was the response. "She's twice as good as I am, but she wants to hear that music as much as I do. She loves it just as well. No, it's her turn. She must go, and I must stay at home and envy her. It's horrid, horrid, to be so poor!"

The girl tried to keep the tears that rushed to her eyes from falling on her cheek. She saw her mother's lips tremble.

"I'll be good about it after a little," Martha Jane said, in an unsteady voice. "Only give me time to think it over and get the upper hand of myself."

She hurried out of the room, and up the steep stairs to the chamber under the roof which she shared with her sister. She sat down on the bed, crying out in a whisper, "I'd rather hear Miss Dalrymple sing than anything else in the world!"

Then justice compelled her to add, "So would Jenny, and it's her turn."

In ten minutes she came down the stairs. She opened the door and tried to speak with brave cheerfulness:

"All right, mother! I don't mean to be a mean wretch this time."

She ran at the top of her speed down to the brook, where her sister was now trying the new swing, dreamily "letting the old cat die" in the soft, sweet air.

Mrs. Hawes left her work and watched the young figure as it bounded along. They couldn't either of 'em be mean wretches to save their lives," she said aloud, with a kind of sorrowful pride.

But Martha Jane had not yet fully got "the upper hand of herself." When she told Jane Martha of the invitation and said, "It's your turn, you know," she felt rather bitter. It seemed to her that her sister's turn always came to the best things.

There was silence for a moment. Then Jenny said, as if speaking to herself, "Only to think of hearing Miss Dalrymple sing!"

These twin girls were gifted not only with the musical temperament, but with rarely sweet singing voices. Not to be able to improve these gifts under competent instruction had been one of the great trials of their poverty.

Martha did not speak. She felt very hard and disagreeable. She recalled the resolves just made in the little chamber, but the recollection did not do her much good. She knew she was yielding to evil. She felt her eyes burn and snap.

The two girls sat in the broad seat of the swing, which barely moved. A red-shouldered blackbird came into one of the apple-trees over them, and sang out his delicious melody. At the first note Jenny turned toward her sister. She knew instantly all that Martha was feeling. She had a moment's fight with herself; then she said:

"You shall take my turn, and I'll have the next two turns at our gown. That'll be fair, won't it?"

Martha had spoken truth when she said that Jenny was better than she was. She knew in her heart that she had often taken advantage of that self-sacrificing spirit, and she had many a "crying fit" of remorse because she had done so. Now she was tempted again, and almost ready to yield.

She shrugged up her shoulders violently. "No," she said, with emphasis, "it wouldn't be fair. You know as well as I do that this chance is worth all we may have in a year." She made a great effort, and added: "And I won't take your turn, so there!"

She kept bravely to her resolve all through the three days which followed. It was Jenny, the lucky one, who went about her work in a perturbed state of mind. She kept looking forlornly at her sister.

It was only on the morning of the Wednesday that she appeared to cheer up somewhat. She had a private consultation with her mother, who constantly interrupted her with the exclamation: "The land's sake! It'll never do! It's jest a crazy idea!" but she laughed as she uttered those interjections, and finally said: "Well, p'raps there's no harm in it, but don't ask me to help you, 'n' if you get into any trouble, don't blame nobody but yourselves."

"There's no trouble to get into," responded Jane Martha, confidently. "Nobody'll ever know anything about it, anyway. I'll go up to the village now and call at Mrs. Hardy's. I know she'll be willing."

It was not half an hour later when Mrs. Hardy, who lived just across the street from the tall, verandahed house which was Miss Lawler's home, opened her front door to find one of the Hawes twins waiting.

"It's Jane Martha," replied the girl, stepping into the cool hall.

When she was seated by the kitchen table, whereon Mrs. Hardy was rolling pie-crust, she hesitated and blushed a good deal before she really announced her errand. When she had done so, however, she went on easily enough, and laughed with the good-natured lady who listened to her.

"Mother finally told me I might," she said, "if you were entirely willing."

"Just as willing 's I can be," was the answer. "There'll be a great time at the Lawlers' to-night. Very select, too. Only musical people going. I suppose Miss Lawler thought you and Martha Jane are musical, and so you are."

When, at a quarter before eight that evening, Jane Martha timidly went up the path leading to the great Lawler house, she saw through the windows how brilliant the rooms looked, and how lovely were the flowers in them. She felt very small, but still very eager.

Miss Lewler herself, a tall lady in thin, shimmering silk, was coming through the hall when the servant let in the twin. She smiled on the shrinking child, and Jane Martha collected her wits.

The first thing the lady said was what everybody said when Martha or Jane was met alone. "Which is it?" and when the girl had told her, "I'm sorry you could not both come. I'll put you in a good place where you can see and hear."

Jane, in the pretty light-colored cashmere which belonged to her and her sister, was placed in a chair near the door where she could see the piano and every one who played or sang. She looked at the open door and breathed a sigh of relief. Then she gave herself up to enjoyment.

The German Herr, as she called him, played. She had not known that a piano could sound like that, but still she waited for the singer. She knew that the slender girl in white, who had at her throat a cluster of carnation pinks, must be the one.

Yes, it was she; and at last she sang. It was only in dreams that Jane had ever heard such tones, but she had dreamed of them often, and now it had all come true. The notes penetrated and thrilled Jane's heart until she could bear no more. She had unconsciously pressed her hands to her bosom, and as the last high notes soared in pure sweetness, Jane, still not knowing what she did, rose from her seat and leaned forward.

Miss Dalrymple, turning when her song was done, saw the figure and met the vivid glance of the eyes.

Hardly noticing the applause, she turned to her hostess and said, "That child can sing?"

Miss Lawler looked at Jane, who was now shrinking back.

"Indeed, she can. You shall hear her. She loves music so well, I think she will not even be afraid to sing now."

"Let me ask her."

The next moment Jane Martha felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up adoringly into Miss Dalrymple's face, and that lady felt that she had never given more pleasure.

"Will you sing for me?" she asked.

"Now?" whispered Jane.

"Presently. You shall stand close by me, and I will play for you. You shall sing what you please. Are you willing?"

"Oh, yes; for you!" answered the girl.

Miss Dalrymple smiled down upon her and took a small, cold hand in both her own.

So it happened that Jane's fresh, unsullied soprano voice, full of suggestions of power, was heard at Miss Lawler's musicale.

Miss Dalrymple listened in admiration. She rose from the piano and said, so that every one could hear, "I could not do nearly as well as that when I was of the age of this child. It would be a shame if such a talent should be lost."

Then there was the bustle of movement and compliment, and "the Herr" was going to play again.

Jane went back to her seat quite dazed by what she had done, and by what Miss Dalrymple had said. No one noticed her now, and she could listen undisturbed.

It was not until nearly an hour later, after cake and coffee and ices had been handed among the guests, that Miss Dalrymple again remembered the girl. There she was in her corner. She was eating an ice. The lady walked toward her.

"I want you sing once more," she said; "I have a plan in my mind. Perhaps I can give you a couple of hours a week for the next few months. I shall live here with my friend until the winter."

The girl clasped her hands and began to tremble. She seemed bewildered.

"What, you are not afraid this time, are you! It was really a treat to hear

SMITHY SONG.

When I am half a-dreaming
And only half asleep,
When daylight's grayest gleaming
'Gins through the blinds to peep,
Oh, then I hear the dinging
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve when I'm returning
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play.
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They toil in couples, sending
The sparks out, blow on blow.
One hammer always swinging
The while the other's ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Oh merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by steady pounding
That noblest tasks are done.
By sturdy blows and swinging,
That keep the world a-ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

—*George Horton, in Chicago Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

The man who dies without glory will never have his ghost shiver at the sight of its statue adorned with a Roman toga and an eighteenth-century wig.—*Puck.*

Maddox—"Look here, Simeral, don't you know it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal?" Simeral—"I'm not going in after a meal. It's a bath I'm after."—*Racket.*

Dumley—"My doeskin trousers are very much like the bills my tailor has sent in for them." Chumley—"In what regard?" Dumley—"Both need reseating."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Man, irreverent, trifling man, should abstain from sneers at womankind till he has learned to hold a plate of ice cream on his lap without toeing in.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Dr. Brown-Sequard has a paper in the August *Forum* entitled, "Have We Two Brains or One?" Some months ago the public was curious to know if the good doctor had one brain or none.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

An Economical Wife.—"I want an egg plant," said a young married woman to the grocer. "I'm sorry, but I haven't one in the store just now." "Well, I must get one somewhere and raise my own eggs, for I'm resolved not to pay such high prices for them."—*New York Sun.*

Poet—"I don't see how you have the cheek to charge $75 for that suit." Tailor—"My name is worth something, sir." Poet (drawing his check)—"Well, I'll take it." Tailor—"But this check is for $40 only." Poet—"I know it—but my name is worth something."—*New York Sun.*

"It was a brave act, young man," said the grateful father with deep feeling. "At the peril of your life you rushed into the burning building and saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?" "Would a couple of dollars be too much?" suggested the brave rescuer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The sun has settled 'neath the hill,
The dew has settled on the grass,
The birds that circle o'er the mill
All pause and settle ere they pass.
The miser's settled at his till,
The moth has settled in the flame,
And I alone, with that small bill,
Am ever constant—still the same.

—*Washington Post.*

Kangaroos for America.

We are assured on what seems good authority that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen of the west. The animals have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and we are assured that there is no reason why they should not thrive here. The practical extinction of the buffalo has left the plains without any big game of importance, and experienced sportsmen declare that hunting the kangaroo, as practiced in Australia, is second in excitement and in interest only to killing the buffalo. The scheme is not without commercial importance. Kangaroo leather is a very valuable product, and the animals breed rapidly. The promoters hope to be privileged to introduce the new game at the beginning of the warm season in the Yellowstone Park, and so leave them

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 9, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON.

For Clerk County Court.
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

The democrats ask nothing better to go before the people with than the record of the majority of the Fifty first Congress. If the people can endure that record there is small hope for a continuation of the republic.

Shall the House of Representatives be a legislative body, as it will be if controlled by democrats, or shall it be the tool of one man and its duties be simply to record his will, as it is under Speaker Reed, and as it will continue to be as long as controlled by the republicans? These are questions for every intelligent voter to consider.

Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania iron baron, is so happy over the passage of the tariff bill, which he knows will put millions in his pockets at the expense of the "dear people," that he had to unburden his mind to a New York republican paper of some of its superfluous elation. It would have been in much better taste had he unburdened his pockets, by raising the wages of his workmen, of some of the consumers cash which the new law presents him with.

"The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from very common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if will not be happy except when our self love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

The republican Senate so loved the workingmen of the county that it refused to pass the bills endorsed by organized Labor. Speaker Reed probably knew that such would be the case when he allowed the bills to go through the House. In fact there is reason to believe that a bargain was made by which the republicans of the House could pass their bills, knowing the republicans of the Senate would prevent the bills ever becoming laws.

A bad wreck occurred early Sunday morning Sept. 28th, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Zanesville, Ohio, in which eight Railroad employees were killed and $100,000 worth of property was damaged. Two freight trains collided.

A beet sugar factory in Nebraska has started with good prospects of success, and if they prove to be what they seem, the new industry will open a new field for the farmers of that State. They need not then raise corn and use it as fuel, because the cost of shipping it to market is as much as it will bring.

Three thousand new enterprises have been established in the South during the last year.

The New Sugar Trust.

Thrifty housewives will thank Congress for free brown sugar and a lower duty on refined sugar, and will hope for a continuance of that boon. It is a good thing too that the policy of encouraging home production by bounties instead of by tariff protection has been inaugurated. Under that system the tax payer will see just how much he is paying and to whom he is paying it.

It is pleasant to know that the Treasury printing presses at Washington have been set running on an order for $9,000,000 in $10 notes—something badly needed now in current business throughout the country. It will, of course, take some time to complete these, but they will be set afloat at once as soon as ready, and batches of $5s and $20s will then be printed. Meantime the big fellows—the $1,000s, and $5,000s and 10,000s—will continue to be of some use in paying Clearing House balances, if not otherwise.

A short wheat crop having raised the price of that cereal the republicans straightway claimed that the increase in price was due to republican legislation. This is the sort of argument the republicans are using to catch votes with. Somebody seems to have forgotten the universal laugh which greeted a statement made on the stump some years ago by that shining light of the republican party, John Sherman, of Ohio to the effect that the unusually good crops of that year were the results of a republican administration.

Representative McAdoo, of New Jersey, who has been defeated for a renomination, in answering some injudicious friends who tendered him a nomination as an independent candidate, used words which are commended to every democrat disposed, for any reason, to be dissatisfied. He said "I cannot entertain this proposition. I am a democrat and I can not afford to compromise my position on the great questions which divide the two political parties. I shall remain true to the principles of the democratic party." Remember that you cannot support an independent candidate and still truthfully claim to be true to the principles of the democratic party.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The parnership heretofore existing under the name of Lam & O'Farrell is desolved by mutual consent to take effect October 31st, 1890. We earnestly request all persons indebted to us to come forward and settle their accounts as we want to close our books by that time. The business heretofore conducted by Lam & O'Farrell will be carried on at the same place. The party taking charge will make his announcement through THE TIMES in due time.

Respectfully,

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
September 24, 1890.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:

To the Commissioners of Election in the several Counties of the State:

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. T. C. Green, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1881, and ending on the 31st day of December, 1892, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virvinia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several placet of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the the vacancy in saip office for said unexpired term.

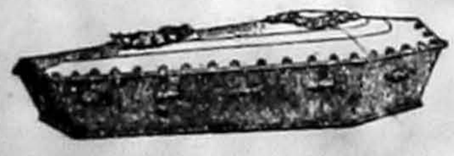
In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said
[G. S.] State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.

By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING.
WM. A. OHLEY,
Secretary of State.

NOTICE.

Pursuant to an order of the County Court J. C. Price, Asburry Dysard and S. B. Hannah, are appointed Commissioners to let to contract that part of Dunmore and Stony Bottom road known as the Snake Dam on Greenbaier river, on Oct. 18th at 10 a. m. Contractor to give bond and security. Specifications made known on day of letting. Com'rs reserving the privilege of rejecting any or all bids.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMS, LOOKING GLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to
C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. V

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRAUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Bure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Has no equal—is delivered free everywhere. Please send full Post Office address, including County, and also your shipping address, including railroad station most convenient to you. One cent postal expense will bring to you something new and important for every family. For full particulars please send to No. 457 West 26th Street, New York City.

FOR THE BLOOD,
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of Jamuel Judy vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 20th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 55 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of M. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it considerable impravements, including dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.88

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 1890 in the cause of William Gibbs vs. C. A. Yeager and others, I will on, Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 130 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager M. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and outbuilding upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.75

A. E. WHITE. R. S. LOVELACE. J. M. PRICE.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Ronceverte, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond wtth us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Bonner. We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 20th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SATE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the defered payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. A. REVERCOMB,
C. P. JONES, } Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in faid cause has been duly excuted.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4 Printer's fee $9.98

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1889 and the June term, 1890 in the Chancery Cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sel at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, OCT. 20th 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out building's; situate at Marlinton, in Pocahontas County, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE,

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale: the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 monts from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interests from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above commisioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, cl'k cir, ct.

September 25-4w. Printer's fee $10.28.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.
Quick sales and small profits is our motto.
Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.
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(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)
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DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general merchandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard, S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in he Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pacahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no paines will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

I CURE FITS!
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,
A lifelong study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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A SOLID STEEL FENCE!

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SOMETHING NEW.
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Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constitutents without partizan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

HOME NEWS

GOSSIP DIAL

—County Court Tuesday.

—Several persons attended Court Tuesday.

—Capt. C. B. Swecker, was in to see us last Friday.

—The farmer's alliance met here last Friday.

—Hon. Chas. J. Faulkner will speak in Huntersville Saturday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore started Monday morning to the various booming towns of Va.

—Don't forget to come to town Saturday and hear Senator Faulkner speak.

—The new expanded iron fence is finished around the Methodist Church lot.

—Mr. John G. Beard, of Academy, called to see us last Friday, while in the city.

—Mess. B. E. Fleisher and R. B. Campbell, of Monterey, Va., were in town on the 2nd.

—Dedication of the Methodist church South next Sunday 11 o'clock a. m.

—Mrs. Maomie Dilley near Dilley's Mill has been quite ill for some time.

—The new expanded iron fence around the Court House square is completed and adds greatly to its appearance.

—The new dwelling house of Attorney L. M. McClintic under the supervision of contractor Albert Sharp is rapidly nearing completion.

—The bridge which now spans Knapp's creek below the jail is being taken down to be removed to the new abbtments a few hundred yards up the creek.

—In a case of a Webster county justice one of the lawyers made fun of the other's grammar. The court at once arose and said: "Mr. P. if you air one of them what thinks grammar runs this court you're barking up the wrong tree. If I hear any more sich remarks I 'fine you $10."

—Mess. G. R. Curry, and Wm. M. Burns, of Academy, C. B. Swecker, B. F. McElwee and Harry Moore of Dunmore; D. B. McElwee, and H. Lee White of Driscol, E. L. Beard, of Locust and M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point, were in the city last Friday.

—The following gentlemen were in attendance at County Court Tuesday: Messrs. A. M. Barlow and Geo. P. Moore, of Edray; J. C. Price, of Clover Lick; Mathew Wallace, C. E. Beard, M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point; Jno. A. McNeel, of Sunset; C. L. Austin and S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank; A. K. Dysard, and Jno. A. Geiger, of Driftwood; A. M. McGlaughlin, of Marlinton and H. H. McClintic of Buckeye.

—Matrimony is getting to be quite popular now among the colored people here. Last evening when Titis Carter witnessed the secure hitching together of Rachael Dickason and his son Bill, he said to the preacher "If I'd a know'd you wuz heah boss I'd a brung down "Jim Jerd" and my darter "Lize," they's gwine ter get married too boss."

—The 3rd Quarterly meeting for Huntersville Circuit M. E. C. S. will be held at Bethel next Sunday and Monday 12 and 13 after preaching Sunday afternoon 3 o'clock the Presiding Elder will administer the sacrament of the Lords Supper. Preaching Monday morning 11 o'clock after which the Quarterly Conference will be held.

—The village camp will commence at this place in the Methodist church to night. Preaching to-night by Rev. C. Sydenstricker of Academy and to-morrow at 11 o'clock, A. M. by Rev. W. H. Bailengee, of Green Bank.

—Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his time with good or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

—The celebrated Parisian chemist, Mark Avalon carried the science of chemistry to such an extent, that enveloped in a cloud of fumigations rising from chemics mixed by his own hand, is said to have transformed from the polished gentleman that he was into a snaggle fanged, blear eyed, bloody knif red bloused demon. *It was his art.* This does not explain how the proprietor of the C. F. Moore law office, full bearded and waxing as he appeared to be somewhat into middle life, shut himself up and again appeared ten or twenty years younger—a *strange youth* almost unknown. Did he unsleep as long as Rip Van Winkle slept? Did he dip in the fountain of perpetual youth? No, *it was a razor.*

Big Springs Items.

The lumbermen parade which left Big Spring and Mingo on the 17th Sept. consisted of thirty-three teams which hauled 38,000 feet of fine cherry lumber. F. W. Brown offered a prize of $5.00 to the four horse team that hauled the largest load and $3.00 to the two horse team. He also gave a free dinner. The largest load hauled by the four horse team weighed 8,800 pounds, 21,000 feet. The two horse load weighed 5,100 lbs. Mr. Brown has been shipping about 30,000 feet every week for several weeks.

One immense cherry log cut on Col. Gatewood's place furteen feet long contained 1,400 feet of lumber.

Mr. Uriah Bird hauled 50,000 feet of merchantable lumber from this place last week, all cherry.

Col. Gatewood and wife are visiting Mrs. Gatewood's father, Judge J. W. Warwick. of Warm Springs, Va.

A fatal accident happened to Mr. Henry Thomas near here Friday evening, Sept. 26th while out logging. Just as they were quitting work, that evening there was one log off that Mr. Thomas thought he would put into the shoot. He stuck his cant hook into the log and started it down, he running with it, the log was going very fast and struck a small stump with great force, throwing him violently against the handle of the cant hook which struck him in the stomach. He was carried to the house, and all that medical aid could do was done but without avail. He died at 12 o'clock Saturday night.

WILSON.

Sad Result of a Fist-Fight.

On Thursday evening last, W. T. Taliaferro, a student at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, from Gloucester county, Va., aged about sixteen years, and Frank W. McConnico, of Texas, aged about twenty, concluded to settle a difference between them about drill duty by a regular fist-fight. Each choose his friends and they repaired to a room on the premises to determine the difficulty by an old fashioned set-to. They fought fifteen rounds and both were severely punished—yound Taliaferro the most. He was taken to his room, and after being washed and rubbed, went to sleep, from which he never awoke. McConnico was prostrated from the effects of the blows received in the fight, and was overcome with grief when he learned of the death of his antagonist.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of September:

A deed from Jno. T. Wooddell Alice Wooddell, Andrew C. Wooddell and Francis Wooddell to H. A. Yeager for land on west side of the Alleghany mountain.

From Andrew O'Bryan and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom, of Charleston 140 acres of land on Munday Lick run on Buckley Mt.

From H. F. Clark and wife and John Kellison and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom, for 685 acres, on east side of Greenbrier river.

From Jos. Cline and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Beaver Lick creek.

From J. B. Piles and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Beaver Lick creek.

From B. H. Waugh and wife to M. M. J. Childers and heirs for land in Little Levels.

From Geo. A. McNeel and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land in Buckley mountain.

From Andrew McGlaughlin and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Buckley mountain.

From Wm. L. McNeel and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Buckley mountain.

From Alfred Rheinstrom to W. H. McClintic for land on Buckley mountain.

From Alfred Rheinstrom to A. F. Rice, of Wheeling for land on Buckley mountain.

From G. C. McGlaughlin to H. A. Yeager for land near Green Bank.

From Jas. Cooper and wife of Baltimore to Sam'l Cooper for a one half interest in land on west side of Greenbrier river adjoining the lands of Uriah Hevener and others.

From Sam'l Cooper and wife to the St. Lawrence Boom & Mf'g Co., for land on Greenbrier river.

From Otho Gum and wife to Mary A. Wade for land on Anthony's creek.

From Mary A. Wade and husband to Margaret Ann Wade for land on Authony's creek.

A bold and successful train robbery occurred, on the Cincinnati Sandusky and Cleveland railroad on the 2nd inst. The robbers secured about $1,000.

To cure Billousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,
SMITH'S
BILE BEANS
Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.
Suitable for all Ages.
Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.
KISSING AT 7-17-70 "PHOTOGRAVURE" PANEL SIZE.
J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS MO.

FREE OUR NEW $35 Solid Gold Watch Worth $100.00, Free FREE, watch to the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one Free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are Free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which is made for years when once started, and time we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. Now you know all. If you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

TO WEAK MEN
Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR OF STRENGTH For 1000 of FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Abuse or Excess in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED OR SHRUNKEN PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely certain. HOME TREATMENT—Sent to all for low price. Testimonials from Clergymen and Foreign Countries. Write them. Description, Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, of the little cherub awakens "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

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Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and reasonable rates.

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A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

Pursuant to decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890, the undersigned Commissioner of School Lands, will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House door of said County, on the 20th day of October, 1890 for cash, the following tracts of land to-wit:

1st. 1056 acres part of an undivided tract of 2112 acres lying on the head waters of Thorn Creek, forfeited in the name of Reuben Buzzard.

2nd. 428 acres part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of James Unless.

3rd. 100 acres part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres forfeited in the name of Wm. S. Grim.

4. A tract of acres lying on the waters of Sitlings Creek, adjoining the lands of Hay Nottingham and others forfeited the name of Rachel C. McNeel.

5th. A tract of acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the Lime-Stone Run, adjoing the lands of A. H. Sharp and others.

6th. A tract of acres of waste and, unappropriated land lying on the waters of Knapp creek, adjoining the lands of P. H. Ley and others.

The 89 acre tract and the 2 acre tract have on them strata of Iron Ore.

JOHN T. WARWICK,
Com. of School Lands.
Sept 18 4t. Printer's fee $9.74

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF Real Estte in Pocahontas County.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pendleton County, rendered on the 14th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause therein, pending, in which John McCoy Adm'r of the estate of Pendleton McCoy dec'd is plaintiff and Pendleton McCoy's heirs et al, are defendants, I will as special Commissioner at the Court House of Pendleton County, on Thursday October 16th, 1890 proceed to sell the interest of Pendleton McCoy (being the undivided one half thereof) in a tract of land containing about 1629 acres more or less, situate in the county of Pocahontas, and State of West Va., on the Rich Mountain and both sides of Greenbrier River about 8 miles north of Traveler's Repose.

This tract of land contains a large quanity of valuable timber, most of which is accessible by the Greenbrier River, the land is valuable for grazing purposes, a portion of it is improved and has on it a comfortable dwelling house and some outbuildings.

Terms—Ten per cent of the purchase money cash in hand on day of sale, and the residue in three equal annual payments from day of sale, with interest from day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give bond with good personal security for the differred payments and the title to the land to be retained until the further order of the Court.

J. K. B[illegible]
Spec'l Comm[illegible]

The Commissioner in the above ed cause of P. McCoy's Adm'r [illegible] dileton McCoy's heirs et al. [illegible] bond with security as required [illegible] has been approved by me.

J. [illegible]
Clerk Circuit Court [illegible]
Sept 25-4t

WEST VIRG[illegible]

The Fa[illegible] second [illegible] tember [illegible] for [illegible] 9th, [illegible] in th[illegible] and [illegible] pa[illegible] co[illegible] M[illegible]

THE LOATHSOME HOUSE OF MACEDONIA.

Pitiable Aspect of the Unfortunate Captives—Chained to a Pillar and Tortured by Huge Red Ants—A Charnel House.

Very reluctantly, and with many misgivings, the Mushir of Uskub in Macedonia, Ahmed Ayoub Pasha, gave a correspondent of the London Daily News a letter of introduction to the chief of the gendarmery, who alone could give permission to inspect the state prisons. The Mushir inquired over and over again of the dragoman whether the correspondent had evinced friendly feelings toward the Turks, or whether he was an enemy. "The dragoman's ingenious replies," says the correspondent, "at last inspired him with sufficient confidence to allow him to grant my request. I was then driven through the badly-paved and filthy streets of the town, and reached the residence of the commander of the gendarmery of the Province of Uskub. He was quite as surprised as the Mushir when he heard that I wished to visit the prisons, declaring that since he had been in office no European had ever sought them, and that in the rare cases when a Consul representing a foreign power had wished to see them he had always given twenty-four hours' notice.

"Before entering he had to swear that I was not a Consul, and that I was what the dragoman had described me to be—a European hunting for antiquities. The fact that I was not a Consul, however, impressed the Turk more than anything, and he politely invited me to take coffee and to smoke a narghileh. While I was enjoying his hospitality he sent a number of men to the prisons to announce my visit and to give some special orders—the execution of which took some time, and I was kept drinking coffee and smoking for nearly an hour and a half. At last my host rose and invited me to follow.

"We soon entered the largest prison of the province, which is called 'Kurschumlia,' or the Hoof of Lead. It rises out of the River Wa, not far from the fortress, and occupies a vast area. Soldiers, presenting arms, formed two lines, which reached to the interior courtyard, where a number of prison officials were awaiting us. The courtyard is square, and surrounded on all sides by the building, which has three stories. A loggia, or covered balcony, runs all round on each story. The commander first showed me a great number of red inscriptions on the walls, which are supposed to have been made by Genoese or Venetian merchants in the seventeenth century, who, perhaps, erected the building as a warehouse for the Oriental goods which they sent to Europe. Of course, I affected great interest in these inscriptions to keep up my character as an antiquarian, and I noticed that the commander no longer distrusted me. After this we ascended the staircase to inspect the first story. There was scarcely room to pass on the steps, so covered were they with accumulations of dirt, which filled the air with pestilential odor.

"In the second office I was shown the books, according to which the Kurschumlia contains 149 prison cells and 1,811 prisoners. Those on the first and second floors are sentenced for slight offenses, and the time of detention varies from one to ten years. I do not believe that any prisoner has ever outlived the fifth year of imprisonment in those loathsome dark cells. In this respect the prison officials confirmed my suspicions by saying that the mortality was very great, and that very few prisoners lived to the end of their time. In a cell certainly not larger than two and a half yards square, and about the same height, between fifteen and twenty prisoners are confined. All they can do by being friendly and making room for each other is to stand up and lie down again, and they are allowed half an hour's walk in the courtyard once in the day.

"But how shall I describe the pitiable aspect of these poor creatures! With hollow cheeks, the pallor of death upon their faces, and terrible protruding eyes, they writhe in continual agony on the floor, not only panting for air, but suffering from want of food. They receive absolutely nothing but bread and water, even if their sentence be for life. If their friends send them money, they are allowed to buy meat twice a week, but the prison officials brutally cheat them out of three-fourths of what is sent to them. Thus exposed to hunger and thirst, to the pestilence in the atmosphere; confined in these black holes without the possibility of moving about, and kicked and outraged by the brutal prison guards, no wonder that they succumb to their misery! The greater number of the prisoners are naked from head to foot, with heavy iron rings and chains on their wrists and ankles. As I passed slowly along the cells, after looking through the peepholes in the doors, the prisoners pushed through a stick to which another bag was attached. I [illegible] from piece in each, but I had [illegible] as to whether the prisoners [illegible] by my almsgiving, and the workingmen of [illegible] are likely that the greedy [illegible] the money from them. It refused to pass the bill [illegible] the first and second by organized Labor. The degree of sickness probably knew that [illegible] inmates alone would be the case when he [illegible] offenders expiate the bills to go through the [illegible] were described. In fact there is reason to believe [illegible]. In that a bargain was made by [illegible] wretches like the republicans of the House [illegible] of the cell [illegible] change their [illegible] ask for the votes of the workingmen [illegible] from their [illegible] death [illegible]

The republicans [illegible]

A SHAVED COUNTRY.

Curious Appearance Old Mexico Takes on During the Dry Season.

The City of Mexico is 7,500 feet above sea level. During the day the temperature fluctuates between 70 and 90 degrees, but at night it never gets above the sixties, so the year around you cannot sleep without a cover. The rainy season lasts about three months during the summer. Then the country is verdant, the pampas grass flourishes on the great ranges and rich foliage covers mountain and valley along the rivers with mantles of green.

The dry season lasts about nine months, and before it ends things are pretty well burned up. But bounteous crops are harvested during the summer months and garnered for the dry season. After the rainy season the grass on the ranges is cured on the ground by the sun, the same as hay is cured by being mowed, and thus it furnishes food for the cattle. Before the dry season is ended, however, the grass is nibbled close to the sod, and then the whole face of the country looks as though it had been shaved. In some places the forests are heavy, but in others not a tree can be seen.

Mahogany, rosewood and pine flourish in abundance along the Monterey & Gulf Railroad, and for miles the trees are of mahogany. The gold and silver mines are but indifferently developed. Surface mining is about the only kind done. Prospectors expect to find coined dollars on the ground, and when they are disappointed they leave in disgust. Last year enough wheat was raised in Sonora to supply five other States. The people did not know what to do with it.

With their old-fashioned habits they did not know how to take advantage of their prosperity, and so lost much, but a great deal of it was shipped to New York and Europe. Every year the Mexican merchants visit Germany, France and England, and purchase a season's stock of merchandise, which is shipped to them in clipper ships by way of Cape Horn. This they do because the tariff of the United States prevents Mexico from making cheap purchases in the States.

Cheap Labor in Mexico.

The erect, military figure of D. W. Grubb, ex-Mayor of Indianapolis, was a prominent feature of the Palmer House rotunda in Chicago the other day. Mr. Grubb has been in Mexico for seven years, having conducted a bank in the mining district of Paral, Chihuahua, during that time. He had something interesting to say about immigration. "Mexico has always encouraged immigration," remarked Colonel Grubb, "but in the case of the proposed negro exodus from the United States the Mexican press has opposed it at every point. The country has enough cheap labor, it contends, and does not want any more. Capital will be welcome, but of negroes the country has enough.

"You see, even colored men and women from the South cannot compete with peon labor. If I had my papers here I could show you a letter from a representative Mexican, in which he contends that peons are paid enough when they get eighteen cents a day. The writer observes that all they want is six cents for beans, three cents for corn, three cents for candles and six cents for clothing and the support of their families. This letter was written by the owner of one of the largest haciendas, or plantations, and was intended in good faith."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Queer Place for a Tree.

"One of the most unique things I have ever seen on my travels," said Arthur Thomas, of New York, "is the old Court-House in Greencastle, Ind. I was in the town the other day, and my attention was called to a full-grown tree. Now, the curious thing about this tree was that it didn't grow on terra firma but on the tower of the Court-House. The tree sprouted years ago from a crevice in the bricks of the tower, and it developed year after year until now it is a foot or more in circumference at the trunk. It is one of the most curious tree growths I have seen anywhere. It will have to go soon, however, for the county is going to construct a new Court House. It seems a pity that it cannot be preserved, for it is a fine specimen of erratic tree growth."—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

IN ANOTHER SHORT.

Fond Young Mother—What a pity that babies can't talk!

Husband—I think it's a great blessing!

"Why, Harry, how can you talk so?"

"Well, if babies could talk I think [illegible]

"Sarah Munn says that Nan Scott is a-going to have a party next Friday! It's her birthday, and she's a-going to ask all the little girls and boys on this street."

"Then I suppose you'll be invited, Jerry," said his mother with a smile.

"Do you really s'pose I shall?" asked Jerry, earnestly. "Oh! oh! I never went to a party in all my life!"

This was Tuesday, and every day until Friday Jerry heard something more from Sarah Munn about that wonderful party. Jerry was the most bashful little boy in all the world, but Sarah was willing to do all the talking, so she would tell him all the new things she saw and heard connected with the party, and Jerry would scamper home and repeat it to his mother.

"Nan's having a new white dress made on very purpose for the party, Sarah says, with pink sash and pink bows on the sleeves, and she's a-going to wear pink ribbons on her hair and pink strings in her slippers. Don't you think pink shoe-strings would look well for me," asked Jerry, looking down at his old shoes, "to wear with my white stockings and checkered trousers, you know?"

His mother smiled. "You're not invited yet, Jerry, and if you are, I think black shoe-strings look better than pink on a big boy."

Jerry liked to be called big, if he wasn't but 6 years old.

Another day Sarah described the cakes. "Such lots and lots of sugar cookies in hearts and rounds, and frosted cup-cakes, and two great sheets of sponge-cake, and the beautifullest birthday-cake you ever did see, with six tiny bit dollies stuck up in the frosting, looking just as if they were wading in snow."

"Oh," said Jerry, "don't you think I shall be invited, mother?"

His mother wasn't sure, but on Friday morning the invitation came. "Come at three o'clock," it said.

"What shall I wear?" asked Jerry, and long before noon he had all of his meeting clothes laid on the bed ready to put on, and all the while he talked about the supper and the plays.

By three o'clock he was washed and brushed and dressed ready to go. "Slick as a trout," grandma said. And then he began to dread going.

"Go with Sarah Munn," said his mother.

"Oh, no," cried Jerry, "I'd rather not."

"Then go with Ernie Jones or Don Powers or Harry Hart."

But Jerry still made excuses. For two hours that bashful boy hung around, while his mother urged him to go. Finally he poked out on to the sidewalk, and there he could see the children at play in Nan's yard.

"I guess I'll go now, if you will just go with me," he said to his mother at the open window.

So she put down her sewing, put on her hat, and went out. As soon as they started Jerry began to hang back again.

"I shall come home just as soon as I eat my supper," he said.

"You may if you want to," replied his mother.

"Well, I can't bear to go anyhow," said Jerry, stopping short.

"Come back home, then," said his mother, so back home they went. And that was the end of Jerry's first party.—*Youth's Companion.*

"WITH all her faults I love her still," said the man who paid court to the widow with large possessions in whisky interests.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

If brevity is the sole of wit, levity is the upper.

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"Miss Pacethal goes around a good deal." "Yes. She's a regular spinster."

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent any where on receipt of 50 cts. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

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Beecham's Pills cure Sick-Headache.

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diate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Thing Worth Knowing," also sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren street, New York.

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Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $5 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

"Look out!" cried the pebble to the clam shell; "there's a cold wave coming."

Judicious Speculation.

Money invested in sums of from $1 to $5 weekly or monthly will make you a fortune. Write for information. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.

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That man is lucky who can partake of meals that his cook also relishes.

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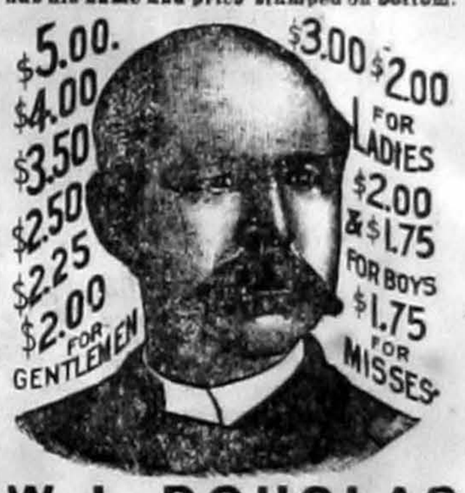

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

VOL. VIII. HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1890. NO. 13.

Forgotten Friends.

Forgotten friends, you who have flown;
Though unremembered, not unknown—
Like cherished blossoms, faded, dead,
Which still the sweetest perfume spread;
Or faintest echoes softly blown—

You have not left me quite alone,
Though we have very strangely grown,
Yet memory holds a golden thread
Forgotten friends.

Within my breast I still enthrone
The light that from your presence shone.
Your sun is set, but from the red
Of mem'ry's sky a glow is shed;
Names, faces, gone; yet all my own
Forgotten friends.

—[Chicago Post.

A WILD RIDE.

BY MARY C. FRESTON.

In the low little cabin Mattie Dallas stood alone, her face set and white, her brown hands clenched together.

She could hear the unsteady footfalls that grew more and more distant with each moment, and knew that her father was gone back to report what had passed between them to Gil Jones, the brutal, black-browed liquor-seller of the settlement.

What had passed between father and daughter had stirred up all the evil in the man's nature, all the force in the girl's; and as she faced him, defiant, fearless, white of face and steady of eye, Jason Dallas had lifted his rough right hand and struck her brutally.

"You will say yes, now, curse you," he had shouted.

But she, faint, reeling from the blow, still met his blazing eyes as before.

"I will never marry Gil Jones," she told him, in a low, hoarse, determined voice. "He may do what he will with you; if you owe him money you shall pay it in some other way—not with my young life! He is a brute and a coward, a gambler and a drunkard. I know what my mother bore; I will not follow in her footsteps. Strike me again if you will—you struck her the day before she died—but I tell you I will not marry Gil Jones—no, not to save you from the gallows."

Curses deep and deadly had bubbled over the bearded lips of the half-intoxicated man; but something—was it mention of the dead mother?—made him hold his hand.

"And I say you shall!" he cried. "We've sent to Dent's Peak for the justice, and he'll be here by daylight. Willing or unwilling, you'll be Gil Jones' wife before the sun is three hours high. Do you hear, you wildcat? He's a fool to want you, but he shall have you!"

Finishing with a terrible oath, he had staggered out of the cabin, and left Mattie alone to face the future as she should.

"I will die first—I will die any death first!" she said, through her pretty teeth, knotting the brown hands that writhed on her bosom, with a touch of madness in the gesture. I will try to escape, but if I cannot, I will die! Oh, Jack, Jack, if I can but reach you!"

On the walls of the cabin hung a rifle, revolver and a great wide-bladed knife. The miners hunted often, and their wives and daughters knew how to use firearms as well as the men.

Mattie took down the revolver and the knife. One she had loaded that morning, the other ground to razor-like keenness. She fastened a broad leather belt about her waist, and thrust both into it; then, with a step as light as a panther's she glided out from the cabin, leaving the candle alight within.

There was starlight in the world outside. Later the moon would rise, but as the girl darted out she breathed a thanksgiving for the imperfect light.

In the settlement she knew that there was one who would befriend her. lived alone in his hut—not exactly alone, either, for in one corner of it, with but a low, rough partition between them, he kept his black horse, Eagle, dear to him as the apple of his eye, fleet as a bird, gentle as a tamed fawn.

Mattie was tapping at Jake's door in a few moments. He called gruffly for her to enter, and she burst in impetuously.

"You have said I saved your life!" she cried, ringingly. "If I did, save you mine tonight! I am in danger!"

The strong old weather-beaten man sprang up and caught his rifle.

"What's the danger?" he asked, quickly. "I'll defend ye, child, from anything."

"Give me Eagle," she panted. "Don't ask why. I will be missed, and then it will be too late. My father and Gil Jones would sacrifice me. Jack Valroy—my Jack!—is in Hunter's Point, twenty miles away. I must reach him, or—or I am lost! Give me Eagle, and if I live, he shall be sent back to you!"

Jack lost no time. He seemed fully to understand her need, and silently and swiftly flung his rude saddle across Eagle's back, buckled the girth rapidly, drew the bridle over the dark head of the horse, and led him out of the hut.

"Let me lift ye," he said to Mattie, softly. "My brave little girl! may God see ye safe at Hunter's Point before they miss ye! Don't spare Eagle; he can fly like a bird, and is as surefooted as a cat. Heaven bless ye, child!"

He lifted her to Eagle's back, and as he did so, she leaned forward and touched her lips to his cheek; then with a sob she shook out the rein, and felt the black horse bound forward.

On like the wind! She was too young to be prudent, and the galloping horse thundered through the settlement, bringing many to their doors; bringing Gil Jones to his just as, in the light that streamed out, she flashed by.

With a cry of rage he dashed back to where his own horse stood hitched to a neighboring fence.

With an oath he sprang to its back, and in a moment was following the girl.

Such a chase has rarely been as that which took place there in the wild mining country that spring night.

She heard the hoofs behind and set her teeth hard as Eagle leaped lightly and easily onward.

"I can shoot back," she thought, fiercely—for the lawlessness of the settlement had been about her from early infancy, and to protect life or property by a bullet sent straight to the heart of the would-be robber was a right with the miners—"but it may be my father who is following me," she cried aloud. "He shall not take me back—he shall not."

She leaned forward and struck with her bare hand on the black neck of Eagle.

And with a snort, Eagle increased his speed.

The moon rose slowly, sailed up, up, higher and higher. Pursued and pursuer were dashing through a wild, broken track, and Gil Jones' horse was not allowing Eagle to gain on him.

A deep, dark canyon was before them. Ere the black horse reached it Gil Jones raised himself in his saddle and took aim.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!" he shouted.

The threat reached Mattie, but she only urged Eagle on.

Three miles ahead now, and she would see the lights of Hunter's Point—four, and she would be in safety, in the strong arms of her lover, Jack Valroy!

A rifle ball whizzed past, but, thank

The next instant she was flying through the darkness of the canyon.

"My poor Eagle—I cannot kill you!" she faltered, drawing him in a little.

But when the hoof-beats following echoed hollowly and thunderously from the canyon's sides, she urged him on again.

He was flecked with foam, and his nostrils were distended, red as blood. His breath came laboriously, and he was quivering through all his lithe, great body. But Eagle never slackened speed, until, as she left the canyon and rode out into the open country once more, she heard no following hoof-beats.

Then she drew rein and allowed the gallant, jaded animal to go forward at a walk.

It was midnight when she reached Hunter's Point, and just as she drew Eagle in at the small cottage Jack Valroy had built for his mother, Jack, who had been unable to rest, he knew not why, emerged from it.

In the clear light he recognized his pretty, sun-browned love, and gave a cry of surprise.

"Mattie, what brings you here at such an hour alone?"

"Oh, Jack!" was all she could say.

For she was growing blind and sick, and falling—falling.

He caught her in his arms, and carried her into the cottage, where his mother soon revived her; and then she told her story.

Jack, when she had finished, bent over her very tenderly, and drew her brown head to his heart.

"We have a clergyman in Hunter's Point, my dearest," he said, softly. "I will call him up, and he shall make you my wife at once. Then we can defy your father, should he come for you."

So it was done, and Mattie's ride was followed by a bridal.

Her father, however, never troubled the young couple.

Gil Jones was found in the canyon, crushed under his horse, which lay prone and dead, having stumbled and pitched forward in such a way as to break its neck.

Gil was not dead, but injured so much that he would never again ride after a bride, willing or unwilling.

Eagle was sent back to his master, none the worse for his flight with Mattie; and Jake returned him, as a wedding gift, to her. — [Saturday Night.

A Peculiar Business.

As an illustration of a peculiar business activity I have obtained the following facts: Last Friday an aged lady died in Harlem, a notice of her death appearing in but one morning paper of the following day. The funeral took place on Sunday, and yet before breakfast on Monday the postman brought a letter containing a heavy black card about three by six inches. This card bore on its embroidered face her full name, age and date of her demise in gilt letters. At its top was a couplet from one of Watts' hymns, while at its bottom was a verse of doggerel that, it is said, rather distressed than cheered the afflicted family. Gummed to the back of the card was a printed slip (giving a price list per dozen or gross), asking its return if not needed, and showing the address of the parties mailing it.

The brief time between the appearance in the one daily newspaper Saturday and the receipt of the card by the first delivery Monday morning, would seem to indicate that these cardmakers carried on their business in this city. But such is not the case. Their address was that graveyard of a city, Philadelphia, whose citizens seem to revel in mortuary notices, good, bad and indifferent.—[New York Star.

The Famous Taylor Madstone.

The famous Taylor madstone, which for almost fifty years has been in the possession of Mrs. Mary J. Taylor of Terre Haute, Ind., has passed to another generation. The stone has been applied to many hundreds of persons who were suffering from the bites of rabid animals, and has relieved the minds of many anxious persons. It has been in Mrs. Taylor's family for many generations, and is now in the care of Mrs. William Peiper, a married daughter of Mrs. Taylor. The latter, who is now visiting her son in Chicago, was so affected by handling the stone that her health was impaired and she was forced to turn over the stone to her daughter. For the past few years a record of the patients treated has been kept, and in all the number not one failure to effect a cure has been reported. Patients have come from all parts of the country to test the merits of the bit of curious stone.

The stone is about two inches in circumference and a quarter of an inch thick. It is porous and when viewed through a strong glass the formation has the appearance of petrified vegetation. The Evening Post correspondent witnessed an application of the stone. The subject was a little girl brought from Edgar County, Illinois. The skin was scraped by a knife until the blood came and the stone was then bound on the spot. If there is a particle of poison in the system the stone adheres until the venom becomes absorbed, when the stone is removed and soaked in sweet milk until clean, when it is again applied. This is continued until the stone refuses to adhere of its own accord.—[Chicago Post.

Tallest Man in the World.

J. W. Patterson, the tallest man known in the world excepting the Chinese giant Chang, will make Oklahoma City his home. Mr. Patterson stands seven feet seven inches in his stocking feet and is twenty-seven years old. He has traveled with a number of the best shows in the country for the past eight or ten years and is well fixed in this world's goods. About a year ago he married and has decided to settle down and take life easy. He owns considerable property in this city and as soon as he returns from the East will begin the erection of a fine residence. A couple of months ago his wife presented him with a pair of strapping boys, of which Mr. Patterson is immensely boastful. Mrs. Hatterson is larger than the average woman, being nearly six feet high and weighing over two hundred pounds.—[Oklahoma City Chief.

Under Water Forty Years.

Some Hungarian prisoners of war were thrown in 1849 into a deep pool near Hermannstadt, from which the bodies, after an immersion of forty-one years were lately brought up. Their physiological condition has been made the subject of a careful investigation by Dr. Konig. The bodies were perfectly preserved, and their organs remained unchanged in shape and mostly unaltered in color and consistence. The most remarkable feature was the presence of crystals of common salt, clearly showing that, in the water, particles held in solution may pass through the skin and muscles and find their way into the most deeply-seated organs. This is considered confirmatory proof that mineral baths exert in this way their specific action on the internal economy of bathers.

Popular, but "No Go."

Daughter—Mamma, what is a fad?

Mother—Something that is extremely popular; something that is all the go.

Daughter—Then Charley Sanders

Diamond Cutting.

The cutting of diamonds is done principally at Antwerp and Amsterdam. One cause of the low esteem in which the ancients held the diamond, as compared with other stones, was due to their inability to cut and polish it, an operation that has always increased thd value of the stone. The East Indians are said to have understood the art, and it was known in Europe at an early day. Formerly the English monopolized the trade, but subsequently it went to Holland. It is generally done there by hand, partly by rubbing one stone against another, and partly by a wheel and diamond powder. Where flaws cause large pieces to be removed, they are cut by iron wires armed with diamond powder, or are split with hammer and chisel in the direction of the cleavage. The latter process is liable, however, to ruin the stone.

Great skill, time and labor are necessary for the work. It formerly required seven months to cut a stone of twenty-four to thirty carats, and the cutting of the celebrated "Pitt" diamond required two years. Modern machinery has shortened the time, but it is still a delicate and difficult task, which reduces the stone more than half, yet increases its value one-third. About four-fifths of the diamonds mined are defective, and four styles of cutting have been adopted: the brilliant, which gives the best effect and reduces the stone less; the rose, used on stones not deep enough for brilliants, and in which the whole upper curved surface is covered with equilateral triangles; the table, used for broad stones of small depth, and the star, which causes less loss of weight.

A Story of Josh Billings.

A few years ago, riding up town in a Madison avenue car, I was seated opposite the gentleman who is best remembered as Josh Billings. The rear platform was somewhat crowded, and in the course of our ride one of the passengers stepped off and on several times, in order to assist the lady passengers. Finally, when the car was just comfortably filled, and the courteous gentleman had taken his seat inside, Josh Billings, seeing an opportunity for a joke, beckoned to the conductor, and pointing to the stranger, said,

"Don't you charge for every ride on this car?"

"Yes, sir," answered he.

"Well, I've seen that fellow get on this car six times, and you have collected only one fare from him."—[Harper's Magazine.

A Tree Growing in Mid-Air.

There is to be seen a few miles from the outskirts of Richmond, Texas, a natural curiosity, the like of which is perhaps to be found nowhere else in the world. It is an enormous oak tree literally suspended in the air. It stands in the midst of a dense grove known as Bentley's Wood, and is made quite a show of. The mystery of its suspension is that numerous hunting parties having camped beneath it during a period of many years, their fires have gradually burned the trunk entirely away for a distance of six feet, but its large and spreading branches are so closely entwined in those of the trees growing closely about it, that it is supported by them. Just how its huge bulk is nourished is a mystery, but that it is well nourished is evident, for it is green and flourishing.

He Was an Exception.

The youthful King of Spain one day recently was served for lunch with the breast of a chicken cut in small pieces. He at once began to help himself without the aid of either spoon or fork. "Sire," said his attendant gravely, "kings never eat with their fingers."

County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. Beard.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { G. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

—A big crowd attended Court Monday.

—Thanks to those who paid us cash this week.

—Only two or three fights on the first day of Court.

—A little magic lantern show in the Court house Tuesday night.

—At a recent term of the Circuit Court of Randolph Co., the grand jury found 14 indictments.

—Maj. Gaines, the republican nominee for Congress was billed to speak at this place Monday, but failed to show up.

—Died, on Monday 20th inst, Mr. John Gay, of Marlinton departed this life aged 86 years. We will give a more extended notice next week.

—Rev. L. F. Snapp, will commence a short series of special services at Sunset school house on Knapp's creek next Sunday evening 7 o'clock Oct. 26.

—The following were the attorneys attending Court at this place from a distance: R. S. Turk, of Staunton; J. W. Arbukle of Lewisburg; Wm. M. McAlister, Geo. W. Revercomb and J. W. Stephenson, of Warm Springs, Va.; L. H. Stephenson and C. P. Jones, of Monterey and Wm. Skeen, of Covington, Va.

—Col. J. W. St. Clair, democratic nominee for State Senate, of Fayetteville, addressed the people of this County in the Court House Monday. He discussed the topics of the day fluently and grandly, showing up in their true light the outrages being perpetrated upon the American people by the present administration. He dwelt a considerable time on the McKinley tariff bill, which doubtless made a deep impression on the minds of the working men of our county.

CIRCUIT COURT PROCEEDINGS

The following is a list of the proceedings of the Circuit Court, commenced Oct. 20th and adjourned 21st, Judge A. N. Campbell presiding:

STATE CASES.

State of W. Va. vs. R. A. Herold, unlawful sale of spirituous liquors No. 1 and 2. On motion these two cases were continued.

Same vs. Ardell Pritt, felony, sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

Same vs. John Wade, for carrying deadly weapons endorsed a true bill

Same vs. F. J. Snyder, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. Enos Sharp, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. Henry Ray, two cases, true bill.

Same vs. Jno. Galford, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. Lanty McCarty, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. J. L. Slaven, true bill

Same vs. Gratz Slaven, true bill.

Same vs. Robt. Doyle, true bill.

Same vs. Jas. Webb, true bill.

Same vs. Jacob Robinson, true bill.

Same vs. Chas. Slaven, true bill.

Same vs. Samuel Bright, true bill.

Same vs. Wm. Bright, true bill.

Same vs. Rebecca Miller, true bill.

Same vs. David Bright true bill.

Same vs. J. R. Apperson true and a true bill.

Same vs. Thomas Scott, true bill. This case came up and the attorney for the State by consent of the Court saith, he will not further prosecute and the defendant is allowed to go hence.

Nathan Baker a native of Russia became a citizen of U. S.

Allen C. Barnet vs. Caleb Hevener, former decision reversed and ordered that the defendant recover his costs in this Court as well as his costs before the Justice.

Pages 2 & 3

RUBE BURROWS, THE NOTED TRAIN ROBBER, SHOT AND KILLED.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., October 3. —Rube Burrows, the outlaw and train robber, was shot and killed at Lindon this morning by J. Carter, one of his captors. Carter received a bullet in the breast from the outlaw's pistol and is dangerously wounded.

Couriers from Linden who have just arrived give a graphic story of the killing. After Burrows was freed, through a pretence of getting something to eat, he grasped a pistol from his saddle bags and disarmed his two jailors. Then he ordered the negro to show him to the hotel where Carter was sleeping, Carter having got his money. He then went to Carter's room and getting the drop on him demanded his money. Carter sprang to one side and drawing a pistol fired at Burrows. The outlaw fired at the same instant, but Carter's sudden movement probably saved his life. He received the outlaw's bullet in his shoulder. The bullet from Carter's pistol struck Burrows in the middle of the abdomen, passing through the body, and he fell dead. Carter is badly wounded, but will recover.

Burrows was one of the most noted of American outlaws and there was a reward of $3,500 offered for his arrest when he has caught. His career has been a varied one. He held up the Illinois Central train at Duck Hill, Miss., December 13, 1887. In July of that same year he killed Postmaster Gardner, of Lamar, Jewell county, for recognizing him. The robbery of the express car on the Mobile and Ohio, at Buckatunna, Miss., followed, for participation in which his pal, Rube Smith, was sentenced to twenty years, the job being done on September 18, 1889. The holding up of the Louisville and Nashville train at Flomaton, Ala., was his last raid, and occurred September 1, at 11 o'clock at night, this year.

Will Mr. Harrison take care of his old law partner and present Attorney General by appointing him to the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Samuel F. Miller on the bench of the Supreme Court? He will if he has his own way, but the Attorney General is not popular with the republican bosses because, as U. S. Treasurer Huston says, he takes no interest in "practical politics," and it is not probable that Mr. Harrison will be allowed to have his own way.

According to the New York Press good republican authority, the workingmen of this country must not expect to be benefitted by the new tariff law for a long time to come, and it ingeniously advises them to be patient under their increased living expenses. This advice might be more generally taken by the workingmen if they did not fully realize that the same law which is making them poorer every day is piling up unearned wealth for the favored manufacturer.

There is a great excitement at Albany, Wis., over the discovery of pearls in the Sugar River. The gems have also been discovered in Manitowoc, the Kilsnake and

TRIMMED

In the county court of
C. M. GOOD, GOVERNOR OF
ATTORNEY, UNDERTAKER AND
CABINET MAKER,
Pocahontas Co., W. Va.
WANT AN ENGAGEMENT.
EXPERIENCE, ETC.
Charleston, W. Va.
THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,
To the Commissioner of Elections for Pocahontas County, Greeting:
A VACANCY has occurred in the office of Judge of the Intermediate Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. L. S. Brown, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1891, and ending on the 31st day of December, 1896. You are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virginia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several places of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the vacancy in said office for said unexpired term.
In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said [G. S.] State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.
By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING.
WM. C. ORLEY,
Secretary of State.

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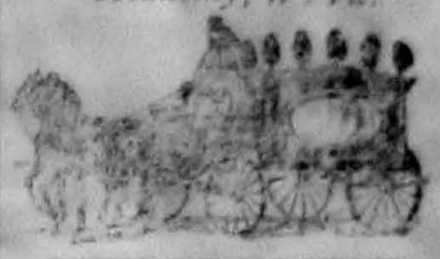

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The Fall term will begin on the second Wednesday (10th) of September. New students will report for examination on Tuesday the 9th. Courses of study are offered in the Arts, Sciences, Engineering and Law. Also preparatory department. For information and catalogues apply to E. M. Turner, Morgantown, W. Va.

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Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, premature decay, nervous weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable medical treatise, containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A scientific medical work, should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 23. 1890.

Demo cratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON

For Clerk County Court,
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARROGAST.

Speaking of the contest for the next republican Presidential nomination, Mr. Benjamin. Harrison seems to have an idea that he is "in it." The idea is not, however, shared by the "bosses" of his party.

If the ladies who intend buying or have already bought the material for their winter dresses could vote at the Congressional elections, republicans would be mighty scarce in the next House of Representatives. Dress goods have been largely increased in price on account of the higher duties imposed by the new republican tariff law.

The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has at last succeeded in getting its text book into print. It will doubtless prove very valuable and interesting to the hangers on around the committee rooms at Washington, and, owing to the nearness of election day it will not circulate much further, more's the pity.

The republican party has done a great many things that would not stand close inspection by honest eyes, but we find it hard to believe that its leaders would countenance a scheme to deliberately falsify the Census returns for the purpose of retaining control of the House of Representatives and of gaining votes in the electoral college. That they will manipulate the census returns for such a purpose we believe, but for the sake of American honor we trust that there is no truth in the falsification scheme as published in the New York World.

At Weston, a young man named Charles Williams, who was to have been married in a few days, committed suicide by taking an over dose of laudanum. He had been acting strangely for about a week, and it is believed that his mind was affected. He had made all arrangements for his marriage to Miss Annie Welsh and had his house furnished, and everything was in readiness for the coming event.

And now it seems that the World's Fair is to be classed with the numerous things injured by the new tariff law. The latest European advices say that the majority of manufacturers refuse to send any exhibits to Chicago, taking the ground that it would be a useless expenditure of money for them to do so as the duties imposed by the new tariff law are to high as to practically shut their goods out of the American markets. Without foreign exhibits the World's Fair will be but a travesty upon its name.

Mr. Harrison may or may not ask for the resignation of his Commissioner of Pensions, but among honest men, no matter what their political opinions may be, there is no difference of opinion as to what he ought to do. Commissioner Raum, according to his own statements unfit to be at the head of a Government bureau through which two fifths of the nation's enormous revenues are disbursed, and if Mr. Harrison condones the Commissioner's offenses by keeping him in office he will become personally responsible for them.

The farmer or other head of a family who pays anywhere from ten to fifty dollars more, according to the quantity purchased, for the winter clothing of himself and family than the same would have cost him last year, has a practical illustration of the meaning of the "protection" extended to him by the new tariff law enacted by the republican majority in Congress for the special purpose of enriching the already wealthy manufacturers who furnish the republican party with its campaign corruption funds. It is for him to decide by his vote whether he endorses the robbery or not.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct., 17—

There's a limit to all things, even to republican audacity. Mr. Harrison, after a rather stormy discussion in which his cabinet was nearly equally divided, has reached the conclusion that it would be certain defeat to his party at the Congressional elections for him to issue a proclamation convening Congress in extra session for the sole purpose of passing the Force bill and the Congressional apportionment bill, two measures intended to perpetuate the power of the republican party. This conclusion is another victory for Mr. Blaine over the Reed wing of his party—Mr. Blaine has never wavered in his opposition to the Force bill.

"Mr. Flower and the Democratic Congressional Campaign committee," said a member of that committe to me, "are all right, and the democrat who abuses Mr. Flower for his management of the campaign does not know what he is talking about. From the day on which he was elected chairman of the committee to the present time, he has not made the slightest move without first consulting Senator-elect Brice, chairman of the National committee, and Senator Gorman, and nothing has been done without their approval. Now if those two gentlemen do not know how to conduct a campaign no one in the democratic party does. Of course Mr. Flower has been to a certain extent hampered by the lack of money, but that is nothing new to democratic campaign managers. The democratic party has never had a large corruption campaign fund, and I hope it never will. If we cannot win without purchasing votes I prefer to lose. But unless all of my information is at fault we shall carry the House in spite of the "protected manufacturers' money, with which the republicans are so plentifully supplied."

Ex Senator Kellogg, once the republican Moses in Louisiana, sees no prospect of his party carrying the House. He says: "Business men and politicians with whom I have conversed—all republicans—declare that the new tariff law will operate to the disadvantage of the party and will lose us the House in the coming election. It will have a tendency to drive away the farmer vote when that class realizes that the cost of many articles of prime necessity is directly increased by reason of the McKinley bill. A rise in prices all along the line seems to be expected, and as that means additional burdens for the consumer, great complaint is inevitable. It seems quite reasonable therefore to expect that the democrats will carry the House. In Louisiana I don't think the republicans will win a single Congressional District."

Strange things happen here. Yesterday W. W. Belknap, who resigned as Secretary of War in Grant's cabinet, in order to keep from being impeached in connection with the selling of Indian Posttraderships by his wife, was buried with military honors in Arlington cemetery, the War department was closed in his honor and the building heavily draped with mourning. This thing of closing a Government department on account of the death of some man who years before was at its head is a senseless custom at best, and what a mockery in this case.

The funeral services of the late Justice Miller were held in the Supreme Court room yesterday afternoon, and last night the remains, accompanied by a distinguished escort left on a special train for Keokuk, Iowa, where the interment is to take place. The scramble for the place he left vacant is already quite lively among the republicans. Attorney General Miller on account of his personal relations with Mr. Harrison, has the inside track, but it is by no means certain that he will get the prize. Secretary Noble would gladly take it, but "Corporal" Tanner says he will not, if his soldier influence can prevent it. Senator Edmunds would not reject, although he would only have about eight years to serve before he became eligible for retirement, but they say the East isn't in it. Senator Spooner and several other gentlemen have friends here working in their behalf, and the Indiana folks who are opposed to Attorney General Miller are trying to do something for Judge Gresham. Before Congress reassembles the number of candidates will be largely increased.

Representative Kerr, who is chairman of the Democratic State committee of Pennsylvania, was here this week. He says that Quayism is doomed in that state, and that if the election was held now Delameter would be defeated by from 80,000 to 40,000 majority.

Mr. Harrison did not express any regrets because the Count of Paris did not remain in Washington long enough to call on the President, in fact there is reason to believe that certain members of the administration were instrumental in hurrying the Count off to prevent that call

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRAUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Bure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

One of the worst storms of the season passed over Bellaire, Ohio, on the 17th. Houses were flooded and cattle, sheep and horses were washed away.

PUBLIC SALE OF LAND.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

[illegible] Court of Pocahontas County, [illegible] at the Jany Term 1890 [illegible] in the cause of [illegible] vs. [illegible] and others, I will on Monday the [illegible] day of October 1890 [illegible] at public sale to the highest bidder [illegible] door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 53 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Hunter, situate on the waters of Knapscreek adjoining the lands of W. A. Reid and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has upon it considerable improvements, including a dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of the suit and expenses of sale, and the balance in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. F. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

Sept. 1894. Printer's fee $5.25

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 1890 in the cause of William Osborne, [illegible] A. Yeager and others, I will on Monday the 20th day of October 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 126 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager being on the East branch of Greenbriar River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager G. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and out building upon it.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of the suit and expenses of sale and the balance in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. F. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

Sept. 1894. Printer's fee $5.75

A. E. WHITE, R. S. LOVELACE, J. M. PRICE.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Bluefield, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. J. Beverage, Special Commr. vs. A. G. Beard, We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County on the 7th day of October 1890 a tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Beard, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expenses of sale and the balance in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. J. BEVERIDGE,
C. C. JONES, Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

Sept. 1894 Printer's fee $9.99

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1889 and the June term, 1890 in the chancery suits of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Anderson and others, and R. S. Tuck, Trustee vs. Jennie E. Skiles and others, I will, as special commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, OCT 24th 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out buildings situate at Arlington, in Pocahontas County, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale; the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 months from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interest from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. F. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, certify that the above commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk cir. ct.

September 25—4w. Printer's fee $13.38.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

3 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

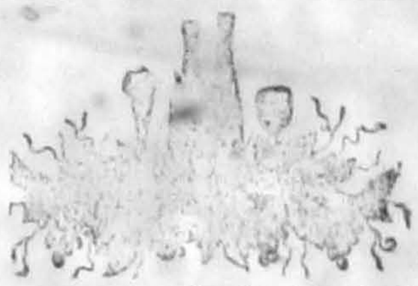
We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mauntain Grove, Va.



A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Quail and the Wild Birds.

Several weeks ago Mrs. D. N. Snyder, of Jefferson township, Penn., saw a lot of quails dusting themselves under some current bushes in the back end of her garden. The birds looked so happy and contented that she thought it would be too bad to disturb them, so she returned to the house without pulling the weeds out of a patch of onions that she had gone there for the purpose of doing. In an hour or so the quails had disappeared in the tall timothy of the adjoining meadow, and Mrs. Snyder scattered some buckwheat around where they had been wallowing. On the following day the birds came there again, gobbled up the buckwheat and had a good time. Every day for a week or so Mrs. Snyder scattered grain among the bushes for the quails to feed on, and the birds soon got so that they looked for food in the garden as regularly as they did for a resting place at night out in the woods, back of the big meadow lot.

One morning the kind-hearted woman forgot to throw the buckwheat, but the quails reminded her of her negligence by appearing at the usual hour and making a great fuss and noise because there wasn't any grain in the garden for them to pick up. Mrs. Snyder let the birds hunt for other kind of food that day, and for several mornings after that she didn't fail to give them a good feed of buckwheat. Then she missed a morning on purpose to see how the quails would act when they didn't find any grain near the currant bushes, watching from a second-story window for them to make their appearance.

Promptly on time the whole flock crept under the garden fence from the meadow, ran among the bushes, and began to dodge and flutter about where they had been in the habit of finding the buckwheat. When they searched long enough to learn that no grain had been put there for them, the birds piped in low tones, fluttered uneasily, scattered into the vegetable beds, and appeared to be very much disappointed. In a little while the quails gave up the search, assembled under the currant bushes, and went to dusting themselves in the soil. Mrs. Snyder counted fourteen in the flock, and then she went down stairs, got a handful of buckwheat, and tiptoed her way into the garden. When she had got as near to the quails as she could get without scaring them, Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat toward the quiet little flock. It fell among them and they all scampered under the fence and went out of sight in a hurry. Then she threw some more of the grain on the ground where they had been, and secreted herself behind a row of pea vines. Presently one of the birds ventured to crawl under the fence into the garden. It soon found the buckwheat and set to filling its crop, and at this the other birds took courage, filed from their biding places, and went to picking up the grain as though each was determined to get its share.

From her place of concealment Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat into the air, so that it fell into the midst of the flock. It scared the birds a little, but they quickly resumed their feeding, and Mrs. Snyder began to whistle to them, flinging more grain into the air as she whistled. That excited their curiosity just enough to make them look up for a moment, and Mrs. Snyder emptied the basin and stole away, without letting the birds see her. She fed the quails in this way for a few days, gradually got them used to her whistle and voice, and let them get sight of her by degrees. Inside of a month from the time she first saw the birds in the garden she had them so well tamed that they fluttered out of the meadow whenever she called them, ate in her presence, and did not seem to fear her at all. Since then Mrs. Snyder has taken a good deal of comfort with her strange little flock, and she said the other day that the confidence the birds have in her pays her many times over for all the trouble she has made herself in getting the wild little creatures to be as tame as they are.

Preservation of Harness.

The best preservative of harness is occasional washing with warm water and saturation with some oily substance, by which the leather is preserved from the alternating damp and dryness and from the destructive effects of the prevalent impure air of the stables. The harness should be taken apart and wiped with a sponge moistened with warm water and castile soap. While damp it is then thoroughly dressed with a mixture of two parts of tallow and one part of castor oil, mixed when melted; to this is added sufficient lamp-black to restore the color to the leather. This is thoroughly rubbed into the harness with a bunch of oakum or a brush. The surplus is then removed by means of rubbing with a cloth. Finally castor oil with a small quantity of carbolic acid, to give it a perceptible odor, is rubbed into the leather as long as it will be absorbed. This preserves the harness from rats and mice, which are apt to gnaw it where it has been moistened by the perspiration of the horses. It is a wise thing to have a close [illegible] in some convenient place to hang the harness in.—[New York Times.

[illegible]ility of Consumption.

[illegible] of experiments, Dr. [illegible] certain bodies, such as [illegible] certain metallic salts, [illegible] and preparations

Victims Met His End.

"It has been a good many years since I was in Denver," remarked William P. Jameson at the Albany recently, as he prepared to look over a paper from San Francisco, his present place of residence. "The last time I was in this city," continued he, "I made the acquaintance of Wild Bill, whose sudden taking off at Deadwood is still mentioned in the papers. A few months after leaving Denver I again met Wild Bill in Salt Lake City. It was rather an exciting time, for Bill had just killed a man in the streets. The circumstances of the killing were about as follows:

"The night before the affray Bill sat down to a game of cards with an old frontiersman named Jack Williams. Both the men were good card players, but luck went against Bill, and about three o'clock in the morning he staked his last cent and lost it. With some hesitation he drew out his watch, which was a fine gold repeater and was the present of a friend of former days, and put the watch up against $200. At the end of ten minutes the watch was gone.

"'Williams,' said Bill as he arose from his seat,' put the watch in the hands of the bar-keeper and I will redeem it in the morning.'

"'Oh, I guess not,' was the reply. 'The watch is mine and I'll wear it down town in the morning.'

"A wicked gleam appeared in Bill's eyes. He again asked that the watch be left at the saloon.

"'I'll wear it,' was the reply.

"'If you wear that watch you'll die, said Bill, with a firm tone. 'What time will you be on the street?'

"'Ten o'clock,' was the laughing reply. The men parted.

"True to his word Williams sauntered down the street at ten o'clock the next morning. Bill met him at the principal street corner.

"'Have you got that watch on?' asked Bill.

"'I have,' was the prompt reply.

"Both reached for their revolvers, but Bill was too quick for his opponent. Two shots rang out and Williams dropped dead. Bill was unhurt.

"Looking scornfully at his fallen victim, Bill hissed between his teeth, 'I like a game man, but that's what a fool gets.' Bill was never tried for killing Williams and it is safe to say that he recovered his watch. I have been told," continued the speaker, "that after Wild Bill's death it was found that in the palm of each of his hands there was a round, calloused spot caused by dropping his hands on the handles of his revolvers."—[Denver News.

An Imprisoned Fish.

The following was related in the Chattanooga (Tenn.) News by one of its correspondents residing near that city:

"My cousin owns a watermill, and in removing some obstructions found an immense log imbedded in the stream which must have been submerged for a number of years. The log had to be cut in two to remove it, and much to our surprise we found it hollow, although it had every appearance of being solid. One of the negroes while examining the log looked into the hollow and thought he saw something moving. He began using his axe, and soon had the log cut into in another place.

"Imagine our amazement when we discovered a live catfish which had grown to an enormous size and length, and was so completely wedged in the hollow as to be unable to move except to open its mouth and wiggle its tail. The fish was very lively and apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health.

"The question is how did the fish get into the log, as the only means of ingress or egress we could discover was a small round hole not more than two inches in diameter. We surmised that he must have entered the little opening when no larger than a minnow, and grown great in his solitary confinement."

Statistics of Tornadoes.

The tornado, with hardly an exception, occurs in the afternoon, just after the hottest part of the day. The time of greatest frequency is from 3.30 to 5 o'clock. The tornado season includes March, April, May, June, July, August and September, but storms of this nature may occur in any part of the year. The months of greatest frequency, as determined from a record of 208 years, are April, May, June and July. The single month of greatest frequency is May, April following next in order. The State in which the greatest number of tornadoes has occurred is Missouri, followed next in order by Kansas and Georgia. A record of more than 500 tornadoes and "windfalls" (*i. e.*, paths of tornadoes through forests) in Wisconsin considerably exceeds the number from any other State, but little weight can be given this comparison owing to the want of thorough investigation of the subject of windfalls in other States. From a careful investigation of the origin of tornadoes and their geographical distribution, there is every reason to believe that those storms were as frequent and violent 200 years ago as now. Moreover, there appears to be no cause for any unusual change in the annual frequency of tornadoes for a like period to come.—[The Forum.

AN EVENTFUL DEAL.

paradox," but he who reflects upon it will see its meaning. All hard workers learn, sooner or later, the truth that recreation is an absolute necessity for tired bodies and tired minds.

The idle time of Bacon, Pope, Cowper, and many another famous writer, has been spent in gardening. It is said that market gardening is the one passion of Blackmore, the English novelist, and that he spends the money earned by his pen in carrying out this dearly beloved hobby. And who could wish it otherwise? Doubtless the poetical spirit which pervades his work is that caught from long days spent in homely tasks in the garden and the field. "Some men dig up worms from the earth," says an old proverb, "others uncover truth."

"No one," declares Cicero, "seems to me free who does not sometimes do nothing." Then he goes on to tell how certain noble Romans amused themselves in the country, by indulging, boy-like, in all sorts of frolics. Evidently they jumped and ran themselves into physical well-being, and ability to take up the severer duties of life again.

"Who is your doctor?" said some one to Carlyle.

"My best doctor," replied he, "is a horse."

Sometimes apparent idleness is only a change of work. George Lewes was one day dredging a road-side pond, putting all the living treasures he found into a glass jar.

"What are you doing?" inquired a sneering by-stander. "Fishing for salmon?"

But when he saw what strange beings were discovered in that unpromising pool, his interest was excited and he asked Mr. Lewes many curious questions, all of which were patiently answered.

"Ah," sad the scoffer, respectfully, at the end of the interview, "it's a fine thing to be able to name all God's creatures!"

Acquaintance with nature draws the mind out of the rut wherein it daily runs, and freshens it for the doing of new tasks. Rest often consists in change of work, the relaxation of one set of brain cells in favor of others. One may certainly consider it occupation to collect specimens like Lewes, ride horseback like Carlisle, or chop wood with Gladstone, but it is occupation which invigorates and does not tire.

The periods of indolence in the life of a student or creator, are merely those "grand receptive pauses," when he drinks in nourishment from nature herself, to sustain his vitality. When the giant Antæus was thrown, and touched the earth, he rose more vigorous than before.—*Youth's Companion.*

A CAIRO bachelor, who, the advertiser said, was "eighty-seven years old, but rich," has received 250 applications from ladies willing to be his wife—and risk his dying pretty soon.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

"Which is the best way to get fat, doctor"? "Order from your butcher a piece of lean beef."

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Thing Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren street, New York.

The tea-kettle sings because it is always able to keep itself outside of hot water.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $5 cash and $5 per month without interest constitutes a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

When one lays hold of a severed bell-rope he fails to touch a responsive cord.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

The average burglar, though he may be regarded as a crook, is true as steel.

Distress
After Eating
Indigestion
And Dyspepsia
Are Cured by
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Carty Building, Kansas City, Mo.

An optimist is a man who has enjoyed "built" good luck up to date.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Proprs., Toledo, O.

There is nothing square about gossip. It is always "going round."

Guaranteed five year eight per cent. First Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars

It is unreasonable to expect a man to be collected if his bills are not.

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The Great
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REMEDY FOR PAIN.

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Cure SICK HEADACHE.
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So positively certain is it in its curative effects as to *warrant* its makers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, *on trial!*

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RELIEVES INSTANTLY.
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—IF YOU—
KNOW HOW

To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the

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a man who devoted 25 years of his life to CONDUCTING A POULTRY YARD AS A BUSINESS, not as a pastime. As the living of himself and family depended on it, he gave the subject such attention as only a need of bread will command, and the result was a grand success, after he had spent much money and lost hundreds of valuable chickens in experimenting. What he learned in all these years is embodied in this book, which we send postpaid for 25 cents in stamps. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases, how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening, which Fowls to save for Breeding Purposes

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HI. HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1890. NO. 14.

THE COMES.

overhang,
mosses,
on, among
ow-grasses,
lady-fern
e hedds it;
very turn,
side it.

ging sprays
hollow,
woodland ways,
I follow;
and fragrant dew,
ling sweeter—
here she comes through,
meet her!

across the fence,
y it over,
dreamy scents
int, and clover;
is sweet to-day,
ing sweeter;
come this way,
meet her!

munks run a match
who's coming,
rier patch
rowsy humming—
seeking bees—
ing sweeter:
apple-trees,
g to meet her!
B. Going, in Scribner.

URAL TRAP.

NE GILLETTE.

riding several hours
dust of a Southern Ari-
trip from Antelope to
I had not seen a liv-
the scurrying lizards,
head a man on horse-
dly toward me.

the trail led across a
n known as Lonesome
not a valley at all in the
he word, but a broad,
andy desert stretching
rupt ranges of mount-
s not a tree on it more
gh, but I will venture to
were more varieties of
n of those villainous
are yard, than could be
her spot on the globe.
n is the garden of the
lesert must have been its
ot-bed. I had been in
nely six months, but I
ired a horror of cactus
led my horse along the
which did not admit of

m I saw approaching me
alley evidently had no
animal, which he was
t a rapid lope, swerved
t and left, threading the
cactus growth with the
Mexican pony.

ached I made out that
Mexican. At a still closer
he was a rather good-
, but poorly dressed,
y he was on a journey.
a canteen, a pair of
blankets, and a lightly
ack. His horse was a
boned animal, built for
urance, forced marches,
without water; but at
ertainly tired. I will
at," for these ponies are
until they are dead.

hed his rapid pace as we
, and I thought, was
th the customary humor
at a quick glance at my
f in his own. I halted

e fine hoss there, senor,"
n of the utmost politen-

ch I called Montezuma,
urger and better shaped
fine seen in that coun-
d him out for that reason
to Antelope, and at the
self not a little on my
, indeed, a horse of ex-
ce and action, but he
. His very bridle showed
Northern or an Eastern
ative born, and I found
no mount equal to the an-
thoroughness in every strength.

"He no born in thees countree? I see no hoss like heem in Arizona, nevare. But, senor," with a glance at his own sharp-boned, panting beast, "there is one verra eggscellanta Mexicana hoss. I rida heem now one, two, three day. I rida heem verra hard, and see!"

He touched the animal lightly with his spurs, lifted the hand with which he held the reins, and leaned forward. The horse sprang instantly into a furious lope, as if he had but just been saddled for the first time. The Mexican wheeled him gracefully in a long circle through the cactus plants, and drew him in again on his haunches by my side.

"Ah, senor, he is the one hoss of one meellion! He go and go and go, and nevare stop. He drink only the one time a day, and he eat, ah, so leetle! In one year he no eat so mucha as a burro. But perhaps the senor," and here his face wore a most persuasive smile, "will like to eggschange? The senor will gif to to me hees hoss, and I will gif to heem my magnifico Chihuahua."

"No; I do not wish to trade horses at all," I said, with less cordiality than before, as I began to feel decidedly uneasy in the presence of this smiling foreigner.

"No?" he said, in a tone of regret. Then, after a moment, his face lighting up, he added: "Ah, but the senor has nevare tried heem! He does not know Chihuahua. If he try heem only the once, he see that I tells heem the truth."

He threw himself to the ground and came toward me, smiling. I now saw his plan. He was a desperate man, probably flying to Mexico to escape the consequences of some crime. My horse had attracted him at first sight. Either he needed it to help him on his journey, or thought he might sell it for a good sum across the border.

It seemed to me an excellent plan to go at once without losing any more time in useless conversation. I turned quickly in the saddle, murmured a somewhat unnecessary "Good-by," and spurred Montezuma toward home.

The horse was fresh, and started away in good shape; but in an instant the Mexican had sprung into his saddle, and was after me. There was now no doubt as to his intentions. As I looked back I saw that his face had lost its smile, and taken on a cruel, sullen look. He dug his spurs into his horse, and the animal sprang into the same furious gallop that I had seen before.

My heart sank as I realized that it was perhaps a race of life and death. The defects of my horse came to my mind with startling distinctness. How gladly would I have exchanged him for the honest cow pony in the country! The Mexican's horse was not gaining on us now, for Montezuma was fresh; but could he outrun that relentless pursuer on a five mile stretch?

Then what if Montezuma should stumble and throw me to the ground head foremost? At the thought of this I turned again to the front. I could not afford to watch my pursuer. I must keep a clear lookout ahead. If I could only guide my horse safely around every hole and stone and across every wash, perhaps we could yet pull away from the scoundrel behind me.

At this moment something struck me a terrific blow in the back of the head. I thought I had been shot, and turned slowly to look at my murderer. The end of a heavy, worn lasso was just slipping off the saddle behind me, and the Mexican, with an exclamation, was reeling it in, evidently making ready to throw again. He had seen that my horse was gaining, and accordingly had recourse to that most effective long-range weapon, the lariat. His first throw had missed me by an inch, and he was cursing himself for his clumsiness.

I was not a thrower of the "lasso," myself, but I was familiar with its powers. One of the rough sports of cowboys, after work, is to "rope" one another. In a wild race in and out of the corral one of them tries to throw his rope so as to encircle the man ahead without catching the horse at the same time. If successful he drags him to the ground, more or less roughly. But is only play, rough as it is. It would be no play to be caught by the cruel rope which the wretch was coiling on his left arm.

I watched him as if fascinated. He readied for the long, opened it wide, turned sideways in the saddle and swung

something grim in it at this time. Again, with that horrible politeness, he said:

"Ah, the senor is too queek—he no wait to say adios! But the hoss, he is as I say, he is verra fast. Will the senor no try my hoss now? Si, si, I think he will like try Chihuahua now. He's hoss is mucha tired, he like little rest!"

In the same graceful way as before he threw himself to the ground, and instantly caught Montezuma by the bridle. I was entirely unarmed. I had no doubt that the Mexican was well armed and quite ready to kill me if I attacked him. I dismounted slowly, with bad grace. To my surprise, the Mexican handed me the bridle of his horse with a bow.

"Now, you shall try my Chihuahua! There is no more bettare in thees countree. You will so say, eef you will try heem only."

But I had no heart to mount. I had little doubt that the beast which was now leering at me with a vicious eye would back me off at the first jump. The Mexican waited a moment out of sheer courtesy, then mounted Montezuma and started gracefully off. He did not push him to his utmost at first, but went down the road carefully, as if trying him. Then he turned and came back at a somewhat better pace.

I stood like a dummy, holding the bridle of his horse, and watching him. His riding was a magnificent exhibition, but I was not in a condition to admire it.

As if satisfied with the powers of Montezuma, he turned again and came down past me at full speed. As he passed, he shouted a few words in Spanish to his horse. The beast jerked back from me, struck at me with his forefeet, and was after his master in an instant.

The Mexican had turned in the saddle and was watching us with interest. As his horse broke away from me, a smile spread over the man's face which was more than a smile of politeness, and he raised his hat in a sweeping bow of derision.

I stood there as if paralyzed, on Lonesome Valley Desert, fifteen miles from home, and watched the villain ride my horse toward Mexico.

But the Mexican cared too much for theatrical display. His people are the most perfect riders in the world, and my enemy was no exception to the rule. But he made a mistake in assuming that all horses are as sure-footed as he was secure in his seat. This is true of Mexican ponies, the only ones he had ever ridden, but it was not true of Montezuma.

As the Mexican spurred him deep, still looking back over his shoulder at me, Montezuma came to a gully or wash. There are thousands of them across every road and trail in the Southwest. This one was not more than three feet deep and five feet across. A native horse would have jumped it or leaped into it safely, even if it were six feet deep. But Montezuma, as he came to the wash, made no effort to jump over, but plunged in with his forefeet set together.

As he struck the bottom, which was of rock loosely covered with sand, his knees doubled under him like straws. The best rider in the world would not have kept his seat. The Mexican, still glancing back at his own horse, went off as if hurled from a catapult.

Montezuma jumped up, shook himself and limped slowly away. I involuntarily ran forward. The Mexican did not rise, and I guess he was dead or stunned. As I drew nearer, however, I could see that he was not dead, but very much alive. He lay on his back with his right arm stretched out over his head, and was writhing to and fro, as if in great pain.

The man certainly was in a serious predicament. When Montezuma stumbled, he had been thrown straight upon a large fish-hook cactus—a low cylindrical variety, completely covered with long recurring overlapping horny spines, of needle sharpness and most tenacious strength. They resemble enormous bone fish-hooks in everything but the barb.

If the Mexican had struck this cactus head foremost, he would have been killed outright. As it was, his right arm had been thrust deep into the long curving thorns, and they had closed into his arm and hand, holding them in a grip of steel.

As he lay there writhing on the ground, his arm transfixed in a dozen places with these indefinible hooks, I saw

useless. His arm was sprained as well as gashed in a dozen places by the cruel hooks. He painfully removed these, and bound his arm in a bandana that he took from his pocket.

I motioned to him to walk ahead of me, toward the ranch. We made a slow and sorry procession; the furious Mexican in front, Montezuma limping painfully, and myself behind, the other horse following at some distance. But a sense of triumph sustained me through the long journey.

At the ranch we dressed the villain's arm, set a guard over him and sent for the Sheriff. He came, identified him as a daring horse-thief, wanted for several offences in the northern part of the territory, and relieved us of his company. —*Youth's Companion.*

Congressmen Joke With a Guide.

There are not many Irishmen in this Congress. Three of the best known sons of Erin are Lawler, McAdoo and Quinn. This trio walked to the capitol at Washington together the other morning, and at the door of the rotunda were met by a new guide who wanted to show them the sights of the building. The three consented, and were taken to statuary hall to hear the echoes. "Now you stand right here," said the guide, placing the trio on the well-known stones. "I will move back fifty-five feet and whisper to you, and you will hear my voice as if I were by your side. All this was done, and the guide whispered, then spoke, and finally shouted, but not a word did either of the trio hear. Thinking that possibly he had made a mistake and put his victims on the wrong stones, he moved them over against the wall and said to them: "This is the whispering gallery. You stand here and I will go across the room and whisper against the wall. You will hear me as if I were at your ear." Again the guide whispered, but met with no response. Then he gradually raised his voice to a shout, but the trio of Congressmen kept their ears against the wall and made no sign. Rejoining his customers, the guide explained that for some reason, probably on account of the humidity of the atmosphere, the echoes were not working well to-day, and invited his guests to take a look at the House of Representatives. Arriving at the main entrance the Congressmen started to walk in, when the guide seized their arms and told them they couldn't go in there—that was only for members. "O, yes, but we can," said Mr. Lawler, and flipping the astonished guide $1 the joking trio disappeared within.—*Chicago Herald.*

An Odd Bird That Likes Fishing.

Away up on the mountain side, where the numerous streams find their way through deep, dark canyons down to the pulse-beat of old ocean, is the natural summer home of the water ousel, the strangest of all strange birds. You seldom see more than one of them at a time. They are of a dark blue color, and are easily recognized by a peculiar quick jerking motion, which they never seem to tire of. And as they flit from rock to rock they are continually bobbing up and down, performing such a polite little courtesy as would cause you to smile to see it. Owing to their peculiar habits and the isolated spots they select to build their nests, no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeeds in finding them. Hence a water ousel's nest with two or three eggs in it has a commercial value among nest collectors of $25. They always build their nest just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through or under the water to get to it. Another strange habit of this bird is the deliberate manner in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly, very slowly, to wade right down into the water until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear and you have a sharp eye you can still see their little dark forms clinging to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of periwinkles.—*Tacoma (Washington) Ledger.*

Hot Water for a Sore Throat.

"Let me say, for the benefit of your readers who are addicted to using a gargle of salt water every time their throat feels sore, that it is the very worst thing they could possibly do," said Dr. Hope,

A LYRIC FROM THE JAPANESE.

The maple lifts her head,
Crowned with autumnal red,
While I, who love the girl,
Plunge for the biggest pearl,
Under the waves,
And up in the caves,
Where stormy billows curl,
And the angry waters whirl!

"Wert thou a pearl," she cried,
As I hurried to her side,
"I would clasp thee on my arm,
For a magical charm,
That like the glowing sun
When the summer day is done,
And rises the cold white moon,
We might part—but not too soon!

"For like a stream that finds
The way it must retrace;
Or like the pathless winds
That have no abiding place,
Upon my lonely bed,
With the bride-wreath on my head,
I wait thy first embrace!

—*R. H. Stoddard, in N. Y. Independent.*

PITH AND POINT.

No news is bad news—to editors.

The English race—After American girls.

Every dog has his day and the cats seem to be quarreling over the nights.—*Life.*

The bears are probably responsible for the squeezes on the Stock Exchange.—*Puck.*

The man who marries a widow knows he isn't marrying amiss.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Strange as it may seem, it is the man who has lost his voice that makes the loudest and most disagreeable noise in the choir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is an art in putting on gloves," says a fashion paper. Come to think of it you have to get your hand in before you can master the art.—*Boston Courier.*

Some men have a notion
That it is their born right
To imitate their kitchen fire
And go out every night.
—*Danville Breeze.*

Art must always get its inspirations from nature. The zebra gave us our first idea of striped clothing, and the elephant was the inventor of loose trousers.—*Puck.*

"I am in charge of the whole department. As the book says, I am the eye of the house." "Well, as I have a grudge against the house I think I shall take this opportunity to give it a black eye."—*Boxar.*

Lawyer—"Well, sir, we won the case, but it was a pretty narrow victory." Client—"Yes, I thought the other side had us, until you showed that their principal witness was a fisherman."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Boarding-house Mistress—"How do you like that water, Mr. York?" Mr. York—"It has a milky taste to me." Boarding-house Mistress—"Excuse me, Mr. York, that is the milk you are tasting. Try the glass to the left."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Never waste time telling people what a lot of good things you have done. In the first place they won't believe you, and in the second place they are waiting for a chance to tell you what a lot of good things they have done themselves.—*Somerville Journal.*

I love you well, my sweetheart shy;
I'm true.
The maiden blushing answered, I
Love you.
Why do you love me, my adored?—
A pause.
And then she answered with a word,
"Because."
—*Boston Courier.*

Witness—"He looked me straight in the eye and——" Lawyer—"There, sir, you've flatly contradicted your 'former statement.'" Witness—"How so?" Lawyer—"You said before that he bent his gaze on you, and now you'll please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze." (Witness faints)—*The Jester.*

An Ancient Watch.

A watch nearly two centuries old comes to the notice of the *Jeweler.* The movement is inscribed, "L. Hecke, Friedberg," in [illegible] and the dial is ornamented with figures of a man and woman in German costume, and [illegible]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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1 col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Single copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after six months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 30, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON

For Clerk County Court.
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

Poems follow the seasons as faithfully as buckwheat cakes and pumpkin pies. Every mood and picture of the year is regularly and duly celebrated: but the autumn of 1890 has not fared very well. There hasn't been much of it such as it should have been. Its colors haven't been so bright as usual, and their reflection from the poetic fountain has been dull in consequence. The regular autumn foliage hasn't been painted red enough to rouse the jealousy of the bull in the fields. The golden rod almost monopolized the poets' rhymes, with the result, of course, of towering their average. But our poets are not all golden-rod poets. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we hail the first hymn to the last of autumn's glories, the chrysanthemum, which we find in our esteemed contemporary the Christian Advocate:

"When days are short and sombre,
And nights are long and chill,
And sense of loss and longing
Our being seems to fill,
Then come the brave, bright blossoms,
Last of the floral train,
And looking at their beauty
We gather heart again."

We do, and we gather courage to last us over until spring, when the roses bloom again.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testi-

sorted to in order to defeat the present Clerk, John J. Beard, and knowing, as we do, his peculiar fitness for the position, it has been determined by a large portion of the representative people of the County, regardless of politics to run Mr. Beard for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. We, therefore urge upon all to come out on the 4th of Nov., 1890, and give him their votes, and thus bestow an office on a worthy man, and at the same time condemn unfair practices.

INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

A CARD.

EDITOR TIMES: Having learned that a written appeal to the voters of Pocahontas county has been posted in various parts of the County signed "Independent Voters" the intent of which is to run Mr. John J. Beard for County Clerk, notwithstanding he was fairly defeated in the *Primary Election* to which both of us submitted. I deem it my duty to say: First, I did not originate the Primary, but submitted to it as a party measure simply; and I supposed Mr. Beard was in favor of the "Primary Election" as the measure originated with, and was pushed through by his son-in-law, Mr. C. F. Moore. Had the County committee (of which C. F. Moore is chairman,) not called for a primary, I should have been content to submit my claims to the people of this county regardless of party, but I appeal to the people to know if I could act otherwise, when it was forced upon me. I appeal to the Democrats of Pocahontas to say if their nominee shall be defeated by a Democrat who has once submitted his claims and been defeated?

In conclusion, I denounce as false any charge which intimates that I either used, or countenanced in my friends, any unfair means in the Primary Election against Mr. Beard or to obtain votes for myself. Having a clear conscience, I submit my claim to the people of this County, only asking that they and the claims of all opponents be truthfully represented, and, that my friends be not maligned.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

Huntersville, W. Va., Oct. 29th, 1890.

—The above communications must speak for themselves. Our columns are the peoples columns and must assume neutral ground when brother grapples with brother. Both these gentlemen are good citizens would make good officers and are intimately known to the county public.—[ED.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct., 24—The republicans in their desperation to save themselves from the defeat which seems to be awaiting them have thrown discretion to the winds, and the scenes around the departments remind one of the times when Jay Hubbell, Dorsey of Star route fame, and others of the same stripe, were compelling the clerks in the Government service to give up a regular percentage of their salaries to the corruption fund of the "G. O. P." Money is being openly demanded of the clerks and in plain language they are told that if they fail to chip in they will lose their places. The Ohioans and Indianans have taken the lead in the bull-dozing of the helpless employes. Mr. Harrison is fully aware of what is going on, and he says not a word to stop this shameful and outrageous violation of law; the members of the Civil Service Commission know all about it, and do nothing, except to draw their salaries. It is apparent that if enough votes can be purchased the republicans will retain their grip on the House of Representatives, but it is the first time that any political party has been so open in showing its intention to rely upon the purchase of votes.

The advices received by the Democratic Congressional committee

The Secretary of the Interior, who is accused of being the author of the insulting letter sent to Mayor Grant, in answer to his request for a recount of the population of New York City, by the chief clerk of the Census Bureau, has refused a second request made by Mayor Grant for a recount, all of which makes it plain that it was the intention of the republicans from the start to steal at least one Congressman from the democrats of New York City. The same policy has been pursued in the South where every state is given a smaller population than it should have, in order to keep down its Congressional representation and its representation in the electoral college. The republicans are playing a bold game, but they may carry it too far. The facts will be fully exposed by the democrats when the apportionment bill comes up in Congress this winter.

The patronage of the Internal Revenue bureau is being used in an unscrupulous manner to defeat the election of the democratic Congressional nominees in West Virginia. Representative Wilson, who has rapidly come to the front on the democratic side of the House by his pluck and ability, passed through Washington this week. He said: "The Internal Revenue gang are hot after me, and the struggle as a result is close in my district. Men are drawing salaries from the Government whose sole duties are to work against me. I have the facts in my possession, subscribed and sworn to in some cases, and they cannot be controverted, and in other districts in the state it is equally as bad." It will not be surprising if Mr. Wilson makes an exposure of this whole business when Congress meets, whatever the result in his district may be. It will be a national loss to the democratic party if Mr, Wilson is defeated.

It looks as though Mr. Harrison's nerve had failed him and that the idea of calling an extra session of Congress for the purpose of passing the Force bill and the apportionment bill had been abandoned. It is still possible that he may issue the proclamation calling it after the election, and very probable should the democrats carry the House, as they will if there is an honest vote cast, and their voters go to the polls.

There are no new developments in the scramble for the place of the late Justice Miller on the bench of the Supreme Court. Attorney General Miller has returned from his visit to Indiana, but it has not transpired whether he succeeded in his effort to make a bargain that would result in the withdrawal of the opposition of the republican leaders of that State to his nomination to the vacancy. That opposition was strong enough last year to defeat his aspirations and if it should be exerted it will do it again but if a deal has been or can be made the Attorney General will get the prize.

The republican District Attorney here has decided that the crime of the recent republican Postmaster of the House, Wheat, in taking bribes, is not punishable under the law, because the law does not recognize the status of Congressional employes. Queer isn't it?

Some surprise is expressed by the thoughtless because the Hon. William Mahone is still wearing a straw hat. Mr. Mahone is so busy making things warm for the Administration in Virginia that his straw hat is none too cool for him.

present Candidate for Congress say in a public speech in Alderson the reason he was a republican, was that party favored mixed schools and that he would advise the white people to send their children to them and give them an education if mixed schools were put on them.

L. H. VANCE.

STATE OF WEST VA.,
County of Monroe, to wit:

L. H. Vance on his oath says that the above statement is true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Taken subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of October, 1890.

GEO. C. POLLOCK, [SEAL.]
Notary Public.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Having engaged in the Real Estate Business at Buena Vista, Va., which necessitates my absence from this county for the coming year I have concluded to rent my farm and sell a portion of my personal property. I will therefore sell, at public auction on WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER THE 12TH, 1890.

on my premises near Huntersville in Pocahontas County the following property.

20 young Horses, 15 Fine Milch Cows, 25 Head of Sheep, Calves Yearlings. 2 year old Heifers and Hogs, Wagons, Harness, Plows, Mowers, Reaper, Drill and various other improved farming implements A large quantity of corn and Hay. Also numerous articles of Household and Kitchen Furniture.

Terms: All sums of 10.00 or less. Cash. All sums over 10.00 on 18 months time (purchasers to execute bond with approved personal security) except for corn for which the cash will be required.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

GOODS,

AND PRICES

AT THE

Bottom.

Clothing and Gents' furnishing goods, Dry Goods, Mens' Ladies' and Childerns Shoes, Hats, Notions, Jewelry and all kinds of Canned Goods &c.

Come and see me and if I don't sell you something it will be a wonder to me.

JACOB BONER.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARQUIS.

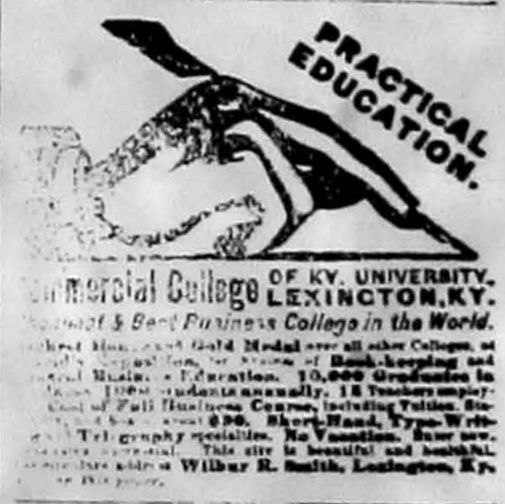
Monumental Architect

Staunton, Va.

G. C. COOPER, Agent,

Green Bank, W. Va.

Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices



LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Billiousness. All dealers keep it.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

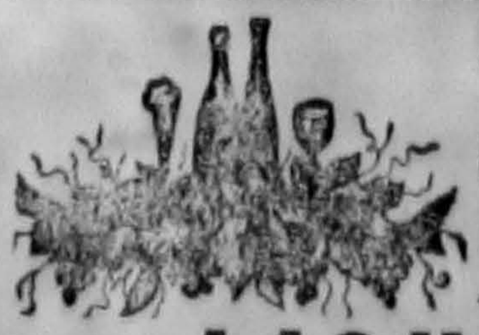
We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mauntain Grove, Va.



A. . McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.

County.

ge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
ecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
eriff, M. J. McNeel.
puty Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
essor, C. O. Arbogast.
m'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first onday in April, 3rd Monday in June d 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st onday in January, March, October d second Tuesday in July. July is ry term.

N. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

I CURE FITS!
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,
a life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

A SOLID STEEL FENCE!

MADE OF
EXPANDED METAL
STRONGEST, MOST DURABLE, CHEAPEST FENCE. SOMETHING NEW. Not Patented. Controlled by Patent. Agents Wanted. Write Ladies Mfg. Co. Chicago, Ill.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partizan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself an Independent candidate for Clerk, of the County Court of Pocahontas County.

If it should be your desire, on the 4th day of Nov. 1890 to elect me, I will pledge myself to perform the duties of said office to the best of my ability and also to be courteous and accommodating to the people.

Respectfully,
EDWARD C BARKLEY.

HOME NEWS

—Election next Tuesday.

—Everybody go to the election next Tuesday.

—The carpenter work on Attorney L. M. McClintic's new house is about completed.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, is visiting the booming towns of Va., this week.

—Geo. Bambric, Esq., and family, have moved to the city and taken charge of the Post office.

—A new side walk on Hill St., adds greatly to the appearance of that part of the city.

—We are authorized to announce Mr. Geo. P. Moore as an Independent candidate for Commissioner of County Court of Pocahontas County.

—Mr. P. M. Harper, of Knapp's creek, has been confined to his house for a couple of weeks by something like a neuralgic or rheumatic trouble, which was incipient in a straining of the spine.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of Mr. E. C. Barkley for clerk of the County Court. He is a worthy young man, and no doubt if elected would make an accommodating clerk.

—Mr. Geo. P. Moore in this issue announces himself a candidate for re-election as Commissioner of the County Court. It is generally conceded that Mr. Mooore has made and efficient officer during his term, and we simply make this statement in justice to him.

—Attorney C. F. Moore of this place and Attorney Edmiston, of Va., son of Judge Edmiston, have formed a law firm in Clifton Forge, for the special purpose of making abstracts of deeds for the towns of Clifton Forge and Iron Gate. This will necessitate Mr. Moore's being absent a great deal from Pocahontas.

—A new hotel in Staunton, Va., would be a great convenience to the traveling public. We happened to stop over there the other night and went to every so-called hotel in the place, and were unable to get accomodations for the night, consequently had to sit up.

Marlinton Matters.

The population of Pocahontas is reported by the late enumerators, 6,740, an increase of 1,149 over 1880. There is room for fifty thousand people in the limits of this county, if populated as densely as Rockingham county.

There has been quite a tide in the river, the result of the recent rains.

Six large rafts, have gone out under the supervision of Commodore Peters and Captains, Gay, Lakin, Calloson, and McCollum, and about thirty others. Nearly a quarter million of lumber, represented in the aggregate.

Squire Warwick, is visiting friends in this county. He is a gentleman of the old Virginia type, of

fall season with us. It reminds the writer of the delightful autumns, of Richmond city, and the vicinity of Hampden Sydney.

Yours as ever,
H. K. S.

Gillispie Budget.

D. C. Van Buskirk, of Elkins, was here last week buying cherry lumber.

Capt. J. S. Wamsley, of Randolph county, drove a lot of very fine yearling cattle through our burg last week. The Capt. says they are the best yearling cattle he has heretofore handled.

Some fiend in the shape of human shot a mare belonging to G. H. Sheets through the neck the first of last week.

Mr. Wm. F. Arbogast, of Winchester spent last Sunday at Green Bank.

Messrs. Gladwell and Arbogast of Green Bank have had several wagons over the road to Elkins for goods, they report the road from Beverly to Elkins nearly impassible.

Jacob Sheets has gone to Staunton for supplies for his lumber camp.

Capt. Steele is pushing the lumber business at Winchester with a vim.

John C. and J. Howard Arbogast of Huttonsville were over to Green Bank last Sunday attending their mothers funeral, which was preached there by the Rev. Ballengee.

POCAHONTAS.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

EDITOR TIMES: Having seen nothing from this part for some time, I will endeavor to give you a few items.

Our protracted meeting at this place, which was conducted by Rev. Balengee has closed.

Messrs. J. L. Arbogast and G. A. Keller, have returned from Monterey, Va., and other parts where they have been looking up mineral lands.

Miss Liza Arbogast, of this place, accompanied by her niece Pearlie Yeager, are visiting relatives at Green Bank, and attending the protracted meeting conducted by Rev. Ballengee.

J. D. Houchin caught a large Bear in his trap a few days since. We advise him to set his trap again.

Mrs. Isabel Slaven, who has been quite ill for some time past, we are glad to learn, is improving.

Mrs. P. D. Yeager, has returned from Dunmore, where she had been visiting her daughter Mrs. C. E. Pritchard.

TTAVELER.

Split Rock Splinters.

Mr. Wm. Vandervort and his grand-daughter Miss Annie King, have returned from a visit to relatives at Fairmont. Mr. Vandervort is a member of the Board of Directors of the penitentiary at Moundsville. He attended a meeting of the board at Moundsville while he was gone.

Judge J. W. Warwick, of Warm Springs, Va., is spending a few days with his daughter Mrs. A. C. L. Gatewood at this place.

The select school at this place will close Nov. 1st to open again, with the bright days of spring. The school has been in a decided success.

The free school at this place came to an abrupt close on the 14th inst. Mr. J. W. Price taught two months then his brother Andrew came to finish the term, he taught two or three weeks and decided that some other teacher might finish it. Mr. Price left for his home at Marlinton on the 15th. It will require three teachers to finish the free school.

Two gentlemen, of Ohio were here looking at the fine grazing

chase it.

Mr. F. W. Brown is sending his lumber in different directions. They will haul to Clover Creek and to Greenbrier Bridge from this county and it will be rafted to Ronceverte, that in Randolph he will ship from Elkins.

X. Y.

Dilley's Mill Items.

As this is a portion of our county seldom heard from we will send you a few items.

Plenty of rain.

Mr. Ed. Kincade, of Highland is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. Anderson Dilley has returned from Randolph, where he has been taking pictures.

The school at this place is progressing finely under the management of Miss Allice C. Clark.

Miss Mantie Bambric moved to Huntersville last week where she expects to make her future home her many friends were sorry to see her leave

Mr. Luther Sharp accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nelia, of Highland paid his friend a flying visit, his daughter expects to attend school at Frost.

SUNSHINE & SHADOW.

Commissioner's of Election.

The following are Commissioners appointed by the County Court to conduct the election to be held Nov. 4th, 1890:

Hillsboro District—W. W. Beard, R. W. Hill and J. B. Kennison.

Edray District—Wm. M. Sharp, G. K. Gay and Geo. Baxter.

Split Rock District—S. S. Varner, Silas Sharp and A. C. L. Gatewood.

Green Bank District—Geo. W. Siple, Josiah Beard and Adam Arbogast.

Dunmore District—E. N. Moore, B. L. McElwee and Geo. Arbogast.

Traveler's Repose District.—P. D. Yeager, Lafayette Burner and A. M. V. Arbogast.

Huntersville District—M. D. McGlaughlin, Sheldon Moore and C. F Moore.

Frost District—Wm. A. Sharp, Zane Moore and Henry Rider.

Preaching Notice.

Sacramental services at Liberty church the 1st Sabbath of November. Preparatory services on Saturday night before. Preaching Sabbath morning at the usual hour.

A Card.

I hereby give notice that I have severed my connection with the firm of Lam & O'Farrell. M. O'Farrell having purchased my interest will continue to carry on the business at the same place I bespeak for him the good will and patronage of the public.

Thanking our patrons for their custom and kindness extended. I am,

Very Respectfully,
C. D. LAM.

Having purchased the entire business of the firm of Lam & O'Farrell to take effect Nov. 1st, 1890. I will hereafter conduct the same at the old stand, and endeavor to give entire satisfaction in every respect and assume all liabilities.

Thanking our customers for their liberal patronage heretofore and sincerely wishing to merit a continuance of the same. I am,

Very Respet,
M. O'FARRELL.

FOR RENT.

A good log house three rooms. Forty acres of land to work.
Apply to
LANIER DUNN,
Warm Springs, Bath Co, Va.

ING CLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED

in the county, go to
C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the court-house thereof on the 7th day of October 1890.

On the coming in of petition signed by H. B. McClintic and more than ten other free holders of the Edray District (District No. 2) of this County, it is ordered, that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 62 of the code of 1887, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in the said County of Pocahontas, which publication shall be paid for by the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.

A copy teste,
JOHN J. BEARD,
Clerk.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

PATENTS.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

The Fall term will begin on the second Wednesday (10th) of September. New students will report for examination on Tuesday the 9th. Courses of study are offered in the Arts, Sciences, Engineering and Law. Also preparatory department. For information and catalogues apply to E. M. Turner, Morgantown, W. Va.

AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE

Has no equal—is delivered free everywhere. Please send full Post Office address, including County, and also your shipping address, including railroad station most convenient to you. One cent postal expense will bring to you something new and important for every family. For full particulars please send to No. 457 West 26th Street, New York City.

WRIT OF ELECTION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
September 24, 1890.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:
To the Commissioners of Election in the several Counties of the State:

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. T. C. Green, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1881, and ending on the 31st day of December, 1892, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virginia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several placet of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the the vacancy in saip office for said unexpired term.

In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.

[G. S.]

HOW STANLEY FOUND THE SECRET OF A CONTINENT'S LIFE.

Gigantic Heights Famed Since the Days of Homer—Ruwenzori, the Rainmaker or Cloud King—Peaks 19,000 Feet High.

It was June 12, 1889, just before sunset, that Stanley's tired eyes rested for the first time with unbeclouded gaze on Ruwenzori, the far-famed Mountains of the Moon. The weary column had halted at Utsora, the little native village in the valley of the Semliki, bounded on one side by the dark barrier of the forest and on the other by the crested banks of the river. Beyond was a field of snow, and farther on rose snow peaks. All during the day the expectant eyes of the travelers had rested on a long line of dark and solemn spurs whose summits were buried in leaden mists, but toward evening the upper extremities loomed up one after the other till a great line of shoulder-shaped hills broke the sky; then peak by peak struggled from behind night-black clouds till the giant of the hills, the mighty Rain-maker or Cloud King, in all its majestic desolation, was unveiled before their wondering eyes—a square-browed central mass thirty miles in length and white with snow. The upper part of the mountain seemed to be "poised in a void of unsurpassed clearness;" the dome was of dark-blue crystal enfolded in a broad zone of milk-white mist, which produced the impression of a spectral mountain island sailing in mid air.

As the sun descended the mist zone floated away and the apparition became fixed to nether regions of mountain slopes. This was the summit of the range, which is broken up into many sharp, triangular checks or narrow, saddled-shaped ridges, their tops hidden by everlasting snows, their flanks dark as night, looming like storm-clouds, their sides bare and unscalable, dropping through snowy fields to the valley below.

These were the mountains famed in song and story, of which fables have been woven, and of which poets sang; this the creation of the "sea of darkness," Albert Edward Lake; this the shrine at which Alexander and Cæsar longed to worship; the mysterious apparition that bewildered the traveler and then disappeared to mock him as with a mirage. They were placed on the map of Homer's world forty centuries ago and described as the springs that gave birth to the Nile in the region where the pilgrims dwelt, and since his day English and German, French and Flemish explorers have theorized and searched for them and given so much contradictory evidence about them that their latest discoveries, of the Emin relief expedition, give their chart to the world "conscious that some English or German map-maker will, from spleen or ignorance, surely shift their base forty or fifty miles southeast," and so expunge their labors. According to these advices, however, the Ruwenzon range is about ninety miles in length, projecting like an enormous bastion of an unconquerable fort, commanding from the northeast the approaches of the Albert Lake and the Semliki Valley, and on the southern side the whole basin of Albert Edward Lake. Its principal western drainage is the Semliki River, the great stream which connects Albert Edward and Albert Lakes, flowing south, and waters the populous country of the Awanbas; its southern drainage is into Albert Edward Lake, into which sixty-two streams from the Ruwenzori alone descend. The table-land surrounding the mountains is about 4000 feet above the sea, and the peaks are from 18,000 to 19,000 feet high.

The highest mountain of the range, the Cloud King, intercepts every breeze from south to east, preventing the exhalations of the valley from being blown in that direction, so that on their meeting the cold winds from the mountain summit they are distilled and reddiffused in copious showers. From north to west the northern range obstructs the free passage of the winds and converts the vapor into snow-white mist, which sails in broad, irregular streams and forms what Stanley describes as an inverted sky, an impenetrable veil which for 300 days in the year hides the great mountain range with its colossal crown. It was in character with the proverbial Stanley luck that the Emin relief expedition reached Albert Edward Lake at just that season of the year when the wonder of the dark continent was visible in all its rugged grandeur. Such explorers as have been disappointed, however, may take this comfort, that the peculiar position of Ruwenzori, which obstructs the free passage of the winds, secures for the valley that equable climate which fosters a marvelous vegetation, a vegetation so lush and luxuriant that the region is aptly called the national conservatory of the world; where bananas plants are eighteen inches in diameter two feet from the ground; where every tree stem has its robe of soft moss, every rock is clothed with lichens, every tree fern or horizontal branch with orchids, while rare and beautiful flowers distill marvelous perfumes. Best of all, where there are rains and dews and such a productive country, there is every present that should a Christian and ignorantly attributed [illegible] ter than any smiling hill or pleasant vale do these desolate heights brooding under the eternal storm clouds render service to mankind. The torrents that rush from their summits, carving out ravines hundreds of fathoms deep through the rocky core of the range, upturning huge boulders, making their way through dense forests and rank vegetation, at last find a reservoir which supplies the great river that is life and health to a land 4000 miles distant, and peoples of such varied nationalities that we are safe in saying that for this great mysterious mountain, the Cloud King, all nations may join in giving thanks. It is not the least of Stanley's services as leader of the relief expedition—practically perhaps it is the greatest—that he should have been the first to give it its proper geographical definition. He went out to rescue an entomologist, and found the secret of the life of a continent.—*Hartford Courant.*

The Story of a Ship's Bell.

When you visit the rooms of the Natural History Society in Boylston street ask the custodian to point out to you a ship's bell which rests upon one of the shelves. This bell has a history attached to it. About the year 1856 or 1857 a firm in this city sent out an expedition under the charge of Mr. Whipple, the noted submarine diver of the day, fully equipped with armor and divers, to explore the banks of the Gulf of Mexico for submerged articles of value. The expedition returned in due time from a successful trip, the vessel loaded with kentledge chains and anchors. Among the many craft discovered and explored was a British frigate. From this was taken the ship's bell, stamped with the broad arrow; also, from the hull, several sheets of copper stamped with the initials of the dock yard in which the frigate was coppered and also the year of its application. A statement of these facts, with a sheet of the copper, were sent to the late George Sumner, who was then in London. He placed them before his friend, the Earl of Clarendon, who was then connected with the British Admiralty. On examining the records of the dock yards it was ascertained that two frigates were coppered the year of the stamp and were sent on their way to join the fleet about to attack New Orleans, at the time of its successful defence by General Jackson. They were never heard of after leaving their moorings. One of these was the frigate discovered by Mr. Whipple. In this accidental way was communicated to the Government and friends of the officers and crew intelligence of the fate of the ship. Perhaps a second Whipple may discover the resting-place of the United States sloop of war Albany, which disappeared in the same waters, carrying to the bottom, among other noble souls, Lieutenant John Quincy Adams, grandson of the President of that name, who, if he had lived ten years longer, would have added lustre to his patriotic name and family. A more accomplished and gallant officer than Lieutenant Adams never trod the quarter deck. The bell is overhung with a massive canopy of coral, which is considered of great scientific value as showing the growth of the coral in a definite number of years.—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

Value of Broom Corn.

The value of broom corn has greatly decreased in thirty years. There was a time, "before the war," when broom corn grown in Illinois sold for $240 a ton. In more recent years one season's crop in Coles County alone sold for $850,000. But competition in its production has brought down the value of the brush. With cheaper land and better climate for the growth of the corn Kansas and Western Missouri are gradually taking the broom corn business away from Central Illinois. There has been no profit in broom corn raising here for two years. The farmers calculate that it costs $40 to produce a ton of brush. Sold at $70, and generally for less money, it becomes a less profitable crop than Indian corn. Its cultivation is similar to Indian corn, but it has the advantage of being harvested in a pleasant season of the year and at a time when no other farm work is at hand.

Broom corn seed is planted from May 10 to July 1. It is drilled into the ground with a corn planter, the rows being three feet apart. It matures in about 100 days. It must be cut while green, and is ready for the harvest when the corn is in bloom and the blossom begins to fall. The time of cutting is a very important feature to the farmer. As the seed ripens the brush becomes red, and red brush is unsalable. It must be cut so that when dry it is of a bright pea green color. The first move in the harvest is to "table" the cornstalks. This is done by the operator walking backward between two rows and breaking the stalks about waist high, crossing one over the other, so as to form a level topped "table." Then the cutters, walking between the tables, cut the brush, piling the cuttings from two tables together. Much of the value of the crop depends upon the conscience of the cutter. He must cut about eight inches of stem with the brush. More stem than this classes the brush as "long butts." If the brush is cut without a stem it is almost useless for broom making, and may not pass through the ma-

dent as having occurred there recently: "A man came up to my window and asked for a ticket to Palmetto. Another man was standing just behind and made the same request. As I handed out the two tickets Number One said to Number Two,—

"'Are you going to Palmetto?'

"'I am.'

"The two men looked hard at each other for a minute, and then Number Two asked,—

"'What's your name?'

"'Roonley—John Roonley. What's yours?'

"'Frank Roonley. I thought I knew you. You are my brother.'

"The two men were brothers and had not seen each other in forty years."

Lost to Sight.

General Sheridan was not a tall man, though he had a commanding presence. While he was an under-officer, he was one day drilling a company, and was annoyed by the unsoldierly appearance of a tall, round-shouldered Irish recruit.

"Don't stand in that way," Sheridan finally exclaimed, "You look like a Chinaman doubled over a wash-tub. Straighten up—form erect, chest out and chin elevated. Like this!"

Then the officer gave the man a superb example of the perfect soldier in parade movement, his eyes fixed unalterably away from earthly things.

"An' it's shtraight ahid I'll be afther lookin' all the toime?" asked the recruit, glancing down at his superior officer, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes; if you mean to be a respectable soldier, certainly."

The Irishman puffed himself out like a pigeon, and stepping off to the measured "Right!" "Left!" he exclaimed, "Well, good-boi to ye, Leftenant; I'll niver see ye agin."

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

"Which is the best way to get fat, doctor"? "Order from your butcher a piece of lean beef."

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Thing Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren street, New York.

The tea-kettle sings because it is always able to keep itself outside of hot water.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $25 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

When one lays hold of a severed bell-rope he fails to touch a responsive cord.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

The average burglar, though he may be regarded as a crook, is true as steel.

Distress After Eating

Indigestion And Dyspepsia Are Cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

ARE THE OLDEST FAMILY STANDARD.

A Purely Vegetable Compound, without mercury or other injurious mineral. Safe and sure always. For sale by all Druggists. Full printed directions for using with each package. Dr. Schenck's new book on The Lungs, Liver and Stomach SENT FREE. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED UNDER NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

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A LADY WANTED in every Town to sell WOMAN'S HAND BOOK. Just issued. Quick Sales. Big Pay at Home. Circ'rs Free. E. B. THRAT, Pub., New York.

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I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.

Write for information. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

An optimist is a man who has enjoyed "bully" good luck up to date.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Proprs., Toledo, O.

There is nothing square about gossip. It is always "going round."

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So positively certain is it in its curative effects as to *warrant* its makers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, *on trial!*

It's especially potent in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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BOOK PUB. HOUSE

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, November 27, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 17

Official Diretory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
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Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first class house in every respect.
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H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York

TO WEAK MEN

THE BROTHER'S RETURN.

BY H. A.

In a chamber on the top floor of a genteel city boarding house, a young girl of scarcely twenty sat at a table in a despondent mood. Before her was a brief note in a lady's hand, which she listlessly took up, and read as follows,—

"Mrs. Morgan regrets that she will have no further occasion for Miss Tremaine's services in the musical instruction of her children, having been advised by a friend to secure the services of Professor Mantoni."

This was certainly intelligible enough. Probably Mrs. Morgan did not know when she wrote this note that in withdrawing her patronage from the young girl she was depriving her of three-fourths of her income. So it was, however, and it was with a deep sinking of the heart that Margaret Tremaise read the four lines recorded above.

Margaret, as of course the reader will understand was a music-teacher. She had been reared in affluence but the sudden failure of her father, and his almost immediate death, had thrown her upon her own resources for support. She had a brother two years older, who had gone to California in search of employment. It was in the early days of the history of that State. Communication with the interior parts of the Pacific State was not as frequent as at present, and she had received only occasional letters. Thus far he had not met with great success in digging gold.

Through the influence of Margaret's friends she had obtained several music scholars at once, enough to defray her expenses, moderate as they had now become. She had taken an attic room in Mrs. Prescott's boarding house and had thus far been able to meet her weekly bills.

But this period of comparative prosperity came at length to an end. One family in which she had several scholars went abroad, and these were, of course lost to her. Another pupil was sent to a boarding-school. And now, to crown all, Mrs. Morgan withdrew her patronage, and the young girl was left with almost no income at all.

What to do she did not know.

She might advertise for pupils, but would she get them? Besides she could not spare the money which the advertisement would cost. With a feeling of dismay she saw utter destitution staring her in the face.

It was at this moment that a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," she said.

Raising her head as the door was opened, she recognized in the caller one of Mrs. Prescott's servants.

"Well, Bridget, what's wanted?" she said.

"Mrs. Prescott would like to see you in the parlor, miss."

"Now?"

"Yes, miss, if you please."

"Very well; say that I will come down immediately."

Before chronicling the interview about to take place, it may be necessary to say that Mrs. Prescott was a widow with an only daughter not remarkable for good looks. This young lady had for several months enjoyed the attentions of a young man, who was popularly supposed to be engaged to her. But to the great indignation of the landlady and her daughter, the young man young lady was quite innocent of encouraging him, but nevertheless was unjustly suspected of so doing by Mrs. Prescott and her daughter. The former determined, therefore, on one pretext or another to get rid of her troublesome boarder, hoping that the young man, when no longer exposed to her fascinations, would return to his first love.

It was with a view to this that Margaret was now summoned to the parlor. Although she had noticed the increasing coolness of Mrs, and Miss Prescott, she did not suspect the cause

As the time for giving a lesson to her sole remaining pupil was near at hand, she went down with her bonnet on.

"Excuse me coming in with my bonnet on Mrs. Prescott," she said as she entered the parlor; "but I am obliged almost immediately to go out to give a lesson, and did so to save the trouble of going up stairs again."

"Certainly," said the landly, stiffly.

"Bridget said you wished to speak to me." said Margaret, finding that the landly hesitated.

"Yes;" said the landlady, clearing her throat, "I wished to ask you if you can conveniently obtain another boarding place?"

"Indeed!" said Margaret, in utter surprise, looking from the mother to the daughter.

"Yes;" said Mrs. Prescott, "I think I shall want your room."

"May I ask," said Margaret, after a pause, "whether it is any personal objection to myself that leads to your request?"

Mrs. Prescott was about to answer in the negative, when her daughter no longer able to keep her indignation with her supposed rival within bounds, interrupted her bitterly.

"Yes, there is a reason and a good one, Miss Tremaine. Ma and I have noticed your underhand attempts to attract Mr. Colton's attention, when you knew well enough that he was engaged to me, or the same thing. We don't want any such sly people in the house, so now you know it."

"Indeed, Miss Prescott?" said Margaret quietly, for the acusation seemed so absurd that it did not disturb her, "you are under a strange delusion. I certainly have no wish to appropriate Mr. Colton's attentions. As to his wants I have nothing to say. I shall be glad to congratulate you on your engagement with him."

"Oh, no doubt," said the young lady sneeringly, "This comes very well after you have done all you could to prevent it."

"Do you believe this ridiculous story, Mrs. Prescott?" demanded Margaret, turning to the landlady.

"I did not intend to have my daughter mention it," said Mrs. Prescott coldly, but it certainly has seemed to me that you have flirted with Mr. Colton as I should not wish a daughter of mine to flirt."

"Then you are very much mistaken." said the young girl indignantly. "Mr. Colton may be a very estimable young man, but he has no attractions for me! I have not the least desire to attract him. He has been polite to me on one or two occasions, but it was by no desire of mine. If I could marry him to morrow, I should not wish to do so."

"Sour grapes!" said Miss Prescott sneering.

"You may call it what you have no wish to stay here any longer. I will leave to morrow when my week is up."

Just then the painful thought flashed upon Margaret that she had not enough left even to pay a week's board, and it was hardly to be supposed under the circumstances that Mrs. Prescott would be very indulgent. She turned pale and sick at heart, and stood for a moment in the middle of the floor when the door was thrown open and a young man entered, ushered by Bridget. While the ladies were so occupied in the discussion of this matter, the bell had rung without either being aware of it.

Scarcely had Margaret lifted her eyes, and suffered them to rest on the stranger, than with a cry of joy she rushed to his arms, exclaiming, "Dear Henry how glad I am to see you."

The andlady and her daughter stood by in statue-like surprise, not recognising the visitor. Miss Prescott, who did not know of the relationship, had her eyes demurely cast down, shocked by Margaret's indelicacy in thus openly embracing a young man.

When the greeting was over, Margaret turned to Mrs. Prescott with an explanation—

"This is my brother Henry," said she, "unexpectedly returned from California."

"I wish I hadn't made a fuss," thought Miss Prescott. "He's much bet'er looking than Mr. Colton."

"Indeed!" said the landlady more graciously, for she perceived that he was well dressed. "I think I can find a room for your brother if he would like to be near you."

"You forget," said Margaret significantly, "that I am going away to morrow."

"Oh," said the landlady, coughing, "there's no need of that. I have no doubt we have been mistaken, and—"

"I think it will be best," said Margaret, decisively, and the landlady and her daughter considerably crestfallen, retired, leaving brother and sister alone.

"Congratulate me Margaret," said he, when the landlady had withdrawn. "I do not return empty handed. Two months before leaving California I stumbled upon a monster nugget, which with my claim I sold for twenty thousand dollars. I have come back to embark in my father's old business on this capital; and you, Margaret, shall look after my household, until you have one of your own. You must give up your music scholars."

"That will be easily done," said Margaret, smiling, "since all but one have given me up."

"Have you suffered from poverty?" asked the brother anxiously.

"No, Henry, but I should, but for your opportune return."

Margaret was soon installed as mistress of a pretty little establishment. But in less than a year she found some one who needed her more than her brother, and changed her name from Miss to Mrs. Henry spared her the more readily, as there was a young lady who was all ready to take her place at the head of the table. It was not Miss Prescott, however. That young lady is still unmarried, the faithless Mr. Colton having transferred his affections elsewhere.

Husband—Yes, Winker urged me to go into the saloon with him, and I had to.

Benedict—A baby asleep always makes me think of heaven.

Bachelor—It always makes me think what a blessed thing sleep is.

McCorkle—"Did I tell you about a fish swallowing a snake that I saw while away on my vacation?"

McCrackle—"No; but before you begin I want to ask you one question." "All right." "Is this a snake story or a fish story?"

Judge—What is the charge against this man?

Officer—Cruelty to animals, Your Honor. He was blowing smoke in a horse's face.

Judge—I shall discharge him. This Court cannot have its time taken up with any such trival affairs.

Officer—But, Your Honor, it was cigarette smoke.

Judge—Ninety days.

"What time is it now?" asked Mrs. Fangle, as she puffed and panted into the waiting room, followed by Mr. Fangle and a miscellaneous assortment of small Fangles.

"Fifteen minutes to wait," replied Fangle, as soon as he could disengage himself from the boxes, bundles and bags with which he was loaded, and look at his watch.

"Fifteen minutes to eight!" gasped Mrs. Fangle. "And the train went at half-past seven. Then we've missed it Mr. Fangle and it's all your fault," she went on, without stopping to punctuate her speech by so much as a comma. "I knew you would be late with your exasperating slowness. You just wasted all that time shaving when you might just as well have shaved when you got to Aunt Mary's. What in the world will she think of us, I'd like to know, after driving five miles to meet us at the station, only to find we haven't come. I'm sure your cousin Joe never treats her invitations like that, and dear knows our children need Aunt Mary's money as badly as ever Joe Hawkins does. I declare it's enough to aggravate a saint. Now we can't go till to morrow, and we'll have to telegraph right away that we've missed the train. It's very stupid of you, and it's all your fault. I never saw such a man in all my life."

Then Mrs. Fangle sat down, exhausted, and tears stood in her eyes.

"I don't know why you are going on like that, I'm sure," said Fangle, now that he had an opportunity to speak. "What in the world do you mean? We hav'nt missed the train, and we have plenty of time even now."

"Don't it leave at half-past seven?" Mrs. Fangle asked.

"Yes."

"And didn't you tell me it was a quarter to eight?"

"No; I said we had fifteen minutes to wait."

"Well, I think you are real mean, Mr. Fangle, and I believe you said it that way just to aggravate me. So there! Now go and get the tickets, or we'll miss the train after all."

IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 27, 1890.

The next Speaker of the House of Representatives will be a democrat; that's as much as we care to know.

Senator Quay isn't getting much sympathy from the republican press: in fact one has but to read between the lines to see that many republican editors are really glad of his downfall.

Men are being mentioned now as Presidential possibilities who will actually be entirely forgotten before 1892. Too much "previousness" has been the death of more political booms than any single cause.

Let the democrats of the House elect their ablest and strongest man to be Speaker, and good democrats will not ask or care what state or section he hails from; a weak man in the Speaker's chair can do the party irreparable damage.

The speeches at the "Old Roman Banquet," given in honor of Hon. Allen G. Thurman, at Columbus, Ohio, on the 13, inst., represented all that is best in democracy, and are worthy of being preserved in permanent book form for the edification of future generations of democrats.

We boastfully speak of this Government as being of, by, and for the people, and of this country as being controlled by the majority of its voters. In both we are, to a great extent mistaken. Here are the facts, let us carefully consider them, for sooner or later the time will come when this very condition of affairs will endangyr the very existence of this republic. On the 4th day of November, 1890, an unprecedented majority of the voters rendered a most emphatic verdict against the republican Congress and administration, by electing more than two-thirds of the HoLse of Representatives. In Monarchial Great Britain such an election would have compelled an immediate and entire change of administration, with the exception of the Queen, who is after all but an expensive and almost powerless figure head for that government. What is the result here? Practically nothing, so far as the policy of this Government is concerned. The newly elected House will not meet until the first Monday in December, 1891, more than a year hence, unless called together in extraordinary session by the President before that date. And when it does meet it cannot dot an "i" or cross a "t" in any law upon our statute books without obtaining the consent of the President and a majority of the Senate, powers, which notwithstanding the rebuke of the people, still exist to thwart the will of a majority of the country's voters which grew on both sides of the track over 100 Indians rose up stretched a strong rope across the track, braced themselves, and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterward learned, they had taken rawhide strips, braided them together, and, with a force of fifty at each end of the rope, thought that they would be able to stop the train. The instant the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indians They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the train, and more than a dozen were killed or seriously injured. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains."

furnish the country the evidence of the good intentions of the democratic party, for even should there be republican Senators enough who would vote with the democrats to modify or repeal the obnoxious and unpopular McKinley tariff law, which is extremely doubtful, the republican President, whose term lasts exactly as long as that of the Fifty second Congress, would be certain to veto all such measures. It will require another victory in 1892 to enable the people to realize the fruits of the one just won over the republican party. This will never be a real Government, of, by and for the people, until such changes have been made as will enable the response to the popular will, on the part of the governing powers, both executive and legislative, to be immediate.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov., 21—Every democrat in the country is interested in Washington this winter, because of the important political events certain to occur here. In the first place, the democratic minority in Congress, feeling that the policy of their party has been endorsed by the country, are determined to resist every attempt of the republicans to pass radical political legislation, and they expect the moral support of every democrat.

It is also proposed that the republicans shall, if possible, be made to provide for the big deficit in the National Treasury, which their wasteful and extravagent legislation has made a certainty for the next fiscal year, instead of leaving it for the democratic House of the Fifty second Congress to do. At least if they cannot be made to adopt the necessary legislation to provide the money to meet his deficit, the attention of the country can be called to their refusal or neglect to do so, and the blame placed where it properly belongs. It is now admitted by Government officials that by the end of the next fiscal year our annual payments for pensions will have reached $200,000,000.

The struggle which will take place this winter between Mr. Blaine and Speaker Reed for the control of the republican party machine will be decidedly exciting, and democrats are very much interested in it, because for one thing, it embraces the fate of the Force bill. If Mr. Blaine becomes the dictator of the party's policy the Force bill will at once be shelved for good and all, and reciprocity, which has in a sense, become Mr. Blaine's special trade-mark will be used as a salve for the many and grevious wounds that the republican party has inflicted upon the country. If Mr. Harrison in his annual message recommends the passage of the Force bill, as it is believed here that he will, it will show that Spaeker Reed has more influence with him than Mr. Blaine; but if on the other hand the message ignores the Force bill, then it may be presumed that Mr. Blaine is still in Supreme command at the White House.

The immense vote cast by the Farmers Alliance in States which have for many years been reliably republican has thrown the republican leaders into a panic, and they are puzzling their bewildered brains to get up a scheme that will get back their lost voters. At a conference of prominent republicans held here a few days ago Mr. Blaine was deputed to ascertain whether by making concessions, in the shape of legislation at this session of Congress the alliance men could not be pacified, and the result is, that a confidential agent of ly knows what he talks about," that he is authorized to enter into a deal with them if they will agree, in return for the passage of a bill for the free and unlimited coinage of silver or some other bill that will largely increase the amount of money in circulation, to support the National republican ticket in 1892.

By the way, speaking of the Farmers Alliance, Representative Outhwaite, of Ohio, said here a day or two ago, that if the combination, which has been more or less talked about, between the Alliance and the labor organizations of the cities could be brought about that he believed they could elect the next President I know that the Alliance people are doing their level best to bring about that combination.

It is now regarded as so certain that there will be an extra session of the Fifty second Congress held in the Spring that several of the gentlemen who have announced themselves as candidates for Speaker of the next House have opened headquarters here and begun their campaign for the position Only a small proportion of the democratic majority in the next House are members of the present Congress, but owing to the nearness of the National campaign and the great political interests now centered at Washington it is expected that nearly all of them will be here within the next few weeks. So far the contest for the Speakership is being conducted in the best of humor, and I see no reason why it should not continue to the end in the same spirit, except the disposition on the part of certain news papers to make it appear as a fight between Governor Hill and Mr. Cleveland.

Only two of the republican members of the House committee on Ways and Means, which is responsible for the McKinley tariff bill, have received certificates of election to the next House, and one of them—Burrows, of Michigan—is to have his right to a seat contested on the ground of fraud. The other one is McKenna, of California, who it will be remembered made a minority report against the sugar schedule of the tariff bill. So that it looks as if none of the men who fathered that bill as a whole received the endorsement of their constituents, all of which shows the good sense of the constituents.

Not two years ago, by something over three months, the republicans took charge of the Government, finding a big surplus in the Treasury. Since then our receipts have constantly increased and yet is now necessary to consider how we may increase the income of the Government. in order to raise the money to meet its annual expenditures. That tells the story.

Charley Jones, a brother of the Rev. Sam P. Jones, shot Jim Young colored, three times on Main street, Cartersville. Georgia, on Saturday evening. He died in twenty-five minutes. Jones is in jail.

One Trial Was Enough.

"When the Kansas Pacific was first opened," said B. W. Vedder a locomotive engineer, "the Indians were very hostile, and there was constant fear that they would wreck the trains. That they did not is due to their ignorance of the iron horse and of the best methods of destroying it.

"One of my firemen had an experience with the Cheyennes that he will never forget. He was on the road near Fort Wallace, when he saw that the Indians had cut the telegraph wire, and knew that he might look out for squalls. They were never satisfied with simply cutting the wire, but chopped it

Deafness Can't be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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1891.

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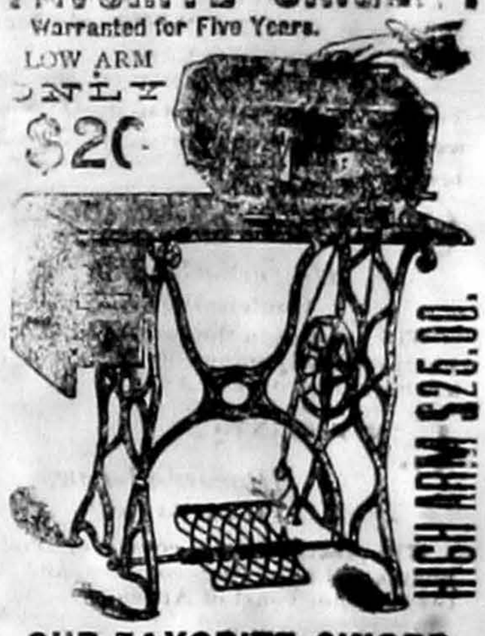

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HOME NEWS

—Only 28 days until Christmas.

—Did you have a turkey for Thanksgiving? We didn't, and haven't had one since the war.

—Quite a large crowd attended Mr. H. M. Lockridge's sale on the 18th instant, and everything brought a good price.

—The Pocahontas County Musical Association convenes at this place to-night, (Thursday) and will continue several days.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., Esq., of the firm of Loury & Doyle, merchants, of this place was in Baltimore last week, and purchased, we suppose, some fancy Christmas goods.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic and wife are visiting parents at Buckeye and friends in the Level's this week.

—Main street above Hotel by Wagner is being widened and a new side walk will soon be built which will greatly add to the appearance of our little city.

—Mrs. Agnes Levesay and Miss Julia Beard, of Lewisburg are guests of Mrs. Jno. J. Beard, and Mrs. C. F. Moore this week.

—Mrs. A. S. Clark, and son Walter of Academy were visiting at Dilley's Mill the first of the week also Mrs. Jennie Clark of same place and little son were guests of Mrs. John J. Beard, of this place.

—H. M. Lockridge, formerly of near this place but now of Buena Vista, Va., and Mr. B. F. White were in Huntersville the first of the week.

—Edray Farmers Alliance will meet at Mt. Pleasant school house on the 1st Saturday in Dec., for the purpose of electing Delegates to the County Alliance and to attend to other important Business.

—Mr. W. F. Hull, of Edray, passed through Huntersville Tuesday on his way home from taking his son French to the railroad where he started for Colorado for his health. He has been in bad health for some time past, and his many friends sincerely hope for his speedily recover, and return home.

—License to marry were issued to the following persons by our Clerk: Frank N. Jackson to Maggie J. Dilley, of near Dilley's Mill; Alvin G. Dilley to Mary a Gum, of Sitlington's creek; Geo. Wilmoth to Lillie W. Beverage, of Top of Alleghany and Lewis Wheeler to Sallie Truss, (col) of Edray.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. Kell Liveray and Miss Mary Belle, who have been visiting at Mr. Preston Clark's, have returned to their home at Frankford.

Mrs. Agnes Levesay and Miss Julia Beard, of Lewisburg, were visiting at Mr. Joe McNeel's last week.

Mr. J. W. Levesay, of Frankford, spent a few days with his sister Mrs. Lillian Larue, last week.

Mrs. Lucy Hill is very ill at this time with fever.

Mr. Gilbert Sharp, of Huntersville is visiting his sister Mrs. Clara Overholt.

Miss Janet Burnett, who has been visiting at Mrs. Lizzie McNeel's has returned to her home at Staunton.

Mr. Henry Shearer spent Sunday with his daughters at this place.

Mrs. A. S. Clark and son Walter and Miss Jennie Clark a little son Forest are on a visit to friends and relatives at Huntersville and Dilley's Mill.

Mr. A. W. Ludington and wife who have been visiting at her father's, Mr. G. W. Beard have returned to her home at Rosecrete.

A Card.

THE TIMES of November 6th, 1890, contains a card over the signature of C. F. Moore, perporting to be a reply to a card of S. L. Brown, in which Mr. Moore, states that he counseled time and again with me and that I was heartily in favor of a primary. To some extent this is true. I told Mr. Moore *that if the party determined to place a ticket in the field for the County Offices*, I was in favor of a primary instead of a Convention, but I spoke only for myself, and the statement that I told him, that a primary was what Mr. Brown wanted, is absolutely false, but I did tell him that Mr. Brown would abide by the decision of the primary, not that he wanted one. This card is simply to vindicate Mr. Brown.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

"Tho' some spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours
By sweet experience know
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

It is the writer's belief these lines will find a beautiful realization in the married life of the interesting young persons, whose marriage occurred in Huntersville, Thursday, Nov. the 13th inst. By common consent it is agreed, that one of the more notable of recent society events, was the marriage of John E. Campbell, Editor of the POCAHONTAS TIMES and Miss Effie Sharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sharp.

The nuptials were celebrated at the Southern Methodist Church in the presence of an immense assembly gathered not only from the immediate vicinity, but from various sections of the County.

Near the hour appointed while the sun shone brightly and all the air was serene and balmy the bridal party reached the Church.

Preceded by the officiating ministers Wm. T. Price and L. F. Snapp and attended by the friends selected for attendants the groom and his lovely bride approached the altar and assumed the conventional vows prescribed by the christian faith.

The following persons were attendants and performed their parts quite handsomely indeed: Mr. Bonde Hannah and Miss Dosia Sharp; Mr. Robt. Burns and Miss Sadie Hamilton; Mr. Clyde Kinports and Miss Mollie Campbell; Mr. Gilbert Sharp and Miss Mattie Curry; Mr. Henry White and Miss Minnie McElwee; Mr. French Hull and Miss Leila Hull.

Without giving particulars suffice it to say the bride and her friends were attired most becomingly. Their costumes were arranged in fine taste, and all composed a charming tableau that was admired by all and which leaves upon the mind a very beautiful memory.

J. K. S.

A Big Movement.

A dispatch from Fairmont, to the Baltimore American, under date of Nov. 14, says:

About ten days ago James G. Blaine, Stephen B. Elkins, ex United States Senator Henry G. Davis and others made a flying trip over the West Virginia Central Railroad. It turns out that this visit was taken in connection with the recent purchase of 25,000 acres of valuable coal land in the county reached by the West Virginia Central Road. It is also known that the same interest has just acquired 15,000 acres of coal in Monongalia county. It is the purpose in the early spring to extend the West Virginia Central from Elkins to Philippi, thence along the valley of the Tygart river to Grafton, on the Baltimore & Ohio; thence to Fairmont. Three engineer corps are now running lines through Webster, Pocahontas, Greenbrier and Monroe counties, and thence across the mountains to a connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio at Goshen, Va. This road will open up a vast extent of undeveloped coal, iron and timber country, of which many thousand acres have been bought by the head of the enterprise. The road will also be of great advantage to Pittsburg, giving her manufacturers easy access to vast deposits of raw materials.—Valley Virginian.

In Memoriam.

Death comes to all equally, and makes all equal, whether great or small, young or old, rich or poor learned or unlearned, on the land or on the sea, at home and surrounded by friends and loved ones, or abroad, and among strangers. If anything can be a consolation in the presence of death, certainly to sicken and die in the midst of hosts of sympathizing friends, must contribute something toward releiving the last dread agonis of body and mind Thus amid the most favorable surrounding conceivable, all things considered passed away John Gay, Esq., of Marlinton, W. Va., on Monday evenings 3. P. M. October, 20th, 1890, aged 89 years 4 mo. and 24 days, having been born May 26th, 1804.

He was born, and lived through a long and eventful life, and died on the same farm, dying very near the spot where he was born, thus demonstrating that he was not only a 'Home maker by his energy, but a lover of his home and family, as many who are yet living can testify who have been in the days past and gone, made the welcome partakers of his generous hospitality.

In integrity he took a high stand early in life, being called to fill the office of Sheriff of his county at the age of 24 years during the years 1828 and 1829.

During twenty eight years of his life, he held the office of Justice of the peace, and was twice called by his fellow countrymen to represent them in the Virginia Legislature at Richmond, Va., 1839 to 1841 and 1843 to 1845.

His progenitors both paternal and material were of Scotch Irish decent, and more than one hundred years, were among the first families of the "Old Dominion, his father Robert Gay having moved to the territory of which Pocahontas Co., is a part, from Rockbridge Co., Va., before the dawn of the present century and while the Redmen of the forrest, still claimed this county as their hunting ground.

During a camp meeting held by the Methodists, on Droop Mountain, W. Va. early in September, 1877. The subject of this sketch, gave his heart to God, and his name to the Church, and for thirteen years adorned his profession with an upright walk and chaste conversation, and during his last serious illness, which began on the 9th of September last, and ended with his death on 20th of October following, he very clearly and consolingly realized and enjoyed the fruits of the spirit of adoption, into the family of God's redeemed, and gave evidence of his acceptance in the Beloved Savior, all through his illness by often desiring his attendants and visiting friends to engage in singing some of the beautiful songs of "Zion," and offering prayer at his bed-side,—he seemed to enjoy these exercises very much and to his bereaved friends this is a consoling thought,—indicating very clearly that John Gay, Esq., left a good home below, for a better "Home" above. Often during his illness he expressed his calm and certain reliances upon the promises, mercy, and goodness of God.

A very large concourse of people attenned his, funeral, which was conducted by Geo. P. Moore and Rev. W. T. Price, at his home and at the cemetery, being buried with the usual Methodist ritual, at a grave-yard near the residence of Mr. George Gibson, upon a part of the original Robt. Gay farm, on Tuesday evening Oct. 21st, 1890.

All the friends (which were many) of the deceased, heartily sympathize with his bereaved and aged companion, who is now left to travel the balance of life's journey along, but still surrounded by some of her children and many friends.

WISEBURG, Jackson Co., W. Va., Nov. 11ht, 1890.—ED. TIMES, Dear Sir: Please publish the following:

DIED—At his home on Little Sandy, near Ravenswood, Jackson Co., Wm. Slaven, on 5th day of Nov., 1890, aged 92 years, 4 months and 4 days. He was born near what is known as Traveler's Repose, Pocahontas County. He lived a long and influential life, was always highly honored and held in high esteem where he lived. He represented his native County one session in the Legislature and was justice of the peace for a number of years and filled many offices in the different counties of which he lived with honor to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the people he served. He moved from Pocahontas more than fifty years ago, first to Lewis county, then to Wirt and then to Jackson.

He was a man of fine mind a great reader, and retained his faculties to a remarkable extent to almost the very last. He was one of the best posted men in the country on the current issues of the day. He was truly a great and a good man. He joined the Presbyterian church early in life, but for many years previous to his death he was Southern Methodist, ever cheerful and pleasant, and very popular with all, both old and young, and he died in peace with all mankind, expressing himself entirely willing and ready for the change. He was buried by the Masons to which order he belonged.

The Sweetest Sound to Counsel for the Defence.

The great Dan Voorhees of Indiana and the equally great, if not so celebrated, Joe Mann of Danville once defended a man charged with murder in Edgar county. This case was a serious one for the defendant, and Voorhees and Mann exhausted their talent in his defence, with scarcely a hope of successfully proving his innocence. The trial was long and bitterly contested: the jury was out for hours, and finally this verdict was read in court: "We the jury, find the defendant not guilty."

As the reading of the verdict broke the stillness of the court room, Voorhees sprang to his feet, seized Mann by the arm with a clutch that nearly took a piece out, and in a hoarse, commanding whisper, said; "Come on! Let's take a walk." They left the court room and walked in silence down the street for some distance. Then Voorhees stopped, laid his hand on Mann's arm, and said, impressively:

"Joe, you're a good citizen, and I believe if justice is done you you'll get to heaven. We are told that in that land of perfect peace and rest there shall be heard such music as mortal ear has never heard. Sweet tones will ring on every hill; grand bursts of song will rise from myriad happy souls in praise of their Redeemer; murmuring melody will float along on every balmy breeze, and exquisite music will everywhere and forever thrill the ecstatic senses of the blest—but, Joe, in that heavenly land you will never hear a sound so sweet to human ear as the utterance of these words: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty. Now let's go and take a drink."

BY CUTTING this out, telling where you saw it, and sending 10 2c stamps, or postal note for sixty cents, to the WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O., you will receive the Weekly Bee by mail, postage paid, till January 1st, 1892. The Bee has 8 large pages, 8 columns each, making one and one quarter miles of reading each year. It is one of the best general Weeklies in the United States, has all the news, great Serials, Household, Farm, Children's Hour, Fun, Puzzles, Music, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $3.00 to $10.00 per week and upwards. Address, THE BEE, Box 1028, Portland, Maine.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Page, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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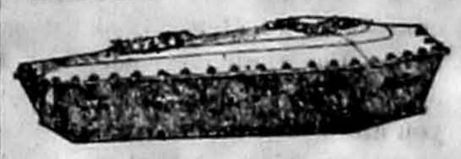

in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,

AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,

Dunmore, W. Va.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court house thereof on the 7th day of October 1890.

On the coming in of petition signed by H. H. McClintic and more than ten other freeholders of the Edray District (District No. 2) of this County, it is ordered, that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 62 of the code of 1887, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in the said County of Pocahontas, which publication shall be paid for by the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.

A copy teste,

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 27, 1890.

Identified at Last.

"You'll have to be identified, before I can cash this check for you, madam," said the pompous cashier of a down town bank to a tall, leathery, hook-nosed woman in a green and red and blue dress and before the war bonnet, who presented herself at his window one afternoon, when the rush of business was greatest.

"Identified? what's that? asked the woman.

"Why, that you'll have to bring some one here who knows you to be the person named on this check.

"Well, I—I—why—I—No, it cayn't be! yes, it is too. Ain't you Henry Smith?"

"That is my name, madam," he replied coldly.

"I knowed it, and you don't reckonember me, Hen. Look at me agin. I'm changed some, an' so air you, but I jist knowed I'd seen you afore the minnit I clapt eyes on ye. You've got that same old cast in your left eye and nose still crooks a little to the left and you're a Smith all over. And you don't know me? Don't reckonember Salindy Spratt that you useter coax to become Salindy Smith. Hee, hee, hee! 'Member me now, don't yer, Hen? 'Member how ye useter haul me to school on your sled an' ki-s me in the lane an' call me your little true love when we wuz boy an' gal together? 'Member how you cut up 'cause I give ye the mitten an' tok up with Li Link whose w fe I now be? Land, Hen, I could stand here all day talkin' over them old times back on the farm but I reckon you're busy now. You kin identify me now, can you, Hen?"

"Hen" did so, but in a mood that almost produced apoplexy, and those who witnessed the re-union of these long separated friends wondered that "Hen's" glance of identification did not strike Salindy Spratt Link dead.

Evening up Things.

I had a room next to a commercial traveler in a St. Louis hotel, and when both of us were packing up to go, after a stay of three or four days, I heard a sudden crash in his room and went in to ascertain the cause. He had the lounge on its back and had broken off a leg.

"You see," he explained, in an answer to my look of inquiry, "I am getting even with the house."

"How do you mean?"

"Sit down, my dear fellow," he continued, as he reached up and cracked one of the gas globes with the door key. "Let us theorize a bit. The object of a hotel is to furnish a temporary home for a man away from his own. The idea is to feed and lodge him and make him comfortable for a money con-

wouldn't been half waited on. That's more blackmail. How was the gas in your room?"

"Very poor."

"Exactly. It is turned off so that no one can get half a light. That's a fraud on the guests. Did you drink at the bar?"

"A glass of beer."

"And they charged you ten cents and the glass was only a pony. They made fully 700 per cent. profit on that beer. That is extortion. Did you have icewater at night?"

"Yes, two or three times."

"And you gave the bell boy a dime each time. You felt that you had to. He felt that you ought to and stood waiting for it. That was more extortion. Did the mosquitoes bother you any?"

"Yes, nearly ate me up."

"And why not? There's not a screen of any sort at any window in the whole house. In other words the landlord hasn't the slightest care for your comfort. He won't go to the least cost or trouble to give you a good night's sleep. Buy any cigars in the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Well, they made from 150 to 200 per cent. on them. Have any laundry?"

"Yes."

"Well they charged you from 75 to 100 per cent. above outside prices. Perhaps you had a coupe?"

"Yes."

"Ordered it through the office probably?"

"Yes."

"Well, you paid from 25 to 50 per cent. above regular outside rates. A man took your hat at the dining room door. He is stationed there to bleed the public, and he bled you. If you got shaved, you paid twenty-five per cent. over outside rates. Same if you got a shine on your shoes. As a matter of fact, you have been blackmailed and robbed from basement to top story. Now, then, how are you going to get even?"

"I don't know."

"Then learn. I have broken a leg off that lounge. The fact won't be discovered for a week or two. No one can say I broke this globe. I take this bottle of ink and pour it on the carpet and move the bureau along. With my knife I rip a slit in this mattress. It's on the underside, and won't be seen for a month. I take this paper and crowd it into the overflow pipe of the wash stand and three or four days hence they will have to call a plumber. Now, with my knife I crack two of the upper panes of this window. The pieces will work loose before snow flies. I rack these bureau drawers so and so, and shut them up, and that will give the carpenter a job. That's all, I guess, and I'll leave it to any fair minded man if I have more than evened up accounts.

A Bargain in Crabs.

"I like to do a little black bass fishing now and then," said Dr. Tompkins, of Penn Yan, "but I'm not one of those enthusiastic people who can't get along without it. The other day, though, a friend of mine came in with a fine catch of bass, and the sight of them rather put me in the humor of going out and getting a lot myself.

"What did you catch 'em with?" I asked my friend.

"Crabs," he said.

"We call crawfish 'crabs' in Penn Yan. I had heard before that crabs were good bait for black bass and thinking that I might get some fish out of them as well as anybody on a day's outing with, but I guess I won't have any trouble getting two or three nice bass, anyhow."

"I was about leaving the creek when I met a small boy. He was a Penn Yan small boy and he had nerve, and he hailed me familiarly and said:

"'Hullo, mister. What you after?"

"I told him I was gathering crabs for bait, but that they were powerful scarce.

"'What'll you give me to get you some?" inquired the small boy.

"I thought it would be a nice thing to have a couple of dozen or so of crabs, for I'd want to be going out after more bass the next day, and knowing what a tough and tedious time I'd had getting only five, I thought I'd make it worth the boy's while spending a day tugging and sweating among the stones, and so I said I'd give him five cents apiece for crabs.

"'How many'll I git you? he asked.

"'Oh, all you can,' I replied, feeling that all he could get would certainly be few enough.

"'All right!' he said, and I went up the lake a mile or so with my five crabs to get some bass for my supper. I fished all the rest of the day and never got as much as a bite. It was supper time when I pulled for home.

"'The next man that says crabs to me,' I said to myself, 'it won't go well with.'

"After supper I was sitting in my office, feeling a little sore yet over my day's fishing, when a knock came to the door. I opened it, and there stood the small boy I had hired to gather crabs for me. I had forgotten all about him.

"'Hullo, mister!" he said. 'I got some!'

"Crabs were the very last thing I was hankering after just then, but of course a bardain was a bargain.

"'All right,' I said. 'Fetch 'em in.

"The small boy stepped aside and immediately appeared again, accompanied by another small boy. Each boy lugged in a big tobacco pail. Each pail was filled with crabs.

"'Great heavens!' I exclaimed. 'How many have you got?'

"'There's two thousan,' mister, said the small boy I had bargained with. 'But we'd 'a' got a lot more if the pails had been bigger.'

"Two thousand crabs! If you'll take the trouble to figure on that you'll find that at five cents apiece 2,000 crabs will come to just an even $100, and that was the price per crab I had bound myself to pay. While those boys had nerve I've an idea that their ideas of financiering were crude, for after some exceedingly anxious and apprehensive argument with them I induced them to compromise on a basis of labor by the day, and even then they made such a good thing out of me that the next man who mentions crabs to me will stand an excellent chance of having the price of that day's work taken out of his hide. I returned those crabs to Keuka outlet, and any one who wants to may go there and catch them—if they can."

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ACHE

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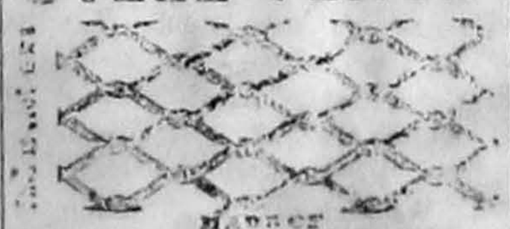

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 11, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 20.

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...yor, Geo. Baxter

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Huntersville, W. Va.
...ractice in the courts of Poca... and adjoining counties, and in ...me court of Appeals.

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MANY CHRISTMASES.

The Pine Tree Tells The Story of Its Life.

I grew in a wild, tangled forest on the edge of a bluff o'erlooking the sea. At first, I watched the little spring flowers unfold their leaves and blossoms, then the glad summer came, and the woods grew green and dark; after that they changed to red and gold, then all this faded and my home looked dull and cold; just as yours do, little ones, when the fire goes out. I did not like this gloom, for I was such a baby tree; the sea and the wind would moan and wail together, and all the great trees in the forest looked so sad. But at last the beautiful snow came; then I liked winter best of all, for I thought the snow flakes were the pretty dead flowers turned to angels, coming down from Heaven to comfort me; then, too, at night the stars were so bright, and if one looks at the stars long they are apt to think of strange things; so it was with me. I was wondering why some of the trees in the forest were bright and green, while all the rest were so bare and brown. I was trying to think this out when I heard voices, and saw a light coming near; by and by it was so near that I could see a strong handsome man carrying a lantern, and a lovely lady walking by his side; then they stopped and looked at me, and the lady tenderly touched me and said: "This little one is prettiest of all, so shapely and just the right size." Then the handsome man smiled down at me, brushed the snow away, and with a hard, cruel tool dug me out of the ground, but very gently, indeed, so as not to harm my roots; then he lifted me in his arms and bore me away, and all the trees waved their arms farewell, and I was soon lost to their sight. But I did not feel afraid or sorry, for I looked all the time at the beautiful face of the lady, which somehow made me glad; so the time did not seem long before we came to a cottage, with a bright light in its window, and I heard the lady call it home. She opened the door, and then I knew what a home was. A blazing fire, a smooth clean floor, windows with blooming flowers a friendly clock, a table with an humble meal spread on it, a cradle in a cozy corner, a child nestled upon its pillows, and love in the eyes of the mother. But I had never seen any thing so pretty as that baby. I forgot myself, and fairly trembled in my joy as I gazed upon her. At last I heard the mother says: "How beautiful it is, how it will delight my darling's eyes?" They seemed talking of me, so I looked at myself, and what do you think I saw? Festoons of popcorn and scarlet berries, and bright toys on every bough. What a proud little tree I was, to be so dressed as to please that baby, they called me a "Christmas tree;" then I knew why it was that some trees must stay green in the winter.

All night I watched the moonbeams on the baby's face, then the morning came and flooded the room with sunshine, and the mother caught the child in her arms and brought her to my side. Oh, those eyes! they shone brighter than the stars when she went to her cradle, while I watched for the morning and her coming. When it rained she stood at the window and laughed to see how bright the rain-drops made me look. All this while the child grew larger and more lovely, and I grew larger and more proud. Again Christmas came, again I was decked for the delight of the little girl. She could talk to me now, and I never grew tired of listening to her voice. Thus many Christmas days came and went until the child and I were ten years old. Then came the grandest time of all. My darling was so beautiful, and I was a stately tree, almost too large for a Christmas tree; we did not live in the cottage now, but in a stone mansion which stood in its place. My child had hosts of children friends, all glad and gay as she. Nestled in my arms were fairy dolls almost as lovely as the children; books with wonderful stories and pictures; gorgeous toys of every description; animals that if wound up would run about as though half mad; miniature houses completely furnished, bon bons, sweet meats, and even jewels. Way up in the topmost branch stood a little old Santa Claus, showering gifts from his hands in a most magical fashion. Besides all this a hundred tiny candles blazed on all my finger tips, until I wondered if the very stars in heaven were not jealous; from a distant room came the sound of sweet, low music; this after a time became loud and glad, and then the children joined hands and they danced around me, and I became a very proud tree. But amid all the joy and laughter, all the richness and luxury, all the brilliant scene, I could not help remembering that Christmas eve of long ago, when my brightest ornaments were the scarlet berries, and all that dazzled me was the sweet child's eyes.

Now, when the spring came again, my way of life was quite changed. Out in the beautiful garden there was a great hole dug. Again I was borne in the arms of the gentlemen, while the same lovely lady walked by his side and the child and all her little friends followed in the train. There was music by the singing birds, and in the light of the morning sun, and amid peals of laughter. I was planted in my final resting-place. And now the child began to study; she learned too much for a poor ignorant tree like me to tell about. All I know is that grave-looking masters would come, then my darling would leave me, and I could see through the window the curly head bent over a wise-looking book, and the time would seem very long before she would come back again. Then there came a day more sad than all the rest. My child went away to learn more still, I heard it whispered. I was left alone—for the father and mother could not endure their home with their darling gone, so they went away upon a long journey. My heart was heavy with grief, but I, too, had much to learn; though not from books, but from the flowers and birds, from the rain drops and the snow drops; from the sunshine and the wind, from the starlight and the moonlight, and from the blue sky and the storm. She went to her cradle, while I watched for the morning and her coming. When it rained she stood at the window and laughed to see how bright the rain-drops made me look. All this while the child grew larger and more lovely, and I grew larger and more proud. Again Christmas came, again I was decked for the delight of the little girl. She could talk to me now, and I never grew tired of listening to her voice. Thus many Christmas days came and went until the child and I were ten years old. Then came the grandest time of all. My darling was so beautiful, and I was a stately tree, almost too large for a Christmas tree; we did not live in the cottage now, but in a stone mansion which stood in its place. My child had hosts of children friends, all glad and gay as she. Nestled in my arms were fairy dolls almost as lovely as the children; books with wonderful stories and pictures; gorgeous toys of every description; animals that if wound up would run about as though half mad; miniature houses completely furnished, bon bons, sweet meats, and even jewels. Way up in the topmost branch stood a little old Santa Claus, showering gifts from his hands in a most magical fashion. Besides all this a hundred tiny candles blazed on all my finger tips, until I wondered if the very stars in heaven were not jealous; from a distant room came the sound of sweet, low music; this after a time became loud and glad, and then the children joined hands and they danced around me, and I became a very proud tree. But amid all the joy and laughter, all the richness and luxury, all the brilliant scene, I could not help remembering that Christmas eve of long ago, when my brightest ornaments were the scarlet berries, and all that dazzled me was the sweet child's eyes.

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Then she started on again. If the old woman had only been content to follow quietly the young one would have felt sufficiently rewarded for her kindness by the consciousness of a good deed done; but the old one began in a loud singsong to praise the Lord for sending her so kind and beautiful a lady to lead her to the home.

"Glory be to God!" she almost shouted. "The Lord rest the souls of all the dead belongin' to ye! May the heavens be yer bed, and every hair in yer head a candle 'round yer coffin to light ye to glory! Holy mother send ye a rich husband and a fine big family!" and so on all through crowded Fourteenth street to the vast amusement of the people and the overwhelming confusion of the bashful benefactor, who could hardly restrain herself from running away.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 11, 1890. Terms of Subscription $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 20.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ck. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. T. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court Pocahontas county.

D. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of my next visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
The Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a good table in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again, I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS, a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not sending to me for a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York

TO WEAK MEN

MANY CHRISTMASES.

The Pine Tree Tells The Story of its Life.

I grew in a wild, tangled forest on the edge of a bluff o'erlooking the sea. At first, I watched the little spring flowers unfold their leaves and blossoms, then the glad summer came, and the woods grew green and dark; after that they changed to red and gold, then all this faded and my home looked dull and cold; just as yours do, little ones, when the fire goes out. I did not like this gloom, for I was such a baby tree; the sea and the wind would moan and wail together, and all the great trees in the forest looked so sad. But at last the beautiful snow came; then I liked winter best of all, for I thought the snow flakes were the pretty dead flowers turned to angels, coming down from Heaven to comfort me; then, too, at night the stars were so bright, and if one looks at the stars long they are apt to think of strange things; so it was with me. I was wondering why some of the trees in the forest were bright and green, while all the rest were so bare and brown. I was trying to think this out when I heard voices, and saw a light coming near; by and by it was so near that I could see a strong, handsome man carrying a lantern, and a lovely lady walking by his side; then they stopped and looked at me, and the lady tenderly touched me and said: "This little one is prettiest of all, so shapely and just the right size." Then the handsome man smiled down at me, brushed the snow away, and with a hard, cruel tool dug me out of the ground, but very gently, indeed, so as not to harm my roots; then he lifted me in his arms and bore me away, and all the trees waved their arms farewell, and I was soon lost to their sight. But I did not feel afraid or sorry, for I looked all the time at the beautiful face of the lady, which somehow made me glad; so the time did not seem long before we came to a cottage, with a bright light in its window, and I heard the lady call it home. She opened the door, and then I knew what a home was. A blazing fire, a smooth clean floor, windows with blooming flowers a friendly clock, a table with an humble meal spread out, a cradle in a cozy corner, a child nestled upon its pillows; and love in the eyes of the mother. But I had never seen any thing so pretty as that baby. I forgot myself, and fairly trembled in my joy as I gazed upon her. At last I heard the mother say: "How beautiful it is, how it will delight my darling's eyes!" They seemed talking of me, so I looked at myself, and what do you think I saw? Festoons of popcorn and scarlet berries, and bright toys on every bough. What a proud little tree I was, to be so dressed as to please that baby; they called me a "Christmas tree;" then I knew why it was that some trees must stay green in the winter.

All night I watched the moonbeams on the baby's face, then the morning came and flooded the room with sunshine, and the mother caught the child in her arms and brought her to my side. Oh, those eyes! they shone brighter than the winter stars, and were far more lovely. I was indeed the child's delight and she was mine. They dusted me in a box, and I grew when she went to her cradle, while I watched for the morning and her coming. When it rained she stood at the window and laughed to see how bright the rain-drops made me look. All this while the child grew larger and more lovely, and I grew larger and more proud. Again Christmas came, again I was decked for the delight of the little girl. She could talk to me now, and I never grew tired of listening to her voice. Thus many Christmas days came and went until the child and I were ten years old. Then came the grandest time of all. My darling was so beautiful, and I was a stately tree, almost too large for a Christmas tree; we did not live in the cottage now, but in a stone mansion which stood in its place. My child had hosts of children friends, all glad and gay as she. Nestled in my arms were fairy dolls almost as lovely as the children; books with wonderful stories and pictures; gorgeous toys of every description; animals that if wound up would run about as though half mad; miniature houses completely furnished, bon bons, sweet meats, and even jewels. Way up in the topmost branch stood a little old Santa Claus, showering gifts from his hands in a most magical fashion. Besides all this a hundred tiny candles blazed on all my finger tips, until I wondered if the very stars in heaven were not jealous; from a distant room came the sound of sweet, low music; this after a time became loud and glad, and then the children joined hands and they danced around me, and I became a very proud tree. But amid all the joy and laughter, all the richness and luxury, all the brilliant scene, I could not help remembering that Christmas eve of long ago, when my brightest ornaments were the scarlet berries, and all that dazzled me was the sweet child's eyes.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 11, 1890.

An able Document—on the Whole.

President Harrison's message is a very voluminous one. He presents his views very clearly and makes some good points in support of them. He commends the work of the last session of Congress and urges the passage of those bills that were held over. He especially commends the Federal Elections bill and the Steamship Subsidy bill. The first of these would defeat its own object, as the testimony of the most reliable witnesses proves. The second would take a large amount of money out of the pockets of the people and put it in the pockets of steamship owners, without any gain to the people that would be at all commensurate with the cost. The true way to build up ocean steamship lines carrying the American flag is to give Americans a fair chance to compete with foreigners in general trade and in the building or buying and repairing of ships. Then they can take care of themselves without Government pay. This steamship subsidy scheme is just another outgrowth of the idea that it is the business of the Government to provide sustenance for the people. Every step that the Government takes in that direction leads naturally to another. Each individual as he comes to realize that he is being bled for the benefit of somebody else, begins to think how he too can get a share of the plunder. By and by we shall come to live like the monkeys in a menagerie—each with his hands in his neighbors' dishes instead of eating out of his own.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec., 5—Senator Gorman, who proved himself such an able and capable leader during the last session of Congress, was by general consent recognized as commander-in-chief of the democratic Senatorial army as soon as it became evident that Mr. Harrison and the radical republican leaders had succeeded in whipping the weak-kneed republican Senators into voting to take up the Force bill, and this spontaneous choice was officially ratified by the democratic caucus which met Wednesday evening. The policy of the democrats in the fight over this infamous partisan measure, which is likely to become one of the most famous in Congressional annals, is to reserve their strength until the republicans begin the attempt to change the rules of the Senate, which is a necessary prelude to the passage of the bill. Unless revolutionary tactics are adopted this change cannot be accomplished, because it must otherwise be accomplished under those very rules. When the attempt is made, as it is certain to be, the democratic watch words will be eternal vigilance and war to the death, and from leaders.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Blaine chanced to be a visitor to the diplomatic gallery of the Senate, in company with the Brazilian naval officers who have been visiting us, just at the time when the Force bill was being read, and it must have required all his self possession to prevent the contempt he feels for that measure from showing itself in his countenance.

Mr. Harrison has caused it to be semi-officially hinted that he would veto a free silver coinage bill should Congress pass one, but that fact has not prevented a dozen or more Senators and Representatives, at least half of them republicans, from introducing bills providing for free coinage, and Senator Teller has stated that he has positive assurances that such a bill will pass the Senate, and that he believes it will also go through the House. Mr. Harrison seems to learn nothing by experience. He made a similar bluff at the last session in regard to the River and Harbor bill, which he afterwards signed notwithstanding it carried one of the largest appropriations ever carried by a similar measure. He made no suggestion in his political harrangue to the republican party, called by courtesy his annual message to Congress, for the financial relief of the people, and he compelled his Secretary of the Treasury to cut out of his annual report a recommendation for the issue of an incontrovertible 1½ or 2 per cent bond, which might have afforded some relief by increasing the volume of our currency; therefore he should not be surprised if the Senators and Representatives fresh from personal contact with the people and conversant with their needs should attempt to supply them.

One bill has been introduced in in the Senate by a republican—Senator Cullom—which most of the democrats would gladly vote for, if they could get a chance. It provides for one cent letter postage, which Mr. Harrison, in his anxiety to talk partisan politics, forgot to even mention in his message.

Quite a number of bills have been introduced in the House and Senate to repeal certain sections of the McKinley tariff act, one of the most notable of which is that introduced by Representative McCreary, of Kentucky to put what he very aptip calls the seven blessings of mankind, tin and tin plate, cotton ties, agricultural implements and edged tools, binders twine, blankets, worsted for men and women's clothing and salt, upon the free list. If Boss Reed and his henchmen would allow this bill to get before the House it would go through the House "quicker than a streak of greased lightning," as the saying is, but you may be sure that they will not do it. It would hurt some of the wealthy men for whose "protection" the republican party exists.

The Pension appropriation bill for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1891, has been reported to the House. It appropriates $135,099,785, and those well informed say that it is less by from thirty to seventy millions of dollars than will be required to pay the pensions during the year. Look out for music when this bill is discussed in the House. Some peculiar republican pension methods are to be shown up by the democrats.

The House, after one day spent in filibustering and one in discussion, passed the International copyright bill by a vote of 139 to 95.

Persuasion, threats, and bribery, on the part of the administration, by the promise of future patronage, has so far failed to get twenty House.

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1891.

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WILL BE THE

Largest and Cheapest Newspaper in the Field for 1891.

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12 copies one year and two extra copies to persons getting up club	12 00
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THE SUN.

FOR

1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinions about men and things, and some people don't: but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interest of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun*.

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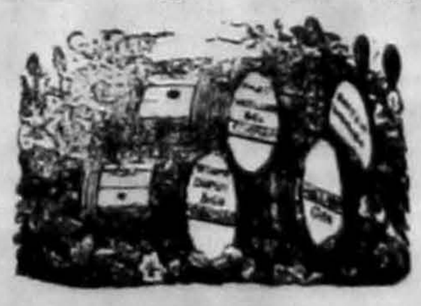

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Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rosella Smith by &c.
vs.
Mary F. Malcomb, & others | In Chancery

The object of this suit is to obtain a sale and partition of proceeds of 309 acre tract of land in Pocahontas County West Virginia, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Elizabeth Y. Cochran is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is orderep that she, appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in December, 1890

Minnie V. Dameron Pl'ff.
vs.
Thomas J. Dameron Def't.
In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree of divorce in favor of the plaintiff Minnie V. Dameron from the bonds of matrimony with the defendant Thomas J. Dameron, and to be awarded custody of the two children, Lena Page Dameron and Lewis Houseman Dameron and it appearing by affidavit filed that Thomas J. Dameron is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

Rucker, p. q.

Dec. 4th

To Thomas J. Dameron, Esq.,

Take notice.

that on the 13th day of January, A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and Ten o'clock, P. M., at the residence of the late George C. Hill dec'd. on Hill's Creek, Little Levels District, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of Miss Mary E. Hill, and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MINNIE V. DAMERON,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.

dec. 4th-4 w

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HOME NEWS

—Messrs. E. H. Moore, of Academy and J. S. Smith, of Mill Point, "fell in on us" Monday.

—Speaking of ice houses, why not use the churches? Surely, they are cold enough.

—There is probably more in sausage than in any other food except hash.

—Christmas Goods, Queensware, Glassware &c., at Loury & Doyle's.

—Born to Horace Herold, Esq., and wife, of Frost on the 8th inst. —a boy.

—Miss Sadie Hamilton, of Knapp's creek, is visiting friends at Hinton.

—Only two weeks until Xmas and then look out for the small boy mit the fire cracker, and the large boy mit the fire water.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, who is in the abstract business at Clifton Forge, Va., came home last Friday and returned Monday, accompanied by Fred Beard Esq.

—S. L. Brown, Esq., returned from a two weeks visit to friends and relatives in Randolph and Barbour counties.

—Dr. Jno. Ligon, of Clover Lick, who has been visiting the booming towns of Va., passed through town to day, (Wednesday) on his way home.

—Our young friend Attorney S. C. McNeill, of Buckeye, has been in our city for several days past, and tells us he expects to soon hang out his shingle at this place.

—How great would be our encouragement if every one of our subscribers would send us one new subscriber the last week in December, to begin THE TIMES with the New Year.

—Never trust an able-bodied youth or young man who cannot and does not support himself without calling on his mother for all the money she can spare from what she earns while he is operating as a misaber.

—Mrs Morgan Grimes, of near Dilley's Mill was visiting her daughter Mrs. David Bambrick, at this place part of last and the first of this week.

—We are printing this week for Attorney H. S. Rucker, a brief in the case of Allen C. Burner vs. Uriah Hevener. It will make something over thirty pages of printed matter.

—H. M. Lockridge, formerly, of near this place, but now of Buena Vista, Va., has organized an Investment and Improvement Co., at that magic city, composed of some of the best men of our County, and we believe has made investments that will pay them handsomely.

—From a handsome and superbly printed invitation we learn of the marriage of Miss Jennie I. Campbell to Capt. W. O. Robertson, to take place at the home of the bride's parents at Hinton on Thursday, Dec. 18th. We advance our best wishes for their future and are sorry that business prevents us from attending the happy event.

—Mr. S. L. Gibson, of Frost, died at his home on Monday the 8th inst, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Gibson, was one of the most worthy and highly respected citizens of our County, filling, in his time, offices of trust and honor. We sincerely sympathize with his children in their sad bereavement, though they have the glorious consolation that their father has gone to his heavenly home.

HAY FOR SALE.

I have for sale 12 hay stacks; excellent hay, which I will sell very low.

—Preaching at Bethel next (2nd) Sunday, 11 o'clock, a. am Dec. 14, by pastor Snapp.

—Mason Williams, Esq., of Locust, called to see us to-day, (Wednesday).

—New line of Ladies Trimmed Hat's at Loury & Doyle's.

—Capt. D. A. Stofer, has been quite ill for a few days past, but is now some better.

—The second term of the Hillsboro, M. & F. Academy will open the 29th of December, and continue six months.

—We are requested to announce, that a full meeting of the heads of families in this neighborhood, is desired at prayer meeting, this evening (Thursday), for the purpose of arranging for a Christmas Tree. This Tree is intended for the benefit of the whole immediate neighborhood.

—At a dance near Buckeye, last Thursday night Enoch McNeill, Esq., accused a Mr. Weakly of taking some whiskey, when the latter after Mr. McNeel turned his back, struck him in the back of the head with an axe, fracturing his skull so that pieces were taken out. It is thought he will recover. Weakly has not been arrested.

—Wise Herold, Esq., of Frost and ye Ed. returned last Friday evening from a visit to the booming towns of Va. We were at the lot sale at Basic city last Thursday. Lots were sold at from $500 to $3,000. For yearlings, Clifton Forge, Basic City and Buena Vista, beat the world. They have large manufacturing plants that employ from 1000 to 1500 men, a population of from 2000 or 3000 people, and the structures already built and are now going up, are not common plank things, but large magnificent brick buildings, trimed with pressed brick and marble. They bid fair to become cities of importance—while other towns in that grand and glorious Valley of Va., are not slow behind them. Though, we would advise our friends who are doing well enough, to let well enough alone. Skilled workman get good wages, but common laborers get from $1.00 to $1.25 per day and pay a big price for board, or if they have families, and have to rent it is simply out of the question; small four and five roomed houses on the outskirts are renting for $25.00 per month.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will give a Christmas entertainment on the 19th inst., beginning at 6½ o'clock, p. m. The exercises will consist of a debate by the two literary societies, followed by Pantomines, Motion songs, Music and catisthewics.

There will be an admittance fee of 15 cts. for the purpose of establishing a library for the societies A cordial invitation is given the public.

Green Bank Items.

A little winterish. About a quarter of an inch of snow fell last night.

Mr. J. S. Smith, of near Mill Point, spent last week visiting friends in this vicinity.

We understand Mrs. Agnes Leivsay who is stopping with Mrs. H. A. Yeager at this place is quite indisposed at this writing.

Mr. Lee Cackley and family, of Mill Point, are on a visit to her parents and friends in this vicinity.

Madam rumor says there will be a wedding on the mountain in the near future and a reception near this place.

LOTTIE.

The steamer Lethers caught fire in the Mississippi River near New Orleans last week, and in attempt-

Edray Items.

Upwards of twenty wagons and teams have been employed during the last two or three weeks, delivering lumber on the river bank at Marlinton, for the various lumber dealers. There is now lying there 150,000 to 200,00 feet at the various yards—the roads are in fine order now, but if rains set in then the bottom will be deep down.

Messrs. Beverage & Londermilk are sawing for Geo. W. McCollum, on Greenbrier river, near Mr. Friel's.

Messrs. Sharp & Smith, are running their saw-mill on the Capt. Cochran place on Stony Creek.

Messrs. Gay & Peters, are sawing on Laurel creek.

S. M. Gay & Co., are sawing near Mt. Pleasant.

Jas. Gibson's saw mill is at work near Split Rock.

A. C. Wooddell's saw mill is being closely pushed near Split Rock.

J. N. White & Bro., are sawing cherry at the mouth of Big Spring on Elk.

Thus you see—the 2nd District of this County now boasts of seven steam saw mills at work employing outside of lumber haulers an average of 8 to 10 hands each, at, and about the mills, distributing hundreds of dollars among laborers,—hard work—but not hard times.

Mr. W. C. Hull, received a letter from his son J. F., announcing his safe arrival in Colorado, in fair health, and envouraged prospects.

C. Z. Hevener has been appointed Post-Master at Marlinton, W. Va., vice, Sam'l. Gay removed.

Some stock has been taken in Eastern Booms by our married men in this Dist, if those Booms continue this County will soon be bankrupt, and moonshine towns, and cities on paper, in other sections will be rich, and in these the big fish, will soon swallow the little-fish and then the stream of wealth will be dry, and the country left devoid of means of trade,—with the country capital, in the coffers of city capitalists,—and then a howl about hard times.

As no writ of election was issued, before the late election, so there was no declared vacancies to fill hence no new officers to qualify, instead of appointees.

S. B. Moore is not back yet from Charleston, where he has been attending U. S. Court as a juror, from this County since the 10th of Nov. last.

A Revival meeting held at Fair view, near here, by Rev. S. C. Morgan closed last night, resulting in forty conversions, and accessions to the church.

Mr. Jas. H. Jackson, and Miss Elizabeth S. Adkisson, were married in the Edray Church, by Rev. G. P. Moore on Wednesday the 3rd inst in the presence of a large crowd of interested spectators.

The taking off and hiding of buggy wheels is not creditable in any community. X. x.

A despatch from Memphis, Tenn., dated Nov. 28, says: "James Stockton met his wife here to-day for the first time since the Johnstown flood. They had mourned each other as dead, believing that they had been bereaved by the awful disaster. Stockton had gone to California and Mrs. Stockton was in Massachusetts. They were discovered to each other by a mutual friend in this city, and to-day a most joyful meeting took place at the first station on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway on the incoming train. They had only been married a few days, and will go from here to their new home in California to complete their rudely interrupted honeymoon."

The oldest man in the world is probably Osman, of Cavaliovit, Turkey. He has lived 165 years, and has documents to prove it. He is an Arabian widower, and is supported by a small pension from the Sultan.

Mrs. Mary E. Beaseley, of Philadelphia, has invented and patented a barrel-hooping machine which gives her an income of $20,000 a year; her machine, it is claimed, being capable of hooping 1,200 barrels a day.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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A recent estimate places the annual consumption of tobacco in the United States at 310,000,000 pounds. This makes an average annual consumption of five pounds for every person in the country. But as not more than one fifth of the population use tobaccco (and that is an appalling average) those who do use it must consume twenty-five pounds per annum. If the price of these three hundred and ten million pounds of tobacco for three years, were placed in the public treasury, it would more than pay out the entire national debt.

A thousand years hence—so says a member of the Academy of Sciences—nearly all the stone buildings now standing in Europe will have crumbled to dust. So perishable is the material of which they are constructed that the process of decay is already evident in many conspicuous edifices. The same thing is going on in this country. Neither marble nor our favorite brownstone can withstand the action of the elements. Even the Capitol at Washington is undergoing disintegration. It may not be important that an ordinary dwelling-house should last a thousand years. For sanitary reasons it is, perhaps, just as well that people should have to build their houses over again once every two or three centuries. But it is not agreeable to think that the Capitol and all the great churches in the country will have disappeared by the year of grace 2890.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December. 1890.

Leven Wanless
vs
John F. Wanless & others | In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, ——— Veris and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Skeen p. q.
Decbr. 4th 4 w

BY CUTTING This out, telling where you saw it, and sending 50 in stamps, or postal note for sixty cents, to the WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O., you will receive the Weekly Bee by mail, postage paid, till January 1st, 1892. The Bee has 8 large pages, 8 columns each, making one and one quarter miles of reading each year. It is one of the best general We ekl ies in the United States. Has all the News, great Stories, Household, Farm, Childrens Hour, Fun, etc. Bidding Bee Tel

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Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger PTff.
vs. In Chy.
H. F. Crigger Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James H. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
Rucker p. q.
Dec. 4 4 w

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4-4 t

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"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakens as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 11, 1890.

Bloomer (to ragged urchin)—Your parents left you something when they died, did they not?

Urchin—Oh, yes, sir.

Bloomer—And what did they leave you, my little man?

Urchin—An orphan, sir.

"You know, Fanny, I picked out old Squartoes as a safe husband for my daughter and invited him to dinner almost daily for a month. Knowing that he was something of a gourmand I engaged an expensive cook, and at the end of 30 days do you know what happened?"

"No."

"Why, he married the cook."—

First Successful Business Man—I had only a common school education but I found it sufficient. You, I believe were a college graduate.

Second Business Man—Yes: graduated with high honors, too.

First S. B. M.—Now tell me truly. Did you find any practical use for what you learned at college?

Second S. B. M.—Um-yes. One night, when burglars got into my house, I scared them off with a college yell.

Farmer Roots—I dunno but we'd [illegible] the Government takes in the direction leads naturally to another. Each individual as he comes to realize that he is being bled for the benefit of somebody else, begins to think how he too can get a share of the plunder. By and by we shall come to live like the monkeys in a menagerie—each with his hands in his neighbors' dishes instead of eating out of his own.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec.,

Senator Gorman, who proved himself such a able and capable leader of the red-hot partisan stripe. When he heard of Cannon's defeat he said to his wife, who is one of those women who obey their lord and master blindly:

"Mary pack up everything; I'm going to move."

"Why?" asked Mary."

"Because Joe Cannon is beat, and I won't live in a Democratic district."

"Very well," said Mary, with a little resigned sigh.

The old man went to town to sell his farm. There he heard all the election news. He returned home, and entering the house said:

"Mary, you can quit packing up; I ain't a going to move."

"Why?" inquired Mary.

"Because," he replied sadly, "there's no place to move to."

A boy seven or eight years old, whose parents live on Third avenue, was beating a drum in the alley, when a neighbor appeared and asked:

"How much did your father pay for that drum, sonny?"

The exchange was made and the drum put where it wouldn't do any more good, and the neighbor chuckled over his stratagem. However, when he got home at night there were four drums beating in front of his house and the drummer boy was prompt to inform him:

"These are my cousins, and I took that dollar and bought four new drums. Do you want to give us $1 for them?"

The neighbor bowed to the inevitable and retired.

LIES WILL SOMETIMES DECIEVE

But the following from the *Valley Virginian* gives itself away:

A society known as Omish, in the State of Ohio, is constituted of a singular people. They have very little intercourse with the outside world, and have so intermarried that a low grade of mental capacity is the rule with them. They read none of the secular papers, never leave the boundary of their society, except to take their produce to market, and have very little to do with politics or trade, outside of themselves. The society is included in McKinley's district. Knowing their ignorance and parsimony, the Democratic leaders concieved the idea of capturing the votes of the men. They equipped a number of the shrewd members of the Democratic party as peddlers, and started them out, each with a cargo of tin cups. The price of tin cups had been and is 5 cents. These peddlers moved about in the Omish settlement offering to sell them at $1 a piece. When the Omish protested, the peddlers told them that was the ruling price—that everybody sold them at one dollar and that it was "because of the McKinley bill." This trick was played so insidiously and gently, that the Reputed cans did not learn of it until too late. The result was that the Omish, who rarely ever went to the polls, on this occasion mustered their full force, and cast their ballots against McKinley, because, as they believed, he had been the cause of the increase of the price of tin cups from 5 cents to one dollar. They cast enough votes to determine the election, and by this fraud the nation is deprived of one of the ablest and cleanest public men who ever sat in Congress, and yet this is the party of "Reform" with a big R.

THE SUN.

FOR

1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interest of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun*.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 18, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 21.

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TO WEAK MEN

A PIKETOWN ROMANCE.

Old Peter Cummins was "deown with the rheumatiz." Consequently he was very peevish.

He badgered and bullied all who came within hearing of his stentorian voice, from his youngest daughter Martha to his meek, pale faced old wife.

He found fault with his one hired man to such an extent that the latter "quit," leaving the plow in the furrow in the back lot, and went in search of a place where, as he expressed it, he could "chaw his hash in peace, an' not be cussed at w'enever he went in ear shot of the house."

The hired man had not been a rapid worker, an' as Peter had been ailing for weeks his farm work was in a very backward and chaotic condition.

The plowing was no more than half done, the potatoes were not planted, the corn ground was not "fitted," and it was already the middle of May.

The farm hands for miles around had all secured situations, and had been at work for weeks. There was not one to be had for love or money.

It looked as though Peter Cummins would have to worry through the season as best he could without a hired man.

Under the circumstances Peter did not improve either in health or temper.

"Drat the rheumatiz!" cried he. "If I could only git about I'd hitch up ole Jerry an' drive till I found a hired man—a' one good for suthin,' too. But here I am tied down—bound an' gagged—with this pesky rheumatiz. Ow, wow, wow! wot a fluge thet air was."

Although Peter was, in a certain sense, bound to his chair, he was very far from stating the truth when he said he was gagged, as his wife, his daughters and every chance passerby could have testified.

Although plowing and planting were at a standstill on the farm the dairy work went on as briskly as ever, with Miss Susan Cummins as general manager and Miss Martha an able assistant.

The seventeen cows were milked bright and early every morning; the the milk was "set" in large shallow pans, and the cream, at the proper time, was churned, salted and "worked" into the sweetest of golden butter.

This was not considered hard work by the tall, broad shouldered, rosy cheeked blue eyed, flaxen haired Susan, who at 19 years of age was as strong, healthy and cheerful as a girl well could be.

Martha, two years younger, although equally as light hearted as her sister, was different in many ways. She resembled her mother, who, when a "gal," as she often told her daughters, was considered a great beauty.

Martha had inherited her mother's coal black hair and eyes, creamy complexion and slim, slender form. She was very pretty, and not a farmer boy for miles around but loved the ground she walked on—especially when she lightly tripped over a portion of her farther's fertile soil.

The Cummins homestead would have been fairly overrun with admirers of the two girls (for there were many who liked the robust Susan's style of beauty) but for one thing. They one and all had a "rheumatiz," wielded with much dexterity and accuracy a No. 10 cowhide boot.

So, because of the voice and the boot the girls, though greatly admired, had no "steady company."

The nearest approach to it was the three calls Hiram Stubbs had made on Susan.

On his first visit Hiram was very anxious, apparently, to secure Peter's advice as to what he had better do with his "nine acre lot—seed it down er plant it agi'n."

Peter, being in a cheerful mood, for a wonder, expatiated and dwelt on the delightful subject at such great length, and Hiram, to propitiate him, gave him such marked and undivided attention, that Susan remained unnoticed, save at such rare intervals as Peter went to the door to expectorate. On these occasions Hiram rolled a prominent pewter eye toward the damsel, and made a hurried and whispered observation on the state of the weather or solicitously inquired as to her health.

The youth's second visit, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring a recipe for a spavin liniment, passed off in much the same way.

When Hiram, in his store clothes, presented himself at the kitchen door of the Cummins homestead for the third time there was a coolness in the reception tendered him by the old husbandman that should have warned him of breakers ahead.

Peter, being tired and cross, retired early, and the young man, not to lose any precious time, at once commenced edging his chair toward the blushing and expectant damsel.

He reached her side as soon as could be expected under the circumstances and had just succeeded in partially surrounding her buxom form with an arm by no means too long, when the two were thrown a part as by an electric shock. They had heard the following words, uttered in a tone of voice that could be heard a full mile:

"Hi, there Susan! Send thet air tow-headed fool hum, an' mog your boots tew bed. Dew ye hear?"

It was well understood that when Peter said a thing he meant it. He was not only handy with his No. 10 boots, but was a very muscular man and a noted "rough and tumble" wrestler.

In fact Peter stated no more than the truth when he said:

"I kin down anything within ten mile in Piketown, with one exception—thet's the rheumatiz."

He was also a great worker, being able to "out hoe, out-mow, out-chop an' out-eat" any man that he ever had in his employ.

"Martha said Susan a day or two after the hirtl man had taken his departure, "we are out of sugar, molasses and spice, and you'll have to go to the village with some butter and do some trading."

Of course Martha was perfectly willing to do so.

She would not only have a pleasant ride, but would also have the pleasure of seeing Joe Smith, who "clerked it" in Piketown's one store.

Accordingly, after packing a few dozen eggs in oats and placing several rolls of golden butter in an earthenware jar, "Old Jerry" was hitched up, and Martha, with a great fluttering of ribbons and rust-

She reached the village without mishap, did her trading, and after conversing for some time with Joe Smith headed old Jerry for home.

She had left the village about two miles behind when she saw a young man trudging along ahead of her in the dusty road, a dilapidated carpet bag in hand.

He seemed to be footsore and tired, and as Martha was a kind hearted little thing, and as there was plenty of room in the big, coffin boxed buggy, she halted and asked him to ride.

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and Martha found herself seated beside a broad shouldered, trim built young man, perhaps 25 years of age. His curly chestnut hair was closely cropped, and his sandy mustache had been recently trimmed. His dark and flashing eye proclaimed him to be a quick tempered individual, while his square, massive jaw denoted determination, if not obstinacy and pugnacity.

"Have you walked far?" queried Martha after old Jerry had jogged on some distance.

"About fifteen miles," was the reply. "Fact is I'm looking for a job. Do you know of any one around here who would like to hire a man for a few months?"

"Why, yes," said Martha. "Papa's hired man has left him, his farm work is in terrible shape and he is sick. I am quite sure he will hire you. You, however, will find him very cross. He is always that way when he is ill."

"Oh, I shall not mind that in the least," replied the young man cheerfully. "I am out of a job and out of money, and under the circumstances would work for Lucifer himself. May I inquire your name?"

"My name is Martha Cummins. And yours"—

"Is Robert Sharp."

At that moment old Jerry turned into the Cummins door yard and sedately walked up to the kitchen door.

Martha, with the assistance of Robert Sharp, unloaded her purchases, and taking Jerry by the bridle started for the barn.

"Let me be your hostler," said the stranger, stepping forward. "You go into the house and I will attend to the horse."

The young man soon returned to the house, and was ushered into the old farmer's presence.

As Peter was greatly in need of help, and Robert Sharp was greatly in need of employment, a bargain satisfactory to both was soon struck.

Peter at once saw that his new hired man was a great worker.

Within a week he had the plowing all done and a part of the ground ready for planting.

The old husbandman's mind being thus placed at rest he soon got the better of his rheumatism and went to work with a will.

As has been already stated, Peter prided himself on the fact that he had never had an employe who was able to do as much work in a day as could he.

It had always been his custom to "race it with every new man he hired.

When after a more or less close and exciting contest his antagonist either tacitly or openly admitted his defeat Peter would say:

"Wal, yew dew wot ye kin. Yew can't hev more nr of a cat than her skin; an' it hain't to be expected kin."

One evening, having fully recovered his health and strength, Peter said to Robert Sharp:

"I'm goin' deown tew Piketown this evenin' tew buy me a new hoe. Tew-morrer, yew know, we air tew plant the Green lot tew w'ite flint corn. Yew go to bed arly an' rest jest all yew kin, fer yew'll hev tew git right to w the front tew-morrer an' don't yew furgit it."

Bright and early the next morning the two men started for the "Green lot," the hired man carrying a bag of seed corn, while Peter flourished two bright new hoes.

Said the farmer as soon as the lot was reached:

"I'm jest a-going tew make this new hoe fly tewday. This piece has got tew be planted afore night."

With these words, having filled to overflowing his planting bag with corn and his mouth with tobacco, he struck out at a terrific rate of speed, the hired man following after.

The sun having just arisen Peter had discarded his wide brimmed straw hat, and for greater freedom of movement had thrown his suspender from his right shoulder. This latter useful article of wearing apparel having become detached in front streamed out behind like the tail of a kite. His long gray hair was blown about his swarthy face, his blue checked shirt, filled with wind, puffed out like a balloon; his tan colored overalls bagged at the knee, and his mammoth boots, pushed along through the soft, sandy soil, made a shallow canal on each side of his row.

Firmly grasping in one big hand his new hoe and in the other no less than a half pint of corn Peter, puffing and blowing like a locomotive, worked himself across the field at a high rate of speed.

Looking behind him occasionally the exulting husbandman would yell:

"Come on. Come on. Thought you knew heow to plant corn. Git a gait on ye. Git a gait on ye. Haw! haw! haw!"

At the end of the first "bout" the hired man was several yards behind, and Peter, in a high state of exultation and perspiration, took a double shuffle on a fence board which chanced to lay upon the ground near by. He then took a "chaw of terbacker," refilled his planting bag, spat upon his hands, and, seizing his new hoe, struck out with renewed vigor.

"I guess I'll let out a link or two this bout," said the sandy moustached young man to himself.

He did so, and not only passed the hitherto invincible one, but kept the lead until the dinner hour sounded.

Yes, Peter had at last found his match—and a little more.

Although he struggled manfully and well, and received the assistance of many chews of tobacco; although he shoved his sleeves far above his elbows, removed his boots and rolled up his tan colored overalls; although he wielded his new hoe with a desperation born of despair, and paid no attention as to whether he dropped one or twenty kernels in a hill, he at length had to own himself out-planted, beaten, vanquished. He did it in these words:

"This ternal new hoe hangs out twes much."

Robert Sharp could not only outplant Peter, but he could, and did,

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 18; 1890.

The art of making matches has been so perfected that 10,000,000 of the tiny sticks can be cut into shape all ready for dipping, by one machine in a single day.

Bears and deer are very plentiful in the Dismal Swamp, Virginia, and old residents say they are more numerous than for many years. It is said to be no unusual thing to see deer drinking from the canal.

The foreman of one of the largest barber shops in New York is authority for the statement that more men part their hair in the middle now than ever before.

The republican newspapers seem to have taken a rest from their self appointed and laborious task of electing a Speaker of the next House for the democrats.

Some people are born to become hallucinations Mr Harrison actually believes that he will be nominated again in 1892.

Mr. Harrison is not making any friends by threatning to vote a free coinage bill if it is passed by Congress.

According to the charges of his former partner W. W. Dudley seems to have been as crooked as a banker as he was as a politican, and his "blocks of five" political methods sink into insignificance when compared wish his fraudulent financial practises.

The wholesale price of whalebone is now $10,000 a Aproject is on foot to organize whaling expedition from Australia to Anarctic where it is believed plenty of whales are to be found. It is an almost untouched whaling ground.

There are indications at Washington that the Force bill is dying and may be side-tracked for an indefinite time. Republican Senators are beginning to realize that the country will not submit to the outrage upon American liberty as contemplated by the Force bill.

The silver half dollar is so unpopular a coin that $17,000,000, worth of them remain piled up in the Treasury vaults, and cannot be got into circulation. The Director of the Mint suggests that they be recoined into dimes and quarters, and asks for an appropriation for that purpose.

The principal demands of the Farmers Alliance—Tariff reform and financial reform—have long formed the foundation stones of sound democratic doctrine, and the Alliance will find its natural ally in the democratic party, just as it has already found its natural opponent in the republican party. It is well to keep these facts in mind when discussing the political future.

Its a question whether the Sioux Indians were frozen out or starved out. In either case the country owes no thanks to the administra-

Secretary Noble seems to have at last discovered that the Pension office is a nest of corruption. Other people knew it some time ago.

The bottom dropped out of an arc field belonging to Senator Ingalls, in Miami County, Kansas, recently. The Senatar is losing ground steadily.

Edgar Wilson, a life convict, died recently in prison at Stillwater, Minn., and left $30,000 to Walter Williams, a fellow-convict who had been pardoned.

One night quite redently eighty birds were killed by striking the Bartholdi statute. Fifty of them were Maryland yellow throats; among the other species represented were oven-birds, yellow-bellied flycatcher, Cape May warbler and Philadelphia vireo.

It is stated that the Church of England has raised and expended over $35,000,000 sterling on church building, repairing, etc., during the twenty-five years ending with 1884. The church spends a million dollars yearly on these objects.

Here are a few interesting statistics, from the report of the Secetary of the Interior. The total number of enlistments during the war was 2,250,000. There were 541,944 pensioners on the rolls July 1 last. There were up to the same date 483,278 claims filed under the new law which President HARRISON approved June 27 last. Claims under this bill are coming at the rate of 138,000 a month. Adding the 557,944 peosioners and the 892,221 claimants whose papers have not been acted on, we have 1,430,165, and claims still coming in at the rate of 138,000 a month.

There is an interesting case on trial here now before C. C. Hovatter, J. P., and a jury. The matter in controversy consists of ten young turkeys valued at about $7.50. There are thirty one witnesses in the case and their costs together with the magistrate's and constable's costs foots up a neat little sum closely approaching $100. —Phillippi Republican.

It has been proposed that the democratic party should at once reorganize its national and Congressional committee for the next Presidential campaign, in order that the members—elect of the Fifty-second Congress may be represented thereon, and also that the campaign of education, by means of tariff and other literature, may at once be begun. It is a most timely suggestion and should be carried out at the earliest practicable moment. The value of thorough organization and dissemation of sound democratic doctrine, both through the party press and by means of carefully prepared pamphlets, cannot be over estimated.

A pension for the current fiscal year of $34,500,000 has been reported to the House of Representatives by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The pension appropriation bill for the next fiscal year, as passed by the House, carries more than $133,000,000, and it is generally believed that it is less by from forty to seventy millions of dollars than will be required, unless a careful revision is made of the pension rolls of the Government. It is believed that from 25 to 33 per cent of the name on these rolls are there illegally, and that a careful investigation would show this beyond question. We should not object to increasing the pension of every deserving soldier but not one cent of the peoples money should be paid to the undeserving, or should be paid on illegal claims. By all let us have a thorough revision of the pen

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec., 12—Questions affecting the financial condition of the country are at present absorbing almost the entire attention of Congress, and the administration has at last become convinced that something must be done. Opinions differ as to what convinced Mr. Harrison and his cabinet, but it is more than probable that the action of Senator Plumb, who, in introducing a bill to replace the retired circulation of national banks and providing for the free coinage of silver, stated that it was his intention, if the Federal Election bill was not speedily disposed of to move that it be laid aside and his bill and others relating to financial matters be considered, in order that something might be done to meet the just expectations of secret here that the republicans who believe with Senator Plumb—there are lots of 'em—have become greatly dissatisfied at what they consider the waste of valuable time, which the debate on the election bill has taken up, and there have been mysterious hints about their forming a combination with the democrats for the purpose of passing a free coinage bill.

All this has had an alarming effect upon Mr. Harrison and those republicans who have appeared to consider the election bill more important than financial legislation. The fact of the matter is that at least three fifths of Congress, irrespective of party, have become converted of the ideas of the Farmers Alliance, as far as financial matters are concerned.

There is an evident desire on the part of the administration to prevent the adoption of a free coinage bill by Congress, by offering something in the place of it, in fact several somethings. One of which is the immediate purchase of the Government of the thirteen million ounce of silver bullion now stored in various sections of the United States. If Congress get an opportunity it will certainly authorize this purchase, as the money thus put in circulation would greatly help the money market, but this measure will not be addapted as a substitute for free coinage by the silver men, who are fully aware of their strength in Congress.

The apportionment bill which the Census committee of the House has reported places the membership of the House at 455, and is generally regarded as a fair measure. And owing to the fact that under it no state loses any members it will be extremely difficult for the democratic leaders to unite their party in opposition to it, even if they are so disposed. At present their only ground, as stated by themselves for opposing it, is, that it does not provide for the increase that New York might be entitled to by a possible recount of the population of New York city and Brooklyn.

The House committee have so far done an enormous amount of hard work, and one of the regular appropriation bills—pensions—has been passed, and three others reported to the House. This is something unusual at this stage of the session, and yet those who ought to be best informed are predicting that an extra session of the Fifty-second Congress will be absolutely necessary, and the democrats are beginning to make things very interesting in the campaign for the Speakership of the next House.

The House has refused to adopt the Plumb resolution for the removal of the remains of Gen. Grant to Arlington cemetery.

It has been practically agreed by the Pension committee of the House that no special pension legislation shall be passed this session. The idea of revising the present pension rolls is meeting headers, without

season. It is stated by those who ought to know that many names are fraudulently on these rolls.

Mr. Wanamaker most postively denies the rumor, which was given a fresh start this week, that he is about to fail.

Senator Gorman's statement in a speech that the country was standing over a financial volcano may be true but it is considered by many that such a statement should not have been made by a United States Senator. The aim of every man of prominence should be to inspire not destroy confidence in buisness circles.

Mr. J. W. Hathaway, of Montana has been elected Postmaster of the House of Representatives.

The Conger lard bill, which was condemned by the recent Farmers Alliance convention, has been reported to the Senate by the Agricultural committee without recommendations. Tee Paddock Pure food bill will be offered as a substitute for it, and it is thought that the Senate will adopt it.

The republicans of the Senate Finance committee are working on a financial measure, which is to be reported to a republican caucus Monday.

Young little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio, see cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $100.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Order of Publication

At rules held in the Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rosella Smith by &c.
vs. Chancery
Mary F. Malcomb, & others

The object of this suit is to obtain a sale and partition of part of 200 acre tract of land in Pocahontas County West Virginia, and it appearing by Affidavit filed that Elizabeth Cochran is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that she appear here within one month after first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BARLOW, Clerk.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in December, 1890

Minnie V. Dameron Pl'ff
vs.
Thomas J. Dameron Def't
In Chancery

The object of this suit is to procure a decree of divorce in favor of plaintiff Minnie V. Dameron from the bonds of matrimony with the defendant Thomas J. Dameron, and be awarded custody of the two children, Lena Page Dameron and Lewis Newman Dameron and it appearing by affidavit filed that Thomas J. Dameron is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BARLOW, Clk

Rucker, p. q.

To Thomas J. Dameron:

Take notice, that on the 13th day of January, A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and Ten o'clock, P. M., at the residence of the late George C. Hill dec'd. on Hill's Creek Little Levels District, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, I will take the depositions of Miss Mary E. Hill, and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MINNIE V. DAMERON.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.

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Staunton, Va.
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HOME NEWS

—Snow, Snow, snow.

—One week until Xmas.

—Locals are scarce this week.

—Mr. J. B. R der, called to see us Tuesday.

—The bridge abutments are nearing completion.

—Capt. Stofer, is able to be out again.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic attended Court at Warm Springs, last week.

—Mrs. C. F. Moore, went last week to meet her husband at Clifton Forge where they were going to start for a trip to N. C., we understand.

—Rev. Lautenschlager, preached on Douthard's creek last Sunday. We understand he expects to preach there every two weeks.

—Marriage license were issued since our last issue to W. H. Wood dell and Alice C. Williams and to Isaac F. McCollum to Mary M. Gay.

—Rev. W. T. Price held a quarterly meeting at this place last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday during which time he preached a series of very excellent sermons indeed.

—Ronceverte buisness men have taken steps to secure an eclectric light plant. Four hundred of the five hundred lights necessary to secure the plant have already been subscribed.

—As we go to press the snow is 37 inches deep and still snowing. Shops and barn roofs are breaking down.

Dunmore Doings.

Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager will preach at Liberty church, Green Bank, on Saturday night, the 27, at half past 6 o'clock; Sunday morning the 28th at Baxter church at 10 30 o clock and Sunday night the 28th on Douthard's creek, at 6 o'clock. He will preach at the above places about every two weeks.

The Dunmore school will commence next Monday.

We are glad to see that our Farmers Alliance is still coming up.

TOM SAWYER.

The following we clip from the Pendleton News: "Circleville items, Nov. 24th. The protracted meeting commenced at Cherry Grove (Big Run) three miles from this place on the 2nd inst still continues with unabating interest and success. Such a glorious work has not been accomplished in our midst for many years. At this writing there has been forty conversions up in twenty accessions and many others will join the church. There are twelve or fifteen penitents still at the altar. This is certainly a noble work, and we hope its influence will be felt and seen in our midst for years to come

With the different charges of our County placed in the hands of men with such zeal and energy for the cause of Christ as that which characterizes the Rev. G. S. Weiford we think the mighty reformation so much ended would be brought about. This enoble Christian workers assisted by the Rev. Bennett, Dove and others has worked with untiring zeal for more than three weeks and is still willing to labor as long as there is hope of being instrumental in the saving of a single soul.

GEROME.

Winter schedule of preaching appointments of the pastor of Huntersville circuit M. E. Church, South.

1st Sunday Sunset 11 a. m.
Huntersville 6.30 p. m.
2nd " Bethel 11 a m.
Huntersville 6.30 p. m.
3rd " Huntersville 11 a. m.
Sunset 3 p. m.
4th " Huntersville 11 a. m.

Real Chimneys.

On the night of the 12th inst. about one hour after dark, the quiet of our village, was vigorously broken by the wild cry of fire, fire, fire! and the ringing of bells, blowing of horns and yelling of men, soon informed the people that Mr. James R. Poage, Senr's. house was believed to be on fire. Mr. W. C. Hull's family, who reside within sight of Mr. Poage's, first noticed the fire, apparently on top of the house, and heard Mr. Levi Waugh's children who with their father reside with Mr. P.—crying and excitedly saying the house is on fire. Mr. Hull very promptly raised the alarm, and in a very few minutes, every available man and boy in town with buckets, hand pumps, and willing hands were running to the scene of action,—but before the crowd got there some of the most fleet footed, began to return, and reported, nothing but the soot in the flue burning out without damage. So after a terrible scare and a hard race of a half mile, we were very agreeably disappointed But at a distance, it looked to your correspondeet, as though the house was burning rapidly. The night was very dry and windy. Moral, keep your flues clean, for dry weather.

X. x. x.

Farmer's Alliance.

The several delegates appointed to meet Mr. J. Crawford, the deputy organizer of Greenbrier county met at Marlinton church, Friday, 2 p. m., Dec. 12, 1 890.

The delegates present were H. A. Yeager and S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank Alliance; E. N. Moore and J. A. Taylor, of Dunmore, Mildred Herold and Points Moore, of Frost; Levi Gay, Levi Waugh, A. M. McGlaughlin and S. D. Price, of Edray, also E. L. Beard and two unknown brethren from Randolph county.

On motion of E. L. Beard Levi Gay was elected chairman of this meeting.

By request of the chair E. L. Beard stated the object of this meeting to be to receive instruction from Mr. Crawford in the secret work of the Union. Mr. Crawford then proceeded at once to instruct in the unwritten work, which was done in an impressive and business like style.

What he committed to us he says he had direct from the lips of the National sec. He further urges that this County at once have a deputy organizer and that the members of the Union stand together as a unit. He bade us notice the determination and zeal displayed by our leaders at the recent National Convention in Ocala, Fla. and be inspired to more earnest and united effort against class legislation and the money power appealing to us to know whether the citizen or. the dollar shall rule in this land of freedom. Hannah moved that we return a vote of thanks to Mr. Crawford for his presence for the valable services rendered us; and as a proof of our appreciation we give him $2.00 from each Union here represented. All of which was given with a will.

Moved by A. M McGlaughlin that the minutes of this meeting be furnished THE TIMES for publication.

J. A. TAYLOR.

List of Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of November:

A deed from St. Lawrence Lumber Co., to Dan'l O'Connell for a tract of 400 acres lying on west side of the Beaver Creek wagon road.

From P. L. Cleek and wife and W. H. Cleek and wife to Holt and Mathews for Mountain land on waters of Beaver creek.

From H. S. Rucker, Com'r. to Wm. H. Boblet for land sold in the Cancery Cause of Allen D. Grimes adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes heirs lying on Stamping creek.

From John J. Beard and wife to M. L. Beard for land near Hillsboro.

From F. J. Snyder, Com'r to Mrs. H. S. Rucker for land sold in the Chancery cause of Jacob Piles vs. Jno. Piles, lying on Beaver creek.

From H. S. Rucker, Com'r to Jno. Silva for land sold in the Chancery Cause of Allen D. Grimes adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes heirs

From G. W. McKeever and wife to Aaron Kee and wife for land near Buckeye.

From R. S. Turk com'r to Nancy J. Bird for land sold in the Chancery cause of R. S. Turk vs. Nancy J. Bird lying near Green Bank.

From H. Darnell and wife to W. S. Darnell for land near Green Bank.

An Investment Company Chartered.

The Pocahontas and Greenbrier Investment Company has secured a charter with the following list of officers:

H. M. Lockridge, President, R. S. Hutchinson, Secretary; Hugh Adams, Treasurer. Directors: H. M. Lockridge, R. S. Hutchinson, Hugh Adams, I. B. Moore, A. F. Mathews, C. C. Hansel, B. F. White, Amos Barlow and Isaac McNeel all of West, Va., except Messrs. Adams and Hutchinson, who are well known in Rockbridge.

This company was organized by its efficient president, Mr. Lockridge of the real estate firm of Adams & Lockridge, who placed nearly all its stock with his personal friends in West Va. They have purchased $60,000 worth of well improved property in our city, the rents from which will make this a handsome dividend paying stock from the beginning.

We will say to the gentlemen from our neighboring State, who have invested with Mr. Lockridge that they have doubtless builded even better than they knew. Investment companies are all paying well here and we predict a very bright future for this one.

Mr. Lockridge has been a successful operator in real estate here for the past year, has fine business judgment, is well posted in values and when backed by so competent a board of directors the success of the Pocahontas and Greenbrier Investment Company as a solid financial institution stands fully assured and we congratulate the stockholders en the solidity of their investment in it.—Buena Vista Advocate

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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FOR

1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interest of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun*.

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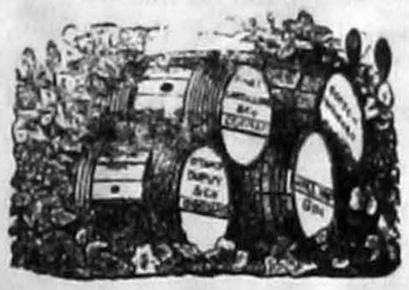

If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentuckey bourbon.

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Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December. 1890.

Leven Wanless
vs
John F. Wanless & others } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, —— Veris and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Skeen p. q.
Decbr. 4th 4 w

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR and STRENGTH
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger Pl'ff.
vs. In Chy.
H. F. Crigger Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James W. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk,
Rucker p. q.
Dec 4 4 w

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4 4 t

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in the county, go to
C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court-house thereof on the 7th day of October 1890.

On the coming in of petition signed by H. H. McClintic and more than ten other free holders of the Edray District (District No. 2) of this County, it is ordered. that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 62 of the code of 1887, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in the said County of Pocahontas, which publication shall be paid for by the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.

A copy teste,
JOHN J. BEARD,
Clerk.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 18; 1890.

[*Continued from first page.*]

the farmer would have been greatly pleased with so able an assistant. He was not, however. He disliked the young man because he had taken from him his prominence as a worker.

It was known for miles around that Peter Cummins had at last found a man who was his superior at all kinds of husbandry.

The old tiller of the soil grew to hate his vanquisher.

The young man's presence was a constant reminder to Peter of the many defeats he hae suffered at his hands.

And so he began to cast about for an excuse, good or bad, for discharging him.

He found one sooner than he expected.

One moonlight evening in August Peter paid his nearest neighbor a visit, and coming home through his back lane at about 9 o'clock came spat upon a couple seated on a log beneath the wide spreading branches of a chestnut tree.

The young man's arm encircled the maiden's slim waist, her head rested on his broad shoulder, and their hands were clasped.

As they were deeply absorbed in taking an astronomical observation the presence of a third was for a moment unobserved.

Then Martha, lowering her eyes from the man in the moon to the man on the earth, saw and recognized her sire, Robert Sharp saw him at nearly the same instant.

"Martha!" roared the irate husbandman as though his daughter was a mile away, "you mog your boots tew the house this minute. Come, neow, git. As fur yew (turning to the hired man) yew come with me an' Ill pay yew off, an' then, yew tarnal cass, git off'n my farm. Ye're nu'hin' but a pesky, no-account tramp, anyway. If I sarved ye right I'd give ye a lift with my boot."

Peter started toward the young man as though he really intended to bring into action his noted No. 10.

Why didn't he do so?

Perhaps he was a glitter in Robert's dark eye, and an ominous clinching of his sunbearned hand that convinced him that "discretion was the better part of valor."

Robert Sharp went to the farm house, received his wages, and thrusting his few belongings into his old carpet bag left the Cummins homestead, as Peter thought, forever.

Before taking his departure he asked to see Martha for a moment, but the request was greeted with a stentorian "No!"

Susan, however, bade him a cordial farewell, and slyly slipped into his hand a tightly rolled piece of paper.

town, and falling in with some old cronies did not leave the village till nearly 10 o'clock at night.

When within about a mile of his home he met a rapidly driven wagon in which were seated a man and woman.

Although the woman was heavily veiled and the man pulled his hat well down over his eyes the old farmer at once recognized his younger daughter and his former hired man.

"Whoa!" roared Peter swinging his horse across the road, thus stopping the further progress of the evidently eloping couple.

"Whoa! Wot does this mean, you tarnal tramp? Git out av thet wagon at onct, Martha, an' come with me. D'ye hear? Come, neow, mog yer boots."

As the young lady made no move preparatory to obeying the order, but on the contrary clung hysterically to her companion, Peter, in order to enforce his command, leaped from his wagon and approached the other vehicle.

No sooner had he done so than Robert Sharp, freeing himself from Martha, jumped to the ground, seized the husbandman by the collar of his snuff colored coat, pulled him forward, pushed him backward, and, tripping him with lightning-like rapidity, threw him with such force as to make the ground fairly shake.

Hhaving done this he backed Peter's horse into the roadside ditch, clambered into his wagon and drove rapidly away.

Although Peter was so dazed by his fall that he saw ten thousand, stars, he notwithstanding managed to get to his feet before the runaways had completely disappeared from view.

"Whoa! Whoa! Come back! Come back, Martha, an' git married tew hum. Wait till a week frum tew-night, an' I'll git ye up a weddin' that'll beat anything ever seen within ten miles uv Piketown.

Martha and Robert, being less than a mile away, heard Peter's words, and after a moment's consultation the ex-hired man turned his horse about and drove to the scene of the late impromptu wrestling match.

"Bob," shouted Peter, holding his hand out toward the young man, "yew kin hev the gal in welcome. D'ye hear? In welcome. Ye're worthy uv her. Any man that outplants, onthoes and outmows old Pete Cummins, an' tew cap all slams him on his back the way yew hev, is worthy uv the best gal within ten mile uv Piketown."

The week following the above related incident Robert Sharp and Martha Cummins were married.

The wedding festivities were of a high order and on a very elaborate scale.

The supper went beyond anything in the culinary line that had been known in that vicinity within the memory of "the oldest inhabitants."

The Piketown full string band was in attendance, and Peter, resplendent in a white shirt with a very high collar, a long tailed black coat, blue jean trousers and newly tallowed boots, danced a breakdown with a vigor and abandon unknown to the rising generation.

The boys all "danced till broad day light and went home with the girls in the morning."

Peter is very proud of his son in-law, and permits him to do nearly all of the farm work and a share of the planning.

He is willing at any time to lay a wager that "Bob Sharp—my son-in-law—kin outplant, outhoe, outmow an' outrassel any man within ten miles uv Piketown.

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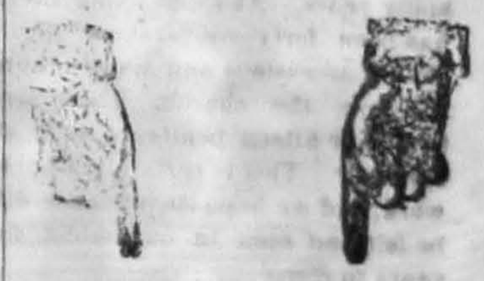

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Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
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DUNCAN'S WARD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"You see Bob, there's nobody else I can leave her to—" The dying man's voice grew faint, and Robert Duncan leaned over him to say, kindly:

"Has she no relatives in the East? —and no friends of her mother's?"

"Absolutely none," replied Dr. Malcolm "I left her in the care of some old friends, to board her while she was in school. Carter is the name, but the husband is dead—died since I came out to the mines —and the widow, if she were here, could not take charge of Mollie's affairs as well as you can. She will have a mint of money, and I want somebody who will not let her be wronged——"

The voice broke there, and in fifteen minutes more Dr. Malcolm had gone "over the range," as they put it out there, and Bob repeated, as spite of him the pines outside intoned, an hour later. "Well, I haven't been a saint, but I swear that a hair of that child's head shall never be harmed, if I can help it! I'm rather a young fellow for the guardian of a little child, but I'll do the best I can for her and hers. I wish the doctor had known his danger in time to tell me more; but this morning we didn't think of this."

Bob broke down there and wept like a child, big six footer as he was. He had formed a strong friendship for the doctor in the short time he had known him—men come very close to each other so far away from home—and there were few congenial friends near him in Colorado.

An accident had happened at the "Lone Star Lode," the day before, and in trying to save one of the miners, Dr. Malcolm was hurt. No one thought it fatal, at first but a sudden change had given him but an hour to prepare for the last and now he was gone.

Bob saw that everything was done in the best possible manner, and turned away from the lonely grave to write to the little girl, who was now his charge, of her father's death.

"I hardly know how to do it," he said, to himself. I never had much to do with children. I suppose I ought to send her a present, too. All guardians do that, I believe. Wonder what it ought to be?"

He finally decided on a tiny ring set with garnets, rode twenty miles to purchase it, and then to guess at the size. But nearly all children of eight or ten like jewelry, he reflected, and what would fit one, would another. So he tried the ring on the jeweler's little daughter, and sent it, with his letter, back to Pennsylvania.

In due time he recieved a nicely written reply, expressing the daughter's grief at her father's loss, and thanking him for his gift.

"Writes a very good letter," remarked Bob. "Must be a smart thing. Maybe the widow wrote it for her, though. Well I'll go to see her, when I return to the States next spring."

But Robert Duncan did not go East the next spring, nor the next year. His mind required his presence in Big Creek Valley, and it was full eighteen months after the death of Doctor Malcolm, when one day he found himself riding through

It was late in October, and the trees had almost flung off their gay robes of russet and crimson; but the air was as balmy as a May morning and Bob, when he left the train at the little station of Wildmere, took a fancy to walk to his destination through the woods.

It was not unfamiliar ground to him. He had relatives living near, and had frequently visited the region. A little inquiry at the station had informed him that the widow Carter lived on the old Gresham place, and he set out to find it unaided.

"Let's see," he mused, walking along with grip over his shoulder, "there used to be a bit of woods, then a creek, and then more woodland; yes I think I'm right. I've done my best with Mary Malcolm's money—she needn't be grows up, thing she fe I am a respectable allow myself, and takes a notion to some worthless scamp who is after her money! Ah, these daughters! they do worry a fellow awfully, when he has to look after the future for them!"

And Bob heaved a deep sigh, and felt very aged and responsible. He hurried on, wondering what the little girl he had never seen was like —whether she resembled her father or not, and how she liked the great box of presents he had sent her from Colorado last Christmas, said box containing a big wax doll, a set of China dishes and doll's furniture, and several other trifles such as are dear to the hearts of small maidens, and had cost Bob quite a penny to send so far.

At this point in his meditations, he came to a spot where two paths met, and was a little in doubt which one, to take. But, glancing up, something to his surprise, he saw, coming toward him, a tall, slender figure—a young girl, dressed in the quiet style which always marks the true aristocrat, carrying a small russet leathar portfolio in her hand.

"An artist, of course," was Bob's thought. "Wonder if she couldn't direct me?" As the lady drew near, he removed his hat, and with a gallant bow, said: "Pardon me, but can you tell me whether this path leads to the home of Mrs. Carter?"

He caught one flash from the largest, sweetest pair of dark gray eyes he had ever looked into, as their owner answered:

"Yes, sir. You will find the gate just beyond those trees yender."

"Thank you." And with another bow, Bob passed on, wishing he knew that beautiful girl, and half resolving to stay in the neighborhood until he got acquainted with her, if possible.

"Perhaps Mrs. Carter may know her. An artist with gray eyes and red lips—that describes her. I'll ask about her, anyhow. I don't care much for girls, in general, but that face strikes me, somehow."

He rang at Mrs. Carter's door, with a vision of the lovely face and dark eyes still haunting him. Yes, he was even so crazy as to think how nice it would be if she belonged to him, and they had a pleasant home somewhere, and took his little ward to live with them; and he did not know her name, or even whether she was not already married.

But life in the mines makes any one think and decide rapidly, and that was Bob's excuse. Nobody

excepting an old colored woman, who, learning who he was, showed him into a handsome parlor, saying that her mestress and Miss Mary would soon be at home, if he would wait.

"Dey wasn't a 'spectin' nobody to day, or dey wouldn't a went out," she added.

"Oh, it's all right!" responded Bob, cheerfully. "I didn't let them know just what train I would arrive on. It's all right, aunty. I'll wait."

Just then a light step sounded on the porch, and the old woman looked around.

"Needn't to wait, sah, h'yars Miss Mary comin' now," she said.

"Yes, aunt Hepsy [illegible] parlor, swered a [illegible] in the pres- gray-eyed artist of the hos.

"I am sure you are Mr. Duncan," she said, frankly, coming forward with her hand held out to welcome him.

"That is my name," replied Bob, slightly mystified at her knowing him, and wondering if she were not his little girl's teacher in drawing, or something of that sort.

"As soon as I passed you, in the woods, I felt sure you were my guardian, and I turned back immediately. I am very glad to see you."

The words brought Bob to his feet, with a sudden sence that something awful was happening, and he fairly caught his breath, as he made out to stammer: "But you—you surely are not—little Mary Malcolm?"

"I was once, though I am not very small at present," was the laughing rejoinder.

"But—but—I always thought—you—were—you were——"

"Did you think I was a little child?" asked Mary, pitying his embarrassment, yet with a laugh in her eyes. "Was that why you sent me the little ring, and the doll and dishes?"

Her laugh rang out merely, then, but poor Bob actually had to wipe the sweat from his brow, at the thought of what he had done. That dreadful doll, and those ridiculous little toy dishes rose before his vision, and wrung from his tortured soul a remorseful cry:

"Oh! Miss Malcolm, what must you have thought of me?"

Again the sweet laugh rang out, as she answered:

"I thought you were mistaken, that is all. See here, Mr. Duncan."

She held up her watch chain, and Bob saw attached to it a familiar little garnet ring.

"What? Did you care to keep the silly thing?" he exclaimed, flushing again with very shame at his blunders.

"I cared very much, Mr. Duncan. It came to me almost as if from—from poor papa." The tone faltered an instant, then she went on: "I could not wear it on my finger, and so I wore it here. Thank you for it now."

"It is I who should thank you for being so patient with my stupidity," said poor Bob, humbly. "Oh! Miss Malcomb, why didn't you tell me?"

The smiles lighted her eyes anew, as she spoke:

"Aunty Carter did want me to, but the joke was so delicious, I couldn't spoil it. Did not papa tell you——"

She stopped, and Bob said, very gently:

"He had no time to tell me my-

wished me to undertake the guardianship of his daughter. You remember I wrote you there had been an accident?" She bowed her head, and Bob went on: "I accepted, because he was my friend, and I loved him." Mary's hand was held out instantly, and he added: "I honestly supposed you to be a child of ten or twelve, at most."

"I am almost nineteen, Mr. Duncan." She hesitated a second, smiled at him again, and frankly added: "Don't quarrel with me for what I can't help, please. [illegible] very near her, you have [illegible] making a fool of [illegible] on the spot; but he managed to be reasonable, and talk with her about her father and her interests both in Pennsylvania and Colorado. He found her a sensible, intelligent girl, quite able to understand business details. What she thought she expressed, when she said to him:

"Now, Mr. Duncan, I have a little confession to make, as well as you. If I was older than you expected, you are very much younger than I supposed. I really thought," and the gray eyes danced again "that the guardian papa had selected for me, was a grave, elderly gentlkman, possibly with grandchildren of his own."

Bob couldn't help laughing here in which Mary joined as she went on:

"It was not until after I remembered that you were to come to day that I had the least idea you were my guardian, when I met you in the woods. But I am sure you have been so kind and so faithful to my affairs, that I have reason to be glad papa did choose you."

"Thank you, Miss Mary. It was hardly a case of choosing—there was nobody else at hand," said Bob, honestly. "But," he couldn't help adding, "since I have seen you, I never was so proud or so glad of anything in my life. I shall try to be a father to you, indeed I shall."

Bob did try to look very fatherly and dignified just then. But, nevertheless, he saw the mischief in Miss Mary's eyes, as she demurely answered:

"I am sure you will Mr. Duncan."

Mrs. Carter came in presently, and her astonishment at learning that this young man was Mary's guardian, was very evident.

"Mary, my dear," she said, after Bob had gone to the hotel, (he declined stopping altogether at Mrs. Carter's), "Mary, my dear, he is very nice. But I'm afraid it won't do, I am indeed my dear!"

"Afraid what won't do, aunty?" asked the girl, with such an air of innocence that the good lady could not explain.

"I see just how it will end! Oh, yes, I do!" she said to herself, in the silence of her own room that night. And a month later, when she had come to know Bob better, she added, to the same hearer: "I don't care if it does, either! He is just the one she ought to have, and I'm glad of it!"

Bob stayed in the neighborhood for three months. Then it was necessary for him to go out to Colorado, for a short time, at least. Of course, his rights as her guardian gave him a great deal of access to Mary's society, and they were together almost constantly. But as he began to think about going back to the mines, he became moody and silent. Constantly in his

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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December 25, 1890.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT-GIVING.

Tired and perplexed present-seekers are apt to feel about this season that Christmas is something of a nuisance. First, there is the puzzle to know what to get for whom. Second, there is the difficulty of finding just what you want. Third, there is the conviction that whatever you get it will not be exactly the right thing. And last, but not least, there is the difficulty of deciding how the money spent on Christmas presents can be saved out of the comforts and necessaries of every-day life. The trouble is that this business has gradually assumed a wrong character. It is not the value or even the usefulness of the present, but the love that goes with it that constitutes present-giving a suitable way of commemorating Christmas.

What would the world have been without the first Christmas and all the blessings which have flowed from it? "Blackness and darkness and tempest"—ignorance and depravity and desolation.

It is impossible to overstate the temporal benefits which the world has derived from the advent of Christ, as anyone can see who will study history carefully and note how the world's civilization had run itself out and was destroyed by its own inherent depravity before Christian civilization began to make itself felt.

The wonderful discoveries of modern times in which we take so much pride are in fact the offspring of Christianity, because whether the inventors were themselves Christians or not, they were brought up in the light of that knowledge and civilization which had its origin and inspiration in the wide circulation of the Bible.

And we who know Christ as a personal Saviour, what a joy it should be to us to commemorate the day af His birth! Only let us do so with true kindness of heart and without ostentation, either in present-giving or otherwise, and Christmas will be to each of us the glad time it ought to be.

There is no particular reason why President Harrison should feel the McKinley prices. He has a fifty thousand dollar salary and a little more or less makes no difference. But how about the fellow who gets a dollar a day and has a family to support.

Bids for the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Branch railroad up the Warm Springs Valley from Covington, Va., to the Warm Springs have been accepted, and it is expected the road will be completed by the 1st of June next. This road will not only accommodate the Hot, Healing and Warm Springs, but open up a very rich mineral and timber region. It will be a boom for Covington as well; and when the Potts Creek road is constructed it will make Covington an important point in connection with the mineral development of that section.

The bodies of two men who had been frozen to death were found near Clay Court House, W. Va., Saturday. They were recognized as those of James Lane and George Sisken, two well-known farmers and stockmen, who lived in the eastern part of Clay county. The men had started for Clay Court House on Wednesday and it is believed were caught in the terrible wind and snow storm which prevailed in the mountains on that day.

Sitting Bull, the most troublesome Indian of the Sioux band, and his son, Crow Foot, were killed in their camp, near Standing Rock, South Dakota, on the 15th. They were about to leave their camp for the Bad Lands, preparatory to taking the war path, when they were arrested. A fight ensued, resulting in the death of half-dozen on either side.

Just before the death of an unknown man at Tennyson, Ind., a few days ago, he made the startling assertion that he was the murderer of John R. Bittenbach, near Fort Branch, twenty years ago, for which crime Thomas Camp asserting his innocence, was hanged.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 19,—Senator Paddock who, like some of the other republican Senators from the northwest, has a mind of his own as to how he shall vote, and who values the interests of his constituents above caucus decrees, gave Mr. Harrison a bad turn when that gentleman attempted to bull-doze the doughty Nebraskan into voting for the Force bill, by telling him plainly that he was very decidedly opposed to the measure and would certainly vote against it. Mr. Harrison then made an ineffectual effort to get Mr. Paddock to promise that he would absent himself when the vote was taken.

As a last resort to get the republican Senators into line Mr. Harrison is said to have stated to several of them that he would consider the defeat of the Force bill an intimation that they did not wish him to be a candidate for a renomination in '92. That is a very dangerous argument for Mr. Harrison to use, and it will probably result in making more votes against the bill than in its favor, for it is doubtful whether there is a half-a-dozen republican Senators who are sincerely in favor of giving Mr. Harrison another nomination

A republican caucus has voted to change the rules of the Senate in order to push the Force bill through. The programme is to debate the bill the rest of this week, then to take up the new silver bill approved by the same caucus, and pass it in its present condition, if the wicked democrats do not succeed in substituting free coinage therefor; afterwards the change of rules is to be adopted, if enough republicans can be persuaded to vote for it.

The rumor is again here, and generally believed to be true, that Mr. Harrison has fully made up his mind that Commisioner Raum is a heavier load than he cares to carry. He will ask for Raum's resignation, it is said, as soon as the House committee, which is pretending to investigate the Pension office, makes its report, which will probably not be until after the holidays.

The House expects to vote on the substitute for the Senate subsidy shipping bills tomorrow. This substitute is a sort of a combination of the subsidy and bounty features of the other two bills which has been concocted by the republicans of the House committee on Merchant Marine in order to compel certain republicans who favored subsidizing steamship lines, but opposed the bounty bill to vote for both. The republicans claim that it is certain to pass. An attempt will be made by democratic members to attach an amendment providing for free ships to the bill, and it may succeed as a number of republicans are believed to be willing to support it.

Representatve Pierce of Tennessee, a member of the Farmers Alliance, has introduced in the House a resolution instructing the committee on Ways and Means to report the Sub-Treasury bill not later than Monday January 5, and fixing the following Monday for its consideration.

Representative Mills has introduced a resolution providing for a recess from Dec. 22, to January 5 and it has been referred to the committee on Ways and Means. It is not believed that the republicans will agree to such a lengthy recess, in fact a Senatorial caucus said there would be none.

Representative Wilson, of Washington, who took part in one of the notorious slugging matches on the floor of the House at the last session came very near to having another one with Representative Milliken, of Maine, whom he accused of having "turned down" his bill for a public building at Spokane Falls. Milliken called him a liar and Wilson started for him in regular pugilistic attitude when a friend grabbed him and Mr. Milliken made a hasty exit from the Speaker's lobby, where they had met. There may be more of it, as Wilson is known among his friends as a fighter.

While the apportionment bill, which passed this week, was under discussion in the House the democrats paid their respects to Secretary Noble, Superintendent Porter and the faulty Census upon which the bill is based. If the census was a correct one, which it was not, the bill would be as fair as could be expected.

A joint Congressional committee will undertake next week to make some of the gentleman concerned tell something about the buying of American industries by Foreign syndicates. If they'd tell what they know it would be interesting.

Mr. Wanamaker has succeeded in getting the House committee on Post-offices to report a resolution to the House setting aside January 6 for the consideration of the postal telegraph bill. He dosen't seem to be worrying any to get a one cent postage bill through.

The National Citizens Alliance, which is intended to be a twin brother to the Farmers Alliance, is to have headquarters and a newspaper in this city.

Constipation,

IF not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st. Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Connors, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rosella Smith by &c.
vs.
Mary F. Malcomb, & others | In Chancery

The object of this suit is to obtain a sale and partition of proceeds of 200 acre tract of land in Pocahontas County West Virginia, and it appearing by Affidavit filed that Elizabeth Y. Cochran is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is orderep that she, appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Printers fee $6.35.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in December, 1890

Minnie V. Dameron Pl'ff.
vs.
Thomas J. Dameron Def't.
In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree of divorce in favor of the plaintiff Minnie V. Dameron from the bonds of matrimony with the defendant Thomas J. Dameron, and to be awarded custody of the two children, Lewis Page Dameron and Lewis Hounsom Dameron and it appearing by affidavit filed that Thomas J. Dameron is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k

Rucker, p. q.

Dec. 4-4 t.

Printers fee $8.33.

To Thomas J. Dameron, Esq.,

Take notice, that on the 13th day of January, A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and Ten o'clock, P. M., at the residence of the late George C. Hill dec'd. on Hill's Creek, Little Levels District, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of Miss Mary E. Hill, and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff; and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MINNIE V. DAMERON.
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.

dec. 4th-4 w

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HOME NEWS

—Christmas Gift.

—Q. W. Poage, Esq., Clover Lick, was in town Tuesday.

—The bar-rooms have done a good business this week.

—Albert Sharp, Esq., who has been for a few weeks past at Buchanan, Va., came home Xmas.

—H. A. Yeager, Esq., of Green Bank, was in Huntersville, Tuesday.

—Has every body got a turkey for Xmas? Ye Ed. has one, but it isn't much bigger'n an old rooster.

—One of Attorney H. S. Rackers little girls has been quite sick for a few days past.

—The work on the abutments and wing walls of the bridge at this place was suspended for the winter.

—The St. Lawrence Lumber Co., has eight or ten thousand logs in one pile about one mile and a half above Huntersville.

—We finished last week a brief for Attorney H. S. Rucker in the case of Allen C. Burner vs. Uriah Heyener, of 39 pages.

—Ring out the old, ring in the New Year if you like, but don't forget that the latter is 1891, when changing your date line after December 31.

—We understand that while four colored men were coming up the Warm Spring mountain during the big snow, one of them gave out and froze to death.

—As is usual with most country papers and THE TIMES with the rest, it will not appear next week but will promise after Xmas, to come out chuck full of news and reading matter.

—Mitchell Beard, Esq., of Beaver creek, called to see us Tuesday, and informed us that he, with a party from his neighborhood, spent a few days last week hunting on Cranberry mountain and killed five deer.

NOTICE.

Owing to a change in our firm Feb. 1st, '91, all persons indebted to us either by bond or acc't must pay up by that time. We mean business and it will pay you to settle at once.

Respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

Summary Doings.

Snow at Dunmere on the 17th, 31 inches deep, which is the deepest snow that ever fell here.

Miss Mary Cackley, Nelia Pritchard and Izzie McCutcheon are home from school, and will remain until after the holidays.

We may have a few surprize parties during the holidays.

We would like to have a few good hops during the holidays. There is a time to dance and we think this is a good time.

Mr. Sam. Cooper, of Green Bank, has the contract for the Farmer's Alliance store at Green Bank. A good deal of interest is being taken in the Alliance at that place. Let the good work go on.

TOM SAWYER.

Young Cassan, the bell-boy, who stole $16,000 from the Hotel Vendome, New York City, has been sentenced to hard labor for ten years. There was no possible ground for clemency, opinion the World. He philosophically remarked to the landlord of the hotel that he would serve his time and then enjoy his stolen money, which was more than he could earn in ten years honestly. It would be poetic justice if somebody were to play a philosophic theft on the money in the dotards of Cassin's imprison-

—THE TIMES wishes a happy Xmas to all its friends and patrons.

Big Snow.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week the deepest snow fell that has ever been witnessed in this section. It fell to the depth of 36 or 37 inches, and Wednesday night being very windy it drifted, in some places 10 feet deep. Barn and shop roofs were broken in and mails were stopped for several days.

DEATHS.

Mr. Jacob Warwick, who resided on the Valley pike a few miles north of the city, died on the 10th instant, aged seventy-four years. The deceased was a native of Bath county and in the prime of his manhood resided in Nelson county, where he married and had a large relationship. He was liberally educated and chose farming as a pursuit. As entered into fellowship with Virginia farmers, he enjoyed the pleasure and comforts of that class, which never before or since witnessed such prosperity as that which prevaded the State in the decade before 1860. Settled upon a fine Rockfish estate in Nelson county, he married a daughter of the late Mr. William Massie, one of the most eminent patrons of agriculture in the State, and enjoyed associations which, with his cultured intercourse, called him into the public service of the people, one of which was that of a representative of the county in the Legislature. Whilst engaged in agricultural pursuits in Nelson, he controlled a large cattle-range on the mountain above the Crab Tree Falls, and, more than any other person in that day, odened the approaches to that wonperful curiosity of which he delighted to convene all the remainder of his life. Some years ago, he changed his interest to Augusta county where he continued to reside till his death.—Staunton Spectator.

Mr. Warwick was a brother of Mr. John W. Warwick, of near Edray, this County, and also of Mr. Jas. W. Warwick, of near Warm Springs, Bath Co., Va.

Mr. D. W. C. Slanker, fell dead in his house, near Split Rock last Friday, the 19th inst., cause, supposed to be heart trouble. Mr. Slanker was an excellent citizen, and for a number of years after the war, merchandised at this place, and was regarded among that class as a very fine salesman. He leaves a wife and five grown children to mourn his loss. Also his son John is lying in bed from the effects of a broken leg.

State Senator B. J. Smith, of Hancock county, died Friday, the 12th inst. Senator Smith is the republican member who was carried 300 miles on a sick bed to vote for Goff during the gubernatorial contest in the Legislature.

HIS EDITORIAL CAREER.

The Lincoln Citizen sizes up the career of Editor Richards, who recently sold out in Clarksburg, in the following language: "A printer named Richards came to Clarksburg a few years ago, his only stock in trade being an old army pistol and lots of sand in his craw. He gathered up an old printing office, which, to use the vernacular of the craft, had been 'dumped into the hell-box,' and started a nondescript paper called the Telegram. In a month he had raised shed, so to speak, and people were shooting at him at every convenient opportunity. He got in a pop shot himself, occasionally, and kept up the racket with his newspaper. The more he abused people the more his paper prospered and the more he was respected. He got to be Mayor of the town, owned an editorial light fact, got rich. A few days ago he sold out for a little fortune, and now some other editors whose papers are struggling for life are wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea to try Richard's plan.

ENTOMBED ALIVE.

DENVER, December 18.—A man named Lowe was buried Monday in Riverside cemetery. For some unexplained reason the horses attached to the hearse proved stubborn and the driver could not even coax them into a funeral march. About the same time Henry Stock, who drove a livery horse, had trouble, and both teams had to be changed.

Arriving at the cemetery the body was lowered into the grave with ceremonies prescribed by the Red Men's Order. A bird is set free as the first earth rattles on the coffin, a symbol of the flight of the soul to the realms of the hereafter, but the dove fluttered from its cage and alighted at the edge of the grave. It would not take wing until frightened away by the grave diggers. Gossips talked and it was decided to exhume the body. The work was done, and it was found, as soon as the lid of the coffin was raised, that the casket itself was split and the glass in the cover broken, as if the dead had come to life. The coffin lid was raised and the full horror burst upon the spectators.

His body lay in a position unlike a peaceful one. The arms were bent and the hands so tightly tightly clinched that the finger nails had been sunk into the flesh. The face of the dead was distorted from the awful struggle through which the man had passed, and the cheeks showed that in his frenzy the man, entombed alive, had used his nails with terrible effect.

Blown Sixty Feet.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., December 16.—Just above Ceredo, West Virginia, on the Ohio extension of the Norfolk & Western railroad, yesterday morning, there occurred a terrible dynamite explosion, which resulted in the death of two, men and the serious injury of a number of others. The workmen had been drying some dynamite, preparing to use it for a blast and the stuff caught fire. One of the men attempted to stamp the fire out with his foot and caused the explosion. He was blown through the roof of the shed where they had been drying the dynamite and landed in a beech tree sixty feet away, but strange to say he was not killed. An Italian named Bocili and a negro named Barrett, were in the building, were killed instantly, and ten other laborers dangerously wounded, some of whom cannot recover. The names of the injured could not be learned.

A Dog Procures a Pardon.

"That was a fine passage between the Executive of Kentucky and the wife of the condemned man, who went to Frankfort last Friday to ask for a pardon. She had presented her papers and sat breathless whilst the arbiter of her fate perused them; and, as she waited, a mastiff, the playmate of the Governor's little son—a beast not given to strangers—uncoiled himself from the rug, there he had been lying, and came up in that friendly way which only dogs know how to affect with perfect sincerity, and, seeing suspense and pain in the agitated features of the poor woman, he put his paws gently upon her knees and began to lick her hands. The Governor finished the papers and the petitioner was about to speak when the grim old soldier said: "It is not necessary, madam; the dog has spoken for you," and straightway signed the document which was to release a dying man from prison and enable him to go to his

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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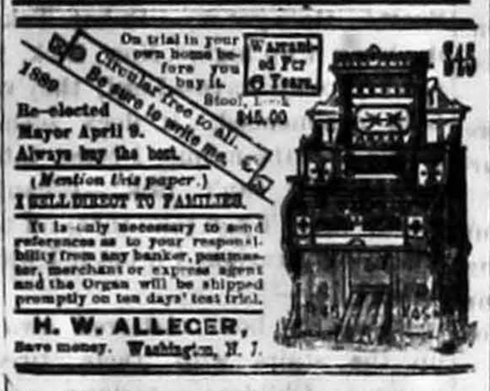

THE SUN.

FOR

1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun* opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interest of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

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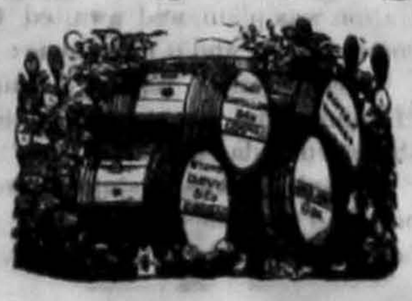

If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentuckey bourbon.

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To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Leven Wanless & others | In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, ——— Veris and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Skeen p. q.
Decbr. 4th—4 w

Printers fee, $7.40

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger Pl'ff.
vs. In Chy.
H. F. Crigger Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James H. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in the suit

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk,

Rucker p. q.

Dec. 4-4 w

Printers fee $7.88.

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4-4 t
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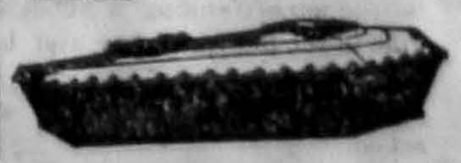

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Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 25, 1890.

mind were [illegible] first page.]
Malcom, "somebody [illegible] Doctor
her be wronged," and he hesitated
to speak other words which were
on his tongue. At last, in desperation, he said to himself:

"God knows I would sooner die than wrong her! But it is not her wealth, nor her beauty—it is her dear, true, sweet self that draws me, and she shall decide."

Sitting by Mary's side, that evening, he was so silent that she said to him:

"Mr. Duncan, I believe you are getting tired of being my guardian."

"Mary, I am," was Bob's instant answer. "I want to be something more than that—I want to be your husband. Will you take me for that, sweet?"

Mary looked up, her face grew rosy, her lips smiled and trembled; but she lifted the little hand which lay in her lap, and gave it to him.

Tommy is very hard on shoes and trousers. His mother understands this and governs herself accordingly when she goes shopping.

One day, while out with another lady, she was buying cloth for a pair of pantaloons for Tommy, and ordered a good deal more than seemed necessary.

"Why do you get so much?" asked her friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "this is for reserved seats!"

KEEP POSTED.

If you want a good news paper during the session of the Legislature subscribe for the Charleston Daily Gazette. It gives all the news. It owns the Associated Press Franchise which gives a decided advantage in printing the latest and most important happenings. A full report will be given each day of the Legislative proceedings. Price fifty cents per month. The Weekly Gazette, nine large columns to each page, only $1.00 per year.

Address

THE GAZETTE,
Charleston, W. Va.

A boy about 15 years of age applied to a factory on Atwater Street for the job of running a small engine in the place of a boy who had quit.

"Have you run an engine?" was asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You understand how steam works, do you?"

"I do."

"You know that water makes steam?"

"Of course."

"How is water got into a boiler?"

"By an injector."

"Suppose you have too much water?"

"Then I can't get steam enough until I draw it down."

"Correct. Suppose you haven't enough?"

"Then look out for an explosion."

"Correct again. Suppose you found the water almost gone and couldn't start the injector—what would you do?"

"Come up stairs and notify you to get your insurance policies out of the safe and make a speak before she busted!"

"You seem to be all right, young man; you can come on in the morning."

"You look worried, my dear," said Childers, when he came home from the office the other day. What is the matter?"

"The children have been very tiresome to-day," replied Mrs Childers, wearily. "It seems as if they would make me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Childers, with considerable energy. "Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Georgie, don't talk when papa's talking—Just deal with them gently but firm—Did you hear me, Georgie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—Silence, Georgie, this instant!—all [illegible] for letting 'em worry—[illegible] on my pockets, [illegible]kets, Dick—[illegible] Will you take your hands [illegible] pull [illegible] not? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now, you—What's Georgie making such a racket about, Annie? Great Scott! He's got my silk hat. Take it—hang it up high. Now, Dick, if you cry you'll have—Lord, they've both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 's if the minute I come into the house, I can't talk!—I can't think. Won't you take them off to bed? My gracious I'll bet if I was home I'd——"

But as the boys clattered away up the stairs with their tired mamma, Childers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he was home.

A country school-mistress had much trouble with her pupils, and to avoid it, made her examples placed before them of an explanatory character or illustrative. The effect was often unexpected. In going over their usual reading lesson a line was chosen by the lady upon which to test the merits of the scholars. The line read, "and he was a man of unlimited credit in business."

"Now, John, can you tell me what is meant by the word credit, when used as in the lesson?"

Thus she addressed one of the stumbling blocks of the school.

"I dunno, marm," said Johnny, looking sheepish.

"You don't know!" said the mistress. "Well, look here, Supposing your mother was to come short of money at the latter part of the week, and needed provisions, etc., now what would she have to do?"

She was satisfied that her illustration was plain, and awaited the correct reply, and it came thus:

"Well, marm," replied Johnny, "I dunno what she would do, unless she pawned dad's Sunday coat."

The subject was instantly dropped, and the teacher has lost all faith in that style of illustration.

Stranger—"If a man falls down an open coal hole, can he sue the owner of the premises for damages?"

Lawyer—Certainly, sir, certainly, big damages, and get them, too. Give me the particulars."

"Well, as my brother was passing your house this morning he fell through a coal hole and broke his leg."

"Hem! Did he use ordinary vigilance to prevent such an accident? Did he look at his feet as he walked? Did he stop and examine the condition of the pavement before entering upon it? Answer me that, sir."

"Stop? Why, no——"

"Ah, ha! I thought so. Guilty of criminal negligence He might have fallen on one of my own family under that coal hole—might have killed us all, sir. As it is I shall sue him for mussing up my coal bin."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents:

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this leathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health.'—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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PREPARED BY

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Poor, Foolish Men.

TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the consequence of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

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A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts an Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 8, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 23

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. BUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
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Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
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Will Practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

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RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no pains will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
a life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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TO WEAK MEN
suffering from the effects of youthful errors, premature decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A

Too Much for Him.

BY K. STUB GRAPS.

Privilege of copy granted THE TIMES.

ARUNDALE—a house on a marshy creek, letting up from the bay; lawn laid off squeamishly, walks diagonalled and circled; A third class summering resort, strictly private: free bathing in murky water, salted by the tide; free fishing for snapping turtles, wandering crabs, catfish and sunperch; free boating in a cast-away drift vessel; free drives in an ox-cart, through swampy and gated avenues; free promenades across the cornfield to the turnip patch: it all summed up in the ad. is as follows:

"Boarders Wanted at Arundale, *elite* Summer Home. Strictly private. Best of references required. Beautiful lawns. Free bathing, boating, fishing, driving, promenading. 4 dollars a week. Address, Miss Alicia Tompkins, Arundale, Calawan's Point. Care Capt. Bluswick, Steamer 'Wawa.'"

[2]

The boarders had come and gone, and the cold drizzly rains of Autumn had set in; and with it all there was a dissatisfied expression in the countenance of Miss Alicia Tompkins,—a reckless air, baffled, but not subdued,—disappointed, as if a certain investment had failed to make a coveted return, but with a morbid determination to invest again.

Miss Tompkins was an odd character. Unadorned, she was tall, gaunt, bold featured; only a batch of hair and that smirched as by the sun; her eyes had a keen eccentric blaze and her face showed the wrinkles of sixty autumns. Thus a lank black dress was her usual robe. But adorned; that is, riggod up according to her ideal of beauty—a store flaxen coil and girlish bangs upon her head—an unusual vermillion flush upon her cheek—the stroke of the pencil where ordinary eyebrows ought to be—slippers with New Port ties and a heavy sash drawn gracefully around her contracted form, she posed as the consummation of the aristocratic intellect and erudition of a long and honorable ancestry; priding herself, not upon what she is, but has been. Her tongue is glib and she can talk most fastidiously. She is what the world terms an "old maid" but she prefers the more comely expression "bachelorette." However she wants it, above all things, distinctly understood that she has had many bleeding hearts cast at her feet, but she pittyingly rejected them all and made a thoughtful choice of her present situation. Her father and mother were dead, and her three sisters married and went away and left her to stem the torrent with Nancy the old colored cook and her son little "Wooly Head" and Jack Mace, a white man servant who was reared by the family.

Jack was afflicted, not only with physical ugliness—inhus an under lip, stooped and knock kneed, but with an impetuous, wilful and mulish temper. He was also ignorant, rude and spiteful, especially, so when things did not move to suit him. He was raised as a knock about boy, and in such a sphere when left alone, discharged his duties well. Under all of his bad qualities was a good heart which was easily pacified. He was about half as old as his mistress, and not take a fancy to him, and second, who relished the position of house-maid for the mistress of Arundale.

As for Miss Tompkins, there were some very queer things said about her among them was that she had been a defeated candidate for matrimony ever since she was thirteen years old, that she had vainly endeavored to trap many of the masculine kind by "setting her cap" for them; but each defeat had strengthened her determination, so that she clung on to her intention with such a tenacity which only warranted her rigging at the age of sixty the fixtures of a sixteen year old girl, the shy girlish capers she would cut before a contemplated possible case and the askant glance from amid a profusion of blushes and graces while reciting amusing instances which happened "just eighteen years ago when she was a *very young girl*. Her case had long long since been pronounced a woeful one by the neighborhood. Marriage to her was as much of a mirage as to Jack. But a woman is a woman, and not often to be outwitted, I tell you. It seems that she had made a "catch as catch can" rush for a man and was determined to have him against all odds. Finding all her schemes and smiles exhausted to secure one of the *elite* or clever stock, and that all others were beyond the reach of her decoy, she thought of one and only one possible case—and that one was—even—poor Jack. Yes, in him rested her last hope, and after due contemplation she made up her mind to bait, and cast out her hooks when the first opportunity presented itself.

[3]

Jack was emptying a hod of coal in the grate when Miss Tompkins, who had her feet propped up on the fender "baking" them, began by way of introduction, hoping at the same time the introduction, would be so favorable as to be the finis. She looked upon him with a wistful eye and said, "Poor Jack, poor, poor fellow."

"Yaas, I kno' wot yer hawnyin' me erbout naw; ye wants ter git er ride but I got sumpin' else ter do; I 'as" he replied with much emphasis.

"O no, poor dear. I was just thinking about how sad was your lot—nobody to care for you—to—to—love you." And with these words she jobbed her fingers in her eyes and began weeping.

"Git out; none o' yer bawlin' 'bout me: I aint a keer'n. You 'ad better go an' look arter ole granny an' not come o' round botherin' me," he responded as he gave the door an ill-humored slam behind him.

Jack gone, she tottled into her room, which, by the array of cosmetics, head gears, crayons etc., reminds one of an anomalous medley composed of an illy kept barber shop, dental office, studio and apothecary shop. She glanced into the looking glass and frowned—then smiled—then looked sidewise—then over her shoulder—then put her finger on her temple, and smiled again, and murmered sweetly, "Jack my boy,"—then with a frown "He is such a stupid goose, he cant understand anything;"—then more encouragingly—"But he will think about what I said to him awhile ago and understand me next time. I will talk so plainly my horse Morgan can understand."

Her plans formulated, Jack at the wood pile chopping, she went out for a basket of chips. "Jack my boy," with finger on her temple uplifted.

"Wouldn't it be nice for you to be a master and not a servant?"

"Well, I aint, an' thar's no use o' thinkin' er bout it," decidedly answered Jack.

"But Jack dear, have'nt I got the power to make you so?" she said takingly.

"You! you!" he exclaimed resting his axe on the chopping block, "I knows as well as you'r standin' thar thet you aint a goin' ter gin me eny lan' ter call my own. Yer wouldn't gin me two green cents wuth of yer tho't yer'd never get'm back agin. Talk erbout you gin'n; All the lan' I spects ter git f'm you'll be nuff ter burry me in."

"But Jack you dont understa——"

"Ne-o use'r talkin', I aint no fule" he interceptingly put in as he resumed his chopping.

Baffled again she retreated into the house. She thought Jack was the dumbest, hardest headed, stubbornest piece in the shape of a man she ever saw: he crossed her in every particular. But while thinking of this peculiarity of Jack's, her eyes glistened with a new thought freshly coined. "Aha!" she ejaculated "I'll work him this time. I'll cross him, and scold him; I'll tell him if I were *his wife* I would *horse whip him*. That's the very thing." And she laughed and clapped her thin old hands in a demoniac sort of style. All her experience art and genius was brought to bear upon the pendant issue. Like one driven to desperation, she hesitated not.

[4]

The next morning was cold, chilly and benumbing. Jack was carrying water from the spring to supply the kitchen for the day. He was out of fix because little "Wooly Head" had failed to bring down an extra bucket for which he had spent his patience calling.

"Thet leetle carufunted brat, I'll blast 'is hade offun 'im; thet's wot I'll do, an' 'is missus don't keern, wot the leetle night saplin' don't do." And with these words the poor wretch made an unlucky step, slipping down, falling headlong down a little incline, the water from his only bucket spilling itself completely upon him.

"Carufunt it" he gasped between his breath while struggling to get up.

Miss Tompkins saw it, and recognize it as her supreme moment. She had kept the negro back in order to provoke Jack, but she had hardly hoped for such a favorable circumstance to aggravate him. She bounced out in a torturing flurry menacing him with, "Now, there, now there, you have gone and carelessly spilled the water and we have been waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and you only had half enough any way; you ought to have had two buckets. O my! how provoking; you are a good-for-nothing rascal. O sakes! if I were only your wife I would horse-whip you so you couldn't get up, I would; now, there.

"Haa," he groaned, "yer would, would yer? well I reckon yer wouldn't naw. I'd teach yer some sense, comin' foolin' round me with er hoss whip."

"Yes, I would; I would thrash you with in an inch of your life for being so careless. I believe I would treat you to the cowhide every day any way, now, there," she persisted.

"Haa, yer'd giv me a gude cawhiden' every day, would yer? well, I'd like fer yer ter be my wife, jist to don't keep your mouth shut, I'll go straight over and get Mr. Carr to bring the license and a preacher and a horse whip, so I will, now, there."

"I'm gittin' mad now," yelled Jack, "go and git yer preacher and hoss whip, an' I'll take an' use it on yaw—yer ole scarecrow. I wouldn't have yer fer a wife if any body'd gin me a dozen of yer, but I'll let the preacher do the job jest ter gin yer a gude soun' thrashin—wot yer need," with a flourish of his fist while sitting flat upon the ground in the water and mud, "I'll show yer how much thrashin' yer'll do if yaw was may wife."

"All right Mr. Snigglefritz, you stir your stumps and get out old Morgan and I'll go straight to Mr. Carr's and will very soon show what I will do; you sneak in distortion, you," stamping her foot fiercely on the ground.

"Haa, haa!, all right ole buzzard, we'll see" said Jack as he cracked his teeth together, giving the empty bucket a furious kick and starting for the old horse.

The horse was soon gotten and Miss Alicia Tompkins spent no idle time in getting off to Jade Carr's, an eccentric old neighbor. She heartily congratulated herself upon being so victorious. She must rush the matter through and make quick work of it, for if Jack would suspect anything her last opportunity would be gone. She must keep his wrath boiling so that he will not stop to think.

In the meantime Jack jumped up and cracked his heels together and dashed his fists against each other and gave vent in half audible words to his insulted spirit. "Git yer gone ole gal, I'll teach yer that I'm the biggest rat in this mus."

[5]

The next morning bright and early brought by Jade Carr came the horse whip, the license and the preacher; the preacher evidently not knowing why he was called. It is needless to say that a very strange surprise was meted out to him when he was taken into a dilapidated room and instructed. After fishing his ritual out of his hand satchel he glanced around him, the chandelier was made up of odd lumps, the antiquated fiuniture was merely propped up and the equally old piano had not been tuned for forty years, and while he was dizzily wondering which had gone crazy, Miss Tompkins or Jack Mace, the door opened and the duo, accompanied by Jade Carr, Nancy the cook and little "Wooly head" came in. Jack had on his Sunday clothes and his face was set and determined. The license was tendered by Jade Carr and Miss Tompkins extended her hand with a bill.

The minister was hon plussed and dazed; in a sort of bewildering dream he read the ceremony and pronounced them man and wife; and through his habit he began his usual blessing which was brought to an unfinished terminus by Jack, who turned around to his aged wife with, "Naw yer'e my wife; git yer caw-hide an' lam ahade. I'll see which's the biggest dog. I means biz, I dooz."

"What! what!" exclaimed the minister ritual dropping from his hand and his eyes almost leaping from their sockets, "What do you mean Jackson! Is that the way you commence your married life?"

"Yaas," he answered, pointing at his bride and gritting his teeth, "she got up on'e yare yaasterdy an'

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 8, 1891.

The residence of Hon. Jas. G. Blaine burned to the ground on the 1st inst.

Two theatres and a hotel were destroyed by fire in New York on the 3rd inst.

Sadie Martinot paid $115 for the doll dressed by Mrs. Cleveland for the New York charity dolls' fair.

The McKinley bill was milk punch and ice cream for large manufacturing corporations, but skim milk and ice in the wash bowl for millions of farmers and their families.

While the republican party has raised the tariff on imported goods it has raised the taxes that all farmers must pay on what they buy for home consumption, and have also raised——!

It is announced that the New York and London committees on the Virginia State debt have definitely agreed upon a plan which it is expected the Virginia Legislature will readily approve.

December 30th the Gem City Stove Works, in Dayton, Ohio, were destroyed by an explosion of natural gas. Loss $35,000. The business portion of St. Augustine, Tex., was burned. Loss $100,000. A fire in Milton, Del., caused a loss of $39,000. The Marshall County Court House, Kan., was burned. Loss $50,000. Granite Hall, in Augusta, Me., was burned. Total loss, about $50,000. The village of Noble, Ill., was partially destroyed by fire.

The New York World was moved into its new quarters in the Pulitzer Building at the end of Brooklyn Bridge, December 22-3, and now it is in its best appointed printing office in the country. With 150 other tenants in the same palatial edifice, it is quite a business town of itself. Aside from thus having rooms for its own use, the World, or its owners, the Press Publishing Company will receive about $200,000 a year rental from their tenants.

The man who still clings to the old party machine, expecting general benefits thereby, reminds us of the jackassical dutchman who swallowed a bad oyster twenty-nine times and twenty-nine times threw it up. Then he ordered it pickled and shoved down his throat after he was dead, that he might prove that he could and would hold fast to a rotten oyster.

A very severe engagement took place between 120 Indians under chief Big Foot and 500 U. S. troops, in the Bad lands, Dec. 29, in which more than 50 Indians were killed and several of the troops were wounded. The latest advices are that the Indians are being pursued in every direction and are being killed wherever found, no quarter being asked or given. It is one

The bronze statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, for the Jackson monument in Lexington, arrived there on Wednesday night, the 24th Dec.

M. A. Dauphin, for twenty years president of the Louisianna Lottery Company, died Sunday at New Orleans, aged 53 years.

The following is a model of New Year reverie, self depreciation, and resolution, which shows the heart from which it springs to be pure and disinterested:

"New Year resolutions,—What shall they be? Nothing good, pure and noble, for those things I am incapable of being. What under the light of heaven I ever was made for, to me is a mystery. Is there a single person who has been benefited or made happier in any way by me? I dont know. Yet this instant am I committing a sin by questioning the wisdom of the Ali-Wise in placing me here.

Retrospection! 'tis vain and useless. Live for the future, not for the past.

'What is done, is written in a rock,
yea, with a pen of iron."

I will do the best I can."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 2.—Senator Hoar enjoyed his New Year's day dinner less even than his Christmas dinner, if it were possible. Senator Stewart spoiled his Christmas dinner by his speech against the Force bill and appetite for his dinner yesterday was killed by a grand triple attack upon his pet scheme for getting even with the South by Senator's Wolcott, Teller and Hale. The first named Senator fired broadside into the Force bill of unanswerable argument; the groundwork of his logic being opposition to enacting a law for the purpose of placing an acknowledged ignorant and incompetent majority over an intelligent minority. He stated plainly that if there were a majority of ignorant negro voters in the State of Colorado, solidly opposed to the united intelligent white votes, that in some way and by some method the white vote would govern. That he is a broad gauge man the following words from his speech fully demonstrates: "For a quarter of a century, out from poverty and despair, the South has been reaching forth in efforts to plant its foot on the solid rock of material prosperity; and in view of the marvellous growth and transformation now taking place in the Southern States I believe it would be unwise and unpatriotic for us to interfere in the conduct of its internal affairs."

Senator Tellers speech was a ringing demand for the shelving of the Force bill and the enactment of the financial legislation demanded by the people of the country, which he described as being on the very verge of a financial panic.

Senator Hale's remarks, which probably hurt the would-be-leader from Massachusetts more than all the rest, was an attack upon Mr. Hoar charging him with being responsible for the month's time which has been wasted in consideration of the Force bill, and demanding the speedy disposal of that measure in order that other and more necessary legislation might have a chance. Mr. Hale also took occasion to give the closure or gag rule now pending, which he says is is altogether needless, a few hard raps. Take them all in all they were three of the most remarkable speeches ever made in Congress outside of a secret caucus against a party measure by members of the same party.

And yet, there is a well grounded fear on the part of democratic Senators that by the vigorous use of the party whip and the administration patronage the bill may be crats can by any means prevent it. In order to defeat it upon a vote, assuming that ever Senator will be in his seat or paired, it is necessary that eight republicans should vote against it, and only three have yet openly announced their intention of so voting, although there are a dozen or more who have privately expressed themselves as being opposed to it.

One thing is evident it will have to be passed or laid aside within the next ten days; other legislation, particularly financial, is crowding it, and Senator Hoar is reported to have said to-day that if it was not passed next week it would never pass. The administration has all the detectives of the Post-office department working on the recent killing of the post master at Carrollton, Mississippi, in order to try to make capital to help push the bill through, notwithstanding letters in the possession of Senator George from the leading citizen of the town, including its most influential minister, stating that politics had nothing whatever to do with the killing.

Treasury department officials are now preparing the annual deficiency bill. It will be the largest in the history of the country, aggregating about $75,000,000, nearly half of which is for pensions. These deficiencies were deliberately made by the republicans in Congress at the last session for the purpose of blinding the voters of the country to the amount of money that was being spent by that party.

Senator Hearst is somewhat better than he has been for several weeks, though still a very sick man.

The Civil Service Commission has jumped on Mr. Wanamaker to the extent of several newspaper colums because of his criticism of its methods in his annual report. This is regarded by many as an attack upon Mr. Harrison, who approved the report of the Post-master General or it would not have been made public, and some people think that there may be vacancies in the commission before long. The country could get along if the whole business was abolished.

Democrats are by no means anxious for an extra session of Congress, but if, as now looks almost certain, one be made necessary by the failure of the republicans to pass the regular appropriation bills they will not complain. They are ready to do their duty, but they wish the responsibility for an extra session to be placed where it right fully belongs—on the republicans.

Want [illegible] Sullivan.

QUEENSTOWN, Jan. 3.—McAuliffe and Madden left here Thursday on the Britanic. Madden told a a newspaper representative that he was commissioned by Arthur Cockburn, the well known English sport, to bet £1,000 to £5,000 that Slavin would knock Sullivan out in six three-minute rounds.

Slavin told Madden that he was willing to undertake the task if his backer consented. Madden, on his arrival, will deposit $500 to bind the match.

Madden was also asked by Charlie Mitchell to match him against Sullivan in a ring as small as twelve feet with skin gloves or bare knuckles, to fight in America, for $5 000 a side. Mitchell will start immediately he hears from Madden that the match is made.

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Are you Dry?

If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentuckey bourbon.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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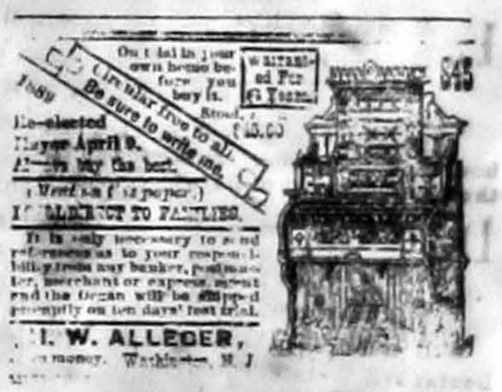

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THE SUN.

FOR

1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun* in its opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interest of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose: it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun*.

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County Court last Tuesday.

What has become of our correspondents?

Mr. Geo. H. McGlaughlin, of ...y, called to see us Tuesday.

Several persons attended court Tuesday.

Mr. O. Gay, the French cook, ...e St. Lawrence Lumber camp ... town is at Hotel by Wagner ... fever.

Miss Mary Rucker died at the ...e of Mr. Wm. McComb, on Bea... Creek, on the 25th inst. of con...ption; aged about 60 yrs.

—Hon. I. B. Moore, of Frost, ...ed to see us Tuesday. He will ... take his departure for Charles... as a member of the House of ...gates, which convenes on the ... inst.

—The Clifton Forge Nonpareil is ... name of a new paper published ...Clifton Forge by J. V. Reuder... It is newsy and well gotten ... Independent in politics and ...d at $1.00 a year.

—Bill Toliver, a colored boy, ...se home was near Huntersville, ...s on Christmas eve at Mt. Grove ..., accidentally shot in the head ...d killed, while carelessly handling a pistol.

—A. K. Hathaway, of Dumiso, ...xas and Jas. W. Whitworth, of ...iphur Springs, Texas, both students of the Staunton Military ...cademy, and about 15 yrs. of age, ...hile carelessly handling and snapping, what was supposed to be an ...loaded revolver, it was discharged and the former was killed.

—In this issue will be found the ... of Riverside, Lam & Co., real ...state agents, Covington, Va. They ...e live wide awake real estate men, ...d parties having lots for sale can ... no better than to place them in ...eir hands, and those desiring to ...urchase should consult them before ...vesting.

—We are requested to inform ...e talent holders of the Southern ...ethodist Sunday school, at this ...ace, that it is now time for the ...lents, with their increase; also, a ...atement of any specially interesting ways of increasing the same, to ... handed to Superintendent C. F. ...oore or Pastor Snapp. They will ... duly recorded, and the result, ...ill probably be mentioned here...ter.

—The Ohio Press favors the al...ance of the Farmers Alliance with ...e people, and thus the formation ...f a People's Party. As the princi...les put forth so clearly by the Far...ers Alliance are for the good of ...e people, and as the people have ... right to form a People's Party, in ...d through which all who love ...eir country and humanity in gen...al better than old countries and ...arers in particular, it is to be ...oped the alliance will be general ...d permanent.

—The following gentlemen were ... attendance at County Court and ...gistered at the hotels Monday ...d Tuesday: Messrs. M. J. Mc...ell and C. E. Beard, of Mill Point; ... L. Beard and Lincoln Cochran, ...f Locust; Geo. W. Siple, Maj. J. ... Arbogast, H. A. Yeager, S. B. ...annah, and Wm. Siple, of Green ...ank, L. W. Herold, and B. F. White, of Driscol, B. K. Burns, Geo. ... Curry and Richard Beard, of ...cademy; Levi Gay, S. D. Price, ... M. Koontz, A. M. McGlaughlin, ...m. Gibson, and H. T. Mitchell, of ...arlington; Chas. Cook, J. E. Barlow, Levi Waugh, W. C. and T. W. ...ank, J. W. Gum, J. D. Gay, of Edg...; Sherman and Wm. Gibson, W. ... Hannah, Enos and Jno. A. ...ower, and M. F. Herold, of Frost, ...

—Our friend C. D. Lam, formerly, of the firm of Lam & O'Farrell Mt. Grove, called to see us this week. We are pleased to learn that he is in the real estate business at Covington, Va., and doing a good business. He is now traveling in the interest and selling stock for the Covington Improvement Co., which from the railroad facilities, and present indications of other roads, of which the Pittsburg, W. Va. southern road is one, and almost an assured fact, is an excellent investment for those who want to invest in that line.

Deuthards Creek Items.

Well X-mas is over, and we do not think the young people can complain about not having enough snow for sleighing.

Miss Ida White, who is attending school at Hillsboro, spent X-mas at home.

Mr. Albert Sharp, who has been at Buchannon, Va. for some time is spending a week or two at home.

Mr. H. Lee White, has returned from Bath, where he has been to see his best girl.

Miss Alice McGlaughlin who is teaching school on this creek, spent last week at her home near Dunmore.

John E. Campbell and wife spent a few days last week at the home of her parents Mr. Henry Sharp's.

C. D. Lam, Esq., of Covington, Va., spent Friday night at Mr. Henry Sharp's.

JESSIE JAMES.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Plenty of Snow.

The Bazar at this place was quite a success.

Mr. N. C. McNeil spent last week in our town.

Mrs. Sallie Aistrop, of Warm Springs is spending the winter at Mr. J. W. Bolton's.

Miss Minnie Brown, of Narrows Va. has enrolled as a pupil of the M. & F. Academy.

Mr. Harry Beard, of Huntersville is clerking for W. H. Overholt.

Mrs. Susan Shover is spending the winter with her daughter Mrs. Fannie Jordon.

Mr. Harry McGlaughlin, of Elk, was in our town last week. Mr. H. is suffering with a Payne in his heart.

The following officers were elected for the next Quarter of Sons of Temperance: Worthy Patriarch, H. W. Burgess; Worthy Associate, Belle Eskridge; Recording Scribe, Verdie Clark; Assistant Recording Scribe, W. A. Eskridge; Financial Scribe, G. F. Crummett; Treasurer, G. R. Curry; Chaplain, Rev. C. Sydenstricker; Conductor, A. C. Kinnison; Assistant Conductor, E. H. Moore; Inside Sentinel, Maude Eskridge; Outside Sentinel; J. C. Waugh.

ADRONIS.

County Court Proceedings.

The following are the proceeding of the Co. Ct., up to Wednesday, 12 o'clock:

Wm. and Sherman Gibson qualified as adm'r of S. L. Gibson, dec'd.

G. M. Kee qualified as Com'r of the Co. Ct., and took his seat in place of G. P. Moore.

S. B. Hannah, was elected president of the Co. Ct.

S. L. Brown, qualified as Clk of the Co. Ct.

J. C. Arbogast, qualified as Sheriff of P. C.

B. K. Burns qualified as J. P. in dist. No. 4; Chas Cook in dist No. 2; H. A. Yeager in dist. No. 1 in place of J. H. Patterson resigned.

Wm. M. Siple qualified as Constable in dist No. 1.

The President has nominated ...

—The Daily Sentinel, of this city, publishes an interesting article giving the details of ex Senator Camden's big railroad enterprise, particularly the West Virginia and Pittsburgh scheme, which is one of the most important ventures in the history of the developement of West Virginia. The Sentinel says:

It is learned through reliable sources that Senator Camden, with other West Virginians, has formed a syndicate and completed the purchase of an immense iron ore territory on Potts creek, near Covington, Va., said to be the most extensive iron ore field in that part of Virginia. It is reported to embrace from 60,000 to 70,000 acres, covering continous iron ore beds for over twenty-five miles in length, on both sides of Potts creek valley. This means the immediate extension of the West Virginia & Pittsburgh railroad from its southern terminus on Williams river, a branch of the Gauley, to a connection with the C. & O. road at Covington, the junction of Potts creek with Jackson's river, a distance of about sixty miles and furnishing through the West Virginia & Pittsburgh railroad a direct line of road from Covington to Fairmont, and thence through its connection with the B. & O. roads to Pittsburgh and Wheeling, reaching Pittsburgh down the valley of the Monongahela by the Fairmont and Morgantown branch of the B. & O. road and its connections, the short gap to connect the Morgantown branch with the B. & O.'s line near Fairchance, being already in course of construction, to be completed next summer.

MUCH ACCOMPLISHED.

Mr. Camden is always reticent about his plans, and is slow to communicate what he has in contemplation, until his combinations are well digested and the work under way; in this way he has accomplished within a short space of time without attracting much attention to himself a remarkable amount of railroad developement in West Virginia. This part of the Camden system of roads, extending up the valley of the Monongahela and through to Covington, is destined to be the most important and richest road in the State, embracing the Monongahela River road, from Fairmont to Clarksburg, and the West Virginia and Pittsburg railroad, commencing at Clarksburg and extending southward by way of Weston, Braxton C. H., to Gauley river, and thence to Covington, both roads being controlled by President Camden in the same interests, and forming part of the same through line.

The road from Fairmont to Clarksburg runs along the face of a nine foot vein of coal continuously for over thirty miles, a large amount of the coal being owned by a company formed in the interest of the railroad, of which Mr. Camden is also President, and which has now in operation the finest coal and coke plants in the State. The coal is of a very superior quality, both for coke and fuel purposes. The success of the developement is attracting much attention, large purchases in the same region having since been made by Senator Davis, Elkins, Senator Don Cameron and others.

UP THE VALLEY.

From Clarksburg the West Virginia & Pittsburgh road extends up the valley of the Monongahela by way of Weston and Braxton C. H. to Gauley and Williams river, where it reaches the immense timber and coal property purchased by Senator Camden and conveyed to the railroad company as a basis for building the road. The immense property owned by the West Virginia iron furnaces, and also the nearest coal to the Virginia tide water by the C. & O. road. The road will also pass through the large iron ore district of Pocahontas county, and bring the ore of that district; and the coal, coke and lime stone all within twenty miles of each other.

By reference to a map it will be seen that from Covington to Pittsburgh by the Camden roads and the Baltimore & Ohio roads from Fairmont down the Monongahela river is almost a straight line, reducing the difference between Virginia and Pocahontas county ore fields to Pittsburgh and Wheeling at least two hundred miles—or to the shortest possible minimum of distance.

Taken altogether it is a most important enterprise, and its early completion is no doubt assured.

A Co-Partnership.

The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership for the purpose of practicing law in the various Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties and the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, under the firm name and style of Moore & McNeil.

They offer their professional services to the public and promise faithful and prompt attention to all business entrusted to their hands. Arrangements will at once be made by which one member of the firm will be at their office in Huntersville, all the while, ready to give immediate attention to parties calling or communicating through the mails.

C. F. MOORE,
N. C. MCNEIL.

January, 1st, 1891.

NOTICE.

Owing to a change in our firm Feb. 1st, '91, all persons indebted to us either by bond or acc't must pay up by that time. We mean business and it will pay you to settle at once.

Respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

of Covington, and the extension now proposed to be made by this road to that point in combination with the rich iron ore fields of Virginia with the immense coal field and timber lands already controlled by the company brings together the most valuable elements for railroad traffic possible to be combined in a line of road of the same length.

The roads outlined above are completed facts from Fairmont south, to Clarksburg, Weston and Braxton C. H., and under contract and now being graded from Braxton to William's river, leaving only about sixty miles on the south end to be built to reach Covington, and as the West Virginia & Pittsburgh road has built and laid over one hundred miles of railroad track in the past year, it is only reasonable to expect to see this line pushed through before the end of the coming year, when the long agitated question of connecting the iron ore region of Virginia with Pittsburgh by a railroad through West Virginia, will have been solved, and in operation almost before it was generally known to be in contemplation.

WILL OPEN UNTOLD WEALTH.

The great value of this part of the Camden system of roads, to the interest of West Virginia, cannot well be over-estimated. They follow the line of the Pittsburgh coal measures from the Pennsylvania line through West Virginia, and will open up and develop the heart of the mineral and timber sections of the State. The Williams river coal field is the nearest coal to the Virginia iron furnaces, and also the nearest coal to the Virginia tide water by the C. & O. road. The road will also pass through the large iron ore district of Pocahontas county, and bring the ore of that district; and the coal, coke and lime stone all within twenty miles of each other.

By reference to a map it will be seen that from Covington to Pittsburgh by the Camden roads and the Baltimore & Ohio roads from Fairmont down the Monongahela river is almost a straight line, reducing the difference between Virginia and Pocahontas county ore fields to Pittsburgh and Wheeling at least two hundred miles—or to the shortest possible minimum of distance.

Taken altogether it is a most important enterprise, and its early completion is no doubt assured.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities. It is over this I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

$9000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December. 1890.

Leven Wanless vs John F. Wanless & others	In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, —— Veris and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.
Skeen p. q.
Decbr. 4th - 4 w

Printers fee, $7.40

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger vs. H. F. Crigger	Plff. In Chy. Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James C. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in the suit

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk,
Rucker p. q.
Dec. 4-4 w

Printers fee $7.88.

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4-4 t
Printers fee $7.78.

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 8, 1891.

Continued from first page.

whip me, an' I tells her, sanys I, 'I wouldn't hev yer ef somebody 'd gin me a dozen like yer, but,' sanys I 'I'll let the preacher do up the job jist ter gin yer a gude soun' thrash in', an' larn ye a leettle sense;' an' naw I wants 'er jest ter blaze away" —turning to his bride—"Git, do yer heer! git yer caw-hide, I'm wait'n fer yer." He stood posed for battle.

"A strange, strange case," muffled the minister with a dubious shake of the head.

"Va'y qua' endade, va'y qua' sa'; something wrong sa'" chimed in Jade Carr.

Lor' bress dis po' chiles' sole; sumpins up suah. Missy wha' de mattah? Lor' bress dis chile. Ole Nancy neber sced setch afo' in her bo'n days," chorussed the old cook.

"Golly, I's gwine to git out'n heah, if dis niggah wants any hide lef' on hissef" rang in "Wooly Head" as he made for the door.

"Dy'er heer! I'm in fer it naw," bleated Jack again while rolling up his sleeves.

"Jack, my boy, I bought the whip for our *our* buggy, and I got you a pound of candy, and a new hat, and a new pair of trousers—I was just joking dear," said Mrs. Jack Mace, (*nee* Miss Alicia Tompkins) pleadingly as she put her hand on Jack's shoulder,—"Yes, I was just joking."

"Haa" said Jack with a dupish grin, "well carufunt it, I ain't a keer'n"

He Numbered His Children.

"Do you not find in Tennessee many queer Christian names?" a gentleman asked a friend who had just returned from a visit among the hills.

"Yes, for Christian names—or rather in this case, given names, for some of them are decidedly unchristian—have ever been of interest to me. I found just this side of Bear Wallow a young fellow named Longdistilled Peterson, and a little further on I fell in with a gentleman named Allwool Jones. Mr. Allwool Jones was a circuit rider, he informed me, and he asked me to stop at a small log church and hear him preach. I did so, and must say that Allwool's sermon was more than a yard wide. One afternoon I stopped at a house and addressed a young fellow who sat on the fence:

"'Who lives here?'

"'We do.'

"'Yes, but who are "we?"

"'Pap, mar an' the rest of us.'

"Just then a man came out, and as he approached, said: 'Six git down offen that fence an' help Four chop some wood. Stranger,' addressing me, 'wout you git down?' As I was in much need of rest I dismounted. The man yelled, 'Come here, Seven, an' take the

backwoods—men was urged to make myself at home. My host's name was Beasely and was kin to old Ham Bledsoe what lives in middle Tennessy near Drake's creek summers.' Mrs. Bledsoe moved a lot of clothes which she had hung in front of the fire, kicked a cat, spanked with a shovel an enormous brindle dog, and told me to feel easy, for she would get a snack to eat after a while. I had never seen so many children belonging to one family. Look which way I might I caught sight of dirty faces and tow heads.

"'You have quite a family,' I said to Mr. Beasely.

"'Rather, but we live in er big neighborhood, whar we've all got room.'

"'I should think that you would have found some trouble in selecting names for all your children.'

"'I didn't, though. I know that a great many folks have had trouble in that way, an' I was determined to steer cl'ar uv it, so I 'dopted a rule; an' when the fust chile was born we called him One. The next was named Two, the next Three, an' so on. W'y it worked like a charm, and we didn't have a bit uv trouble. I would advise ever'body to 'dopt the rule. One is married to a sorter slouch uv a woman and lives down yan on the branch. Two is a hoss trader. All the rest air at home. Three thar,' turning to a blushing girl, 'is old anuff to git married. Eight don't stand so clost to the fire; you'll scorch yer britches. Mur make Nine an' Eleven behave thorselves. Twelve, go on now an' rock the cradle, fur don't you hear Sixteen cryin'?'

"Yes, it was a very large family, and I don't know how Mr. Beasely could have managed had he not adopted the numerical system."

Polly Made A Match.

"A parrot is usually regarded, I know, as a very mischevious, meddlesome bird, and all the stories are of their interference and trouble making, but I have always believed that I owe my life's happiness to one of them," remarked Mr. M. C——, of this place, a day or two ago to a friend. The story being entreated Mr. C—— continued:

"I was the most bashful youth you ever saw, the very shyest imaginable, especially where ladies were concerned. I was fond of their society, enjoying it so that I sought it as often as I could, and yet at the same time in a perfect agony of bashfulness if required to answer the simplest question or to express an opinion on any subject, while to be asked to button a glove or any such little service would throw me into such a state of nervous excitement that I usually ended in making an awkward dunce of myself.

"I visited at one house where the girls, or rather, two of them, romping, high spirited misses, took the keenest deliget in playing upon this bashfulness of mine; but, secretly adoring the other sister—the eldest—I bore this patiently, for, while she could not always refrain from laughing at her sister's pranks, and the confusion they threw me into, she herself never teased me.

"But to get to Miss Polly. She was a green bird with a yellow head and a wicked eye and a habit of walking in the flower garden, where in a little summer house fitted up as a parlor the girls were fond of entertaining their company during the pleasant months. This bird was sitting one day on a trellis near by, when in a state of the greatest excitement I came to this summer parlor, and meeting a servant sent Miss Nellie word to please meet me there. I had heard that a rival had appeared on the scene and that it was thought that the girl I had loved so long in silence was favoring the new comer, but I had made

this, which seemed an easy task, till I caught sight of her sweet face as she advanced toward me, then my courage fled and in abject terror I waited for her. I stammered out some foolish speech intended for an apology and sat looking at her dismayed to see how unusually quiet and depressed she seemed, while Polly, walking up and down the trellis, watched us both suspiciously. At last just as I decided to put it off, as I had decided a hundred times before, that parrot paused in her strutting and, leaning over, urged, 'Kiss her! kiss her, quick! you goose!' My heart stopped beating and I scarcely dared steal a glance at Miss Nellie, but when I did she was blushing so divinely, her lips were so tempting and—well, there was a look in her eyes that told me a delicious secret; so, with sudden courage, I leaned forward and with a 'May I, Nell?' followed Poll's sage advice.

"Yes, my wife's name is Nellie, and Poll, now gone the way of all flesh, now stands upon our mantel beautifully stuffed and prized most highly. In all probability I would have allowed the tresure I coveted to slip through my fingers had she not helped me out, for my wife has since told me she had just decided it was lost time to continue to love a man so bashful that he would not take his own, and that she would try and like the other fellow."

A Flemish Legend.

The Flemish people of Belgium and Holland are a simple and slow-going race, but are by no means without a sense of humor. They have an imaginary character—La Guerliche they call him—of whom they tell all manner of stories; a bantering, boastful old fellow, who speaks in parables and proverbs, but often to the point. He is always very ready in his replies, as the following story of his wisdom illustrates:

On a certain occasion the King of the Netherlands visited his faithful subjects of Flanders. On his way through the country he passed through the country he passed what he declared was the finest farm he had ever seen; and within but a step he came across the most beautiful windmill that had ever met his gaze.

"Whose mill is that?" the king asked.

"It is the miller La Guerliche's mill, sire."

"And whose farm is that?"

"It belongs to the bailiff Carefree, sire."

"Carefree, eh? Well he must be a happier man than I am. Let word be sent to him at once that I shall give him audience to-morrow, in order to put three questions to him: first, how much the moon weighs; second, how much his king is worth, and third, what I am thinking. If he answers any one of these questions wrong he will be hanged."

Bailiff Carefree was in despair when he heard this summons from the king, but La Guerliche offered to take his place before the king on condition that he, Carefree, should renounce his claim to the hand of Trinette, who was beloved of both.

Carefree accepted the terms, and next day La Guerliche appeared before the king.

"Well, well," said the monarch fiercely, and can you tell me how much the moon weighs?"

"Exactly a hundred weight," said La Guerliche.

"How do you know that?"

"Because it consists of four quarters."

"That's a fact," said the king. "Now tell me what you estimate my value at."

"Twenty nine silver pieces."

Christian. I should have to rate you a little lower."

"Um—very well," said the king. "And now, perhaps you can tell me what I think?"

"Precisely, sire. You think I am Bailiff Carefree."

"Yes."

"Well, I am not. I'm LaGuerliche!"

"I appoint you my prime minister on the spot!" said the king, with great enthusiasm.

"Bub!" he called at the market yesterday morning after he had disposed of all of his potatoes, "is there any toy store near here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just show me the way, will you? I've got to buy a few things for Christmas."

"Got children?"

"Yes."

"Got a boy as big as me?"

"Just about your age."

"What are you going to buy him for Santa Claus?"

"I dunno yet. I was thinking I'd git some sort of toy."

"Say, lemme give you a bit of advice," said the lad, as they walked along together. "Let toys alone. Steam engines are dangerous, toy mules won't kick for shucks, and Christmas jack-knives fall to pieces in week. If you've got a boy, and you want to tickle him most to death, I'll sell you my roller skates for half prices, 'cause we aint got no place for skating this winter, and I want to sell 'em and spend it all in cocoanut candy."

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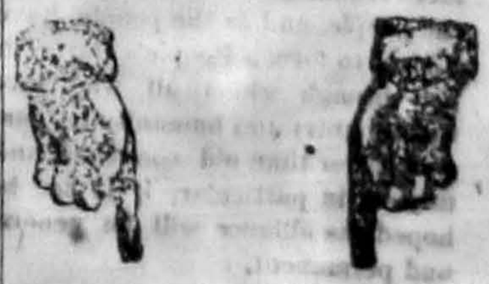

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FOR MEN ONLY!

The Cloud Was Past.

BY DR. ISAAC HUNT.

Lovers they had been in the old dead days, when Maggie Blaine was a merry, red-checked lass, and Oliver Downs was an awkward, sun browned youth, guiding the plow on his father's farm, or carrying home Maggie's pails of milk through the cool shadows, as they slanted along the pasture land of a summer eve.

They had been lovers then in the shy, unspoken manner of country youth and maid, and their neighbors were won't to smile as they saw the dark face of Oliver and the blooming one of Maggie in the soft glow of the twilight.

It would be a match they said; and so one day the Downs farm and the Blaine farm would become one—for the lands adjoined, and Oliver was an only child as well as Maggie.

But strangers from the city not far away drifted into the Downs farm house for a few weeks of summer, and when they had gone Oliver forgot to whistle as he followed his oxen, and even sometimes forgot to go to the pasture lot to carry home Maggie's pails of milk.

And then, when the harvest was over, and autumn had come, he suddenly turned his back on the farm, and with an almost tearful good by to Maggie, and a promise to write often, to remember her always, and to return some day, the strong sinewed young farmer started out, sure that he could make a mark on some part of the world which would last—ah, so we dream when we are young!—longer than did the furrows made by his plow in his father's land.

The young farmers who had admired Maggie before, then sought her, glad of Olive'r absence; but the girl, grown silent and more sad, would have none of them, and it was said about her that her heart had gone afar with Oliver Downs.

If that was true, how weary must that young heart have grown in the first five years that followed his departure, for he drifted hither and thither, to the north and the south, the east and the west, often sick unto death with discouragement, yet never turning his face toward his home, rarely writing.

He would not fail he must succeed! Better death by the wayside than to go back and own that his strong right hand was empty—that he had dreamed in vain.

Then he wrote no more; and but for Maggie's faith in his return one day, and her brave, sunny words to the farmer and his wife, they would have deemed him dead.

Maggie's father suddenly lost his health, and she and her mother conceived the idea of receiving a few boarders for the summer to fill the great vacant chambers of the farm house, and add to their income.

Time went on, and the Blaine farm became a pleasant thought to city people who had seen it. They returned there year after year, bringing with them an air of cities, which acted upon the girl

She grew—by contact with polished women of the world, who sought her simple home to regain roses lost in city revels, or perchance in arduous study—a calm lipped, stately, self reliant woman, to whose clear sight gold was gold.

So, after almost nine years, and then without a line to tell of his coming, without any sort of warning, Oliver Downs walked up the steps of the veranda and stood—more pallid of cheek, more clear of eye, more firm but sad of lip—before her.

"Maggie," he said, a slight falter in his tones as he put out his hand to the woman whom he had left a girl—"Maggie, have you quite forgotten me?"

A low cry of delight cut across Maggie's incoherent murmur, and a slight figure darted between them.

A girl's jewelled hand was placed in Oliver's palm, and a fresh, musical voice rang out joyously:

"I have not forgotten you, Mr. Downs! But who would think of seeing you here—you whom we last saw in San Remo a year ago? I—I am so glad!"

Maggie drew back—still, cold, white as marble. Had she loved him all these years, to realize her folly when another woman's voice faltered and broke in gladness at sight of his face? This fair, flower-faced stranger, who was boarding for a summer at the farm—was it because her face was so sweet and her gray eyes like stars for long years no line of him had come to the girl watching and waiting in love and faith?

He said some courtly words to Miss Desbrow, then once more his hand was extended to Maggie.

"You have not forgotten?" he said again, as she gave a cold but steady hand to his clasp.

And she smiled a little as she answered:

"You have changed."

"And you?" he questioned, half sadly, his eyes upon her.

Again the slight smile touched her lips.

"The years have marked me—yes," she replied, steadly. "I am more changed than even you.

He turned away with a quick breath, which might have been a sigh! and presently her parents came out, and she heard them ask the question which she had not dared put into words herself—what had he been doing since he went away, and on what soil had he left footprints?

He replied, with a smiling lip but a darkened eye, that he had done all things that were hard, and left no footprints save on sand.

In the hush of later evening, Miss Desbrow glided up to Maggie where she sat apart, and told her many things concerning Oliver Downs which she did not know.

He had saved the life of Miss Desbrow's mother one year before, in San Remo, by risking his own when a great hotel in which they were was burned. Mr. Desbrow had found him poor, unemployed, ambitious. He took Oliver as a clerk at first; but three months later made him a partner. And now there was a smooth path before the young man, junior partner in a wholesale silk house.

"And he loves her," thought Maggie, tracing the sweet face near her own with eyes that pain made dim; "he loves her, and all these years I have dreamed—dreamed dreamed! It would be easier to die than waken now!"

She went early to her room, and there knelt lowly—lowly, with her face concealed, praying as we only pray when smitten unto death; praying that she might not too bitter evil to the girl who unconsciously had robbed her; prayed while the night closed down, and the clock struck harshly every passing hour; prayed until a strange sound, like the rush of wild waters, stole over her dulled senses, and cries from distant rooms of the old farm-house rang shrilly out; then, numbled, dulled to all save her own agony she arose slowly to her feet groped her way to the door, opened it, and caught the scorching breath of flames that were coiling like maddened serpents in the hall. The farm-house was on fire!

As she paused in the doorway a woman flew along the hall, wringing her hands and screaming like a frenzied creature:

"My daughter! my Jennie! my child! I cannot wake her! Save my child—my child!"

Maggie lost the dulled feeling in an instant; into her heart crept that for which her lips had prayed to God—the greatness to not envy Jennie Desbrow a love for which her own heart hungered.

"I will save her! Hush! I will save her!" she cried.

And she darted through the coiling, circling flame tongues, and threw herself fiercely against the door of Jennie's room, which was quite near.

Again and again she flung all her weight against the scorched panels, before the lock gave way, and then she staggered into a room which was full of dusky smoke clouds. She grooped her way to the bed. Jennie lay there, unconscious, suffocating in the smoke.

With untrembling hands she folded the blanket about the girl, lifted her in arms which seemed to have nerves of iron, and turned to the door.

How she won her way through fire and smoke she never knew; nor did she know that her hands and face were burned and blackened, until afterwards.

As she staggered across the threshold, and felt the soft air of the night on her parched lips, a man dashed toward her from a path which made a short cut to the Downs farm-house; other hands relieved her of her burden, but his were put out, his arms drew her into a close embrace, and held her to a heart that was beating like a war drum.

"Maggie—you are safe!"

In the red glare that burst from a window just then, she saw the pale face of Oliver Downs bent over her.

"She is safe," she said, hoarsely. "I saved her for you."

"For me?" he echoed, in surprise. "Ah, Maggie, you do not know what you say! My love, my little sweetheart of the old days, I have come back for you, as once I promised. Are you truly changed? Is your warm heart cold to me now? If you knew why I did not write, why I did not come before, you would be kinder to me now. My darling, I have striven vainly and despaired often. But when at last fortune smiled on me, I came—to remind you of your promise and ask you to share all with me. Maggie, my dear one, you have not forgotten the dear old days, the sweet love dream? Tell me you have not, Maggie!"

"I have not," she answered, softly. "But I thought to-night that it was but a dream. Forgive me, dear!"

Sleeping With a Baby.

The free from care and easy taking old bachelor who, in his momentary lapse of wisdom, contemplates matrimony, should at the same time reflect on the remote but contingent possibility of his having to some time sleep with a baby, should he marry. Years of experience of martyrdom of this kind make me feel it to be my duty to set forth the misery arising from a contingency of this kind.

The baby, if he happens to be a lusty little fellow of eight or ten months, will decline to stay covered, and will also decline to allow you to keep yourself covered. He indicates his wishes in this direction by keeping his little pink heels going all night, a good part of the time on your back.

He will also insist in lying "crosswise," "endwise," "catacornered," "bias," or in any other position but that which will give you a few inches of room in the bed or a few minutes' sleep. His infantile needs will begin to manifest themselves about 1 o'clock in the morning, at which witching hour you go blundering around in the dark for a drink of water.

He will howl steadily and cheerfully from 2 to 3 o'clock, and will kick you furiously between the shoulder blades with every howl. It will not be of any use for you to pat him tenderly, and sing out, "There, there." He is right there, and knows it, and intends that you shall know it.

It is of no use to say coaxingly: "What does papa's baby want?" Papa's baby doesn't want anything but to howl, and he is gratifying that amiable desire to the utmost. It is of no use to add to your judgment day list of enormities by swearing. And if your wife has been calmly passive through it all she will develop an amazing degree of spirit if you dare lay the weight of your finger in anger on that "poor dear innocent darling sweetness." He will squirm all night as though he were first cousin to an angleworm. He will journey around all over the bed, both under and on top of the coverings.

You are no sooner asleep than one of his moist little heels is planted firmly in your nose or in your mouth, and later on, with childhood's scorn of decency and decorum, he will sit astride of your neck, and grow green and purple with rage when gently made to sit elsewhere. Should he fall out of bed and yell loud enough to be heard all over your ward, your wife will say that she firmly believes that you pushed him out, and that you are not fit to be a father anyhow. An animated dialogue of purely personal and private nature will follow this remark.

But when the roystering little chap finally "snuggles up" to you, and goes to sleep with one of his velvety little cheeks close to your own, and one of his warm soft arms around your neck, you find your heart growing very soft and tender toward him and you would single handed wage war against a host or lay down your life for the love of him.

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The one supreme duty of the hour for Democratic men is to prevent the passage of the Force bill. By an unexpected turn of events it has raised its ugly head in the Senate again, and is threatening, alive.

For the seven weeks that remain before the end of the Fifty-first Congress the responsibility that rests upon the Democrats of the Senate is commensurate.

If the bill passes the Senate it will be signed by the president. On the eve of expulsion from the Legislative branch of government the Republican party will have enacted a law that makes deadly certain the return of that party to power in the Congress elections of 1892 and from that time on perpetuates a power that is supported by fraud and force.

The bill is drawn to that purpose and therefore. Once enacted, it will enable the Republican party to make a force of every subsequent election of Representatives. The Republican supervisors of Election hold office for life, and the appropriation for the expenses of their partisan work is a permanent appropriation, for that law has no repeal on public data. The Democrats of the country may elect President after President; they will never entirely be permitted to repeal or modify the Force law, or to interpose the Democratic in every election under its provisions. The law cannot be repealed until the Democrats have carried the House of Representatives, and to prevent that contingency the Force bill is devised.

Back of the long and overt of the desperate effort of the Republicans to secure the passage of the bill before they go out of power in Congress on the 4th of next March. Let the extraordinary measure go through, and that only remedy is right will be counter revolution.

Chief of those are the Democrats who view the Force bill as a rope with which the Republican party is sure to hang itself. If the experiment of giving the Republicans the rope is tried, it will be found that the rope winds itself first and last around Democratic neck.

To filibuster against this revolutionary measure, to block, if necessary, the whole course of legislation, to suspend all other business, no matter how important, so long as there is danger of the passage, to prevent the defect by any policy calculated to divide the Republican vote in the Senate, is legitimate warfare under the circumstances, and a patriotic duty.—N. Y. Sun.

Will Be Greatly Missed.

The announcement that Capt. George H. Moffett, editorial writer on the Globe, is soon to leave the city and take up his residence in Portland, Ore., will be received with general regret by his many friends in that section, where, as he probably knows, he now has none. As it is, although it was carefully listened to and all of its strong points, and there were many of them, against the monopoly and greed of the growing money power, were applauded to the echo in spite of the efforts of the Senate officials to prevent it, it is regarded as the artificial plea of an office seeker to obtain the support of members of an organization pledged to oppose his re-election to the Senate, and not as representing his real sentiments. Nevertheless he told his republican colleagues and the republican President, who stands ready, it is believed, to veto free coinage, should the bill get through the House over the unscrupulous opposition of speaker Reed, some mighty truths about what the people will do in the future, should their wishes be thwarted in this matter. But it was casting pearls to swine. The republican party never paid any attention to the wishes of the people, unless they happened to coincide with those of the bosses of that party.

John Bull must be trying to give the dying republican party a boom. At least one would so suppose from his foolish action in attempting to get the aid of the United States Supreme Court in his controversy with the administration over the Behrings Sea seal fisheries. Mr. Blaine would not have asked for anything better than the latest move of the British Government. It has given him what he has never had before—the united support of the American people. England should have learned from experience that American dignity cannot be trifled with without danger. Already a democrat, Representative Enloe, of Tennessee, has introduced a resolution in the House resenting this action and declaring it to be in derogation of the dignity of the United States, and providing that a copy of the resolution be sent to the British Government. Uncle Sam hasn't much of a navy, but he has lots of dignity, and not even the "queen of the Sea" must dare to rub him the wrong way.

A rumor very pleasant to democrats is circulating here this week, to the effect that ex-Representative Perry Belmont may be elected to the Senate to Mr. Evarts' successor. Mr. Belmont's aggressiveness while Chairman of the House committee on Foreign Affairs several years ago proved that he has the capacity of making just the kind of a Senator that the democratic party would like to see sent from the great State of New York.

One republican—Mr. Dawes—joined Senators Berry and Hoadgett in a minority report on the Apportionment bill favoring an additional Representative for Arkansas, Minnesota, Missouri and New York.

Senator Hearst is said to be dying at his residence in this city from a a cancer in his stomach. His physicians have given up all hope.

Senator Quay's new Force bill providing for the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and the use of the Army and Navy at the discretion of the President, is regarded as too absurd for serious discussion, and some of his friends say that he introduced it for the purpose of disgusting the country with with the whole subject. It may not have been introduced for that purpose, but that will be the effect.

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TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A specialist medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Hamden, Conn.

on the management, the two being old time friends in Virginia. As a writer Capt. Moffett has made many friends for the paper with which he has been connected, and while he has often taken decided grounds on any political or local movement his opinions have been expressed in such a clear and forcible manner, and presented with such logic, that they have carried great weight. And yet he has so avoided personalities and invective that when the matter under discussion had passed, there was left no bitter feelings against the writer, even by those who held to different opinions. It was this same spirit which made the captain so popular among business men, in the chamber of commerce and other public bodies of which he was an honored member. In social circles and at the banquet table he has also been cordially welcomed, and at no place have his words been better received as at the informal fortnightly meetings of the Twilight club. Capt. Moffett has purchased an interest in the Evening Telegram, of Portland, Ore., and will take up his new duties as general manager on Feb. 1. His family will accompany him, and he makes the change for business reasons and in the interests of better health for himself and family.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Entertainment.

The Entertainment, which Hillsboro Academy had intended giving on Dec. 19th, was postponed until the 30th of present month. A cordial invitation is still extended to the public to attend these exercises. This school will be reorganized on the 2nd of Feb., and continue a term of five months. New classes will be begun in Arithmetic, Geography, History, Physiology, Algebra, Book Keeping, Eng. Literature, Physical Geo., Philosophy, Surveying &c.

Parties wishing to attend during the 2nd term will do well to enter at the beginning. Those desiring to compete for medals and prizes will have an opportunity to join the contest.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent).

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jany. 16.—The merry jingle of silver is the music which the Senate has provided for the people to dance to, by the adoption of the free coinage amendment for the Financial bill, which went through in spite of the determined and extraordinary appeals of the administration and the republican leaders in the Senate.

The democratic party has been committed to free coinage, so far as the votes of all the Senators of the party (with one exception—Wilson, of Md.) can do so, while the republican party, of the eastern and middle States, are by the same token committed against it. On this question of finance, the most important in every country, the republicans of the west and northwest, if the votes of their Senators represent their views, and the presumption is that they do, seem to be in accord with the democrats and the Farmers' Alliance, which is a much more powerful factor in this matter than most people believe.

The most sensational feature of the debate which preceded the adoption of the free coinage amendment, was the speech of Senator Ingalls in favor of free coinage. It was more than that; it was a most earnestly made plea to the Farmers' Alliance legislature of Kansas to re-elect him to the Senate. It was in many respects the best and most brilliant oration ever delivered by Mr. Ingalls, and had he

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Handles all kinds of real estate, stocks &c., also agents for the sale of stock in the Covington Improvement Co. This stock is sold at $100.00 par value, 10 per cent. paid down, balance in monthly installments of 10 per cent. The Company will receive this stock at $50.00 per share in payment on lots.

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DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you Purchase elsewhere.

Are you Dry?

If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentuckey bourbon.

NOTICE.

Owing to a change in our firm Feb. 1st, '91, all persons indebted to us either by bond or note must pay up by that time. We mean business and it will pay you to settle at once.

Respectfully,

HARROLD & MOORE.

Franklin, W. Va.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

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Staunton, Va.

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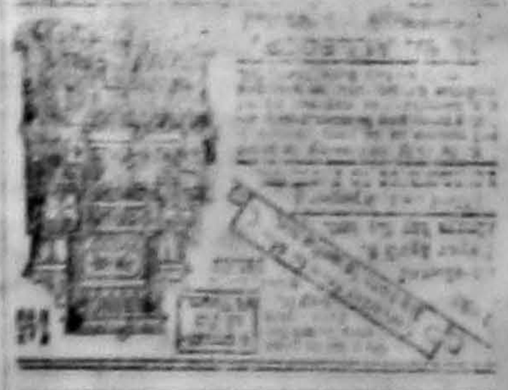

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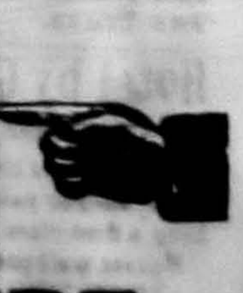

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all such have

ACHE

in the house of so many from that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

—R. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., was in the city of Frost Monday.

—Mr. Hugh Dever, of Sunset, called to see us Tuesday.

—We learn from Mr. A. W. Moore, of near Sunset, that 65½ inches of snow has fallen the present winter, to date.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker, has already five divorce cases for the April term of the Circuit Court. All white.

—The Pittsburg and W. Va. Southern R. R. will pass through Huntersville.

—Mess. Albert and Gilbert Sharp, have gone to Buchannon, Va., to work at the carpenter business.

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—Talk about your booming towns Old Pocahontas will beat them all in a few years. She has timber coal and mountains of iron which speaks for her.

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—Mr. H. Nathan and Miss Neda B. Shearer, were married at Academy Tuesday morning, 20th inst. THE TIMES extends congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

—After we get our new office in the spring, we hope to be able to add a couple of new presses; a cylinder newspaper and Gordon jobber.

—The 4th Quarterly Meeting for Huntersville circuit, M. E. Church, South, will be held at Huntersville, Sunday and Monday, February 1—2. It is desired that all the officials of the circuit be present at the conference, on Monday, 12 m. Other announcements to be made next week.

—The reception held by Gov. Fleming at Charleston on the 8th of this month was a most brilliant affair and has been favorably spoken of by the State press. Attorney Gen. W. McClintic, of that city, son of Mr. Wm. T. McClintic, of Buckeye and brother of Attorney L. M. McClintic, of this place was present and assisted in receiving the guests.

—We are going to make THE TIMES one of the best County papers in the State. We have added to our subscription list over three hundred new subscribers since we have had control and it is daily growing. All we want, to give you a good paper is the patronage and we are receiving it liberally. True, our advertising patronage is small, but it is because our County is without a railroad and its resources undeveloped, which great obstacle will be overcome in a year or two, and then we will have a county second to none in the State. Ere long, grand will be the name of our heretofore almost unknown mountain County of old Pocahontas.

—Our streets Tuesday were the scene of the most disgraceful carrying on we have ever seen in any decent community, except at this place, at times. The beastly drunkenness, cursing, swearing and general heathen roughness capped the climax. There was one knock down, but unfortunately the principal participant wasn't seriously hurt. We have one of the best jails in the State, which cost the County over $4,000 and the contractor about $1,000 which we deem a money wasted, as on such occasions no officer can be found to execute a warrant.

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—It would be a good idea to report some of the postmasters of this County to the Post Office Department, and especially the one at this place, for allowing the mails to depart before the schedule time. The Warm Springs and the Lewisburg mails are due at this place at 12 m. and depart at 1 p. m., but more frequently Depart before 12:30 p. m., which is extremely annoying to parties wishing to answer a letter by same mail, or country people coming in town about 12 o'clock and finding the mails gone. THE TIMES should go out in Thursdays mails, and would, always, if they were run on schedule time, but as they are not, and very frequently leave 15 or 20 minutes after arrival, consequently it is some times a day late. We had better have no mails at all than to have them conducted the way they have been for several months past. When you write a letter and put it the office you have no assurance of its ever reaching its destination, or if it does it too frequently shows signs of having been tampered with. We have known in the past couple of weeks of more than one letter showing signs of having been tampered with, and it is just a few days ago that we received a letter with the end burnt open, but we suppose, fortunately for us it was a check on the inside instead of money. We dont pretend to say where it is but there is something radically wrong somewhere, which should be looked into by the officials.

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Services at Huntersville at night, same Sabbath.

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We now have a literary organization which meets every Friday night.

Mrs. Isaac Moore, Mrs. Jacob Taylor and Mrs. Renick Kerr who are on the sick list and who were very sick, we are glad to say are improving.

Born to Renick Kerr, Esq., and wife a boy.

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Rev. John A. Taylor has gone to Randolph.

No mail across Cheat Mountain yet.

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B. Frank White, spent a few days of last week at Frost, on business.

Capt. E. A. Smith, stopped al night at Driscol enroute for his home at Dunmore, from his Lumber Camp on Meadow Creek, where he had been detained by the deep snow.

Miss Minnie McElwee and brother Howard, have gone to Dunmore to attend school, taught by Prof. Chas. Cook.

The Douthard's Creek school taught by Miss Alice McGlaughlin, will close Saturday next, with a "Taffey Pulling" and other appropriate closing exercises.

The boys are now, devoting much of their time to trapping furs, which is said to be fine this season. Mr. H. Lee White has been trying for quite a while to catch a fox: but he says he is not catching it for the fur, but for the (help) meet.

Mr. James H. Doyle, is now running a sled line between Huntersville and Douthard's Creek, leaving Huntersville promptly at about 8 o'clock A. M., and returns same day, daily except Sundays. For further particulars apply to him on Cor. Main and Knapp's Creek Avenue, Huntersville, W. Va.

Very Respectfully,

O. C. CASIONAL.

Edray Items.

When Messrs. Moore & Hannah's Clerk returned to their store on Wednesday morning last, after making a fire, and going to his breakfast, he found the house full of smoke and on instigation found the stove box about burned up and two or three holes burnt through the floor. An absence of ten or fifteen minutes more and the building with its contents would have been destroyed.

Three of the six rafts that started to Ronceverte on the last rise in Greenbrier river had bad luck; one hung on the Bird Mill dam, and two of them lashed together and running after night, were completely wrecked and torn to pieces on the McClure rocks. There were nine men on them, and all escaped safely to land. LESSON, run rafts in daylight and sleep at night—*and rest on Sunday.*

Kenney and Amos Courtney went to Ronceverte with sleds, for Barlow & Moore this week.

Messrs. Gay & Peters' teams are bringing in lumber to their landing this week at the rate of 6000 feet per day, on sleds, one team of four horses hawling 2700 feet at a load on Bob sleds.

BIG HOG.—Samuel M. Gay, butchered a two year old hog last Thursday that weighed four hundred and eighty-six pounds. LESSON, Keep few hogs and feed well.

Capt. J. W. Marshall was in our town Friday morning. It is reported that he is taking time by the forelock in purchasing land at Marlinton. A boom for Pocahontas is in the near future. The R. R. is the mainspring of action.

B. M. Yeager, Esq., was in our section last week, buying lands—and paying money.

Geo. H. McGlaughlin just now comes into ye correspondents sanctum and says he is done sold out at forty five thousand and is going to skip. Edray can't hold him much longer.

One of our town men has the "boom fever." Can any of your readers prescribe for him, he must be relieved of his cash soon, or his case will be disastrous.

XXX.

Geo. Bancroft, America's great-

left a few days ago for Buchanan, Va., where they expect to work at the carpenter trade.

B. Frank White, spent a few days of last week at Frost, on business.

Capt. E. A. Smith, stopped al night at Driscol enroute for his home at Dunmore, from his Lumber Camp on Meadow Creek, where he had been detained by the deep snow.

Miss Minnie McElwee and brother Howard, have gone to Dunmore to attend school, taught by Prof. Chas. Cook.

The Douthard's Creek school taught by Miss Alice McGlaughlin, will close Saturday next, with a "Taffey Pulling" and other appropriate closing exercises.

The boys are now, devoting much of their time to trapping furs, which is said to be fine this season. Mr. H. Lee White has been trying for quite a while to catch a fox: but he says he is not catching it for the fur, but for the (help) meet.

Mr. James H. Doyle, is now running a sled line between Huntersville and Douthard's Creek, leaving Huntersville promptly at about 8 o'clock A. M., and returns same day, daily except Sundays. For further particulars apply to him on Cor. Main and Knapp's Creek Avenue, Huntersville, W. Va.

Very Respectfully,

O. C. CASIONAL.

Edray Items.

When Messrs. Moore & Hannah's Clerk returned to their store on Wednesday morning last, after making a fire, and going to his breakfast, he found the house full of smoke and on instigation found the stove box about burned up and two or three holes burnt through the floor. An absence of ten or fifteen minutes more and the building with its contents would have been destroyed.

Three of the six rafts that started to Ronceverte on the last rise in Greenbrier river had bad luck; one hung on the Bird Mill dam, and two of them lashed together and running after night, were completely wrecked and torn to pieces on the McClure rocks. There were nine men on them, and all escaped safely to land. LESSON, run rafts in daylight and sleep at night—*and rest on Sunday.*

Kenney and Amos Courtney went to Ronceverte with sleds, for Barlow & Moore this week.

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The Legislature met in session last Wednesday and both Houses were organized by the election of the Democratic caucus nominees for the various offices.

Senator J. W. McCreery, of Raleigh, was elected President of the Senate, Holly Armstrong, of Jackson, Clerk, M. Tracy, of Ohio, Sergeant-at-Arms, and W. M. Dent, of Fayette, Doorkeeper.

Hon. Lewis Bennett, of Lewis, was elected Speaker of the House, Bernard Peyton, of Charleston, Clerk, W. B. Gibbs, of Roane, Sergeant-at-Arms, T. J. Feamster, of Greenbrier, Doorkeeper.

In the caucus of Democratic members held on Tuesday evening the following preamable and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The bill known as the "Federal Election Bill" is still pending before the Congress of the United States; and

WHEREAS, We regard it as a measure proposed solely in the interest of the Republican party, and full of menace to the dignity of the ballot in all parts of the country, but specially intended to subvert and retard the social and material development of the South, therefore.

Be it Resolved by the Democratic Members of the Legislature of West Virginia. That we cordially endorse the splendid efforts put forth by our Senators for the defeat of said bill, and that we urge every Representative from this State to exhaust lawful means for securing the defeat of this measure so full of threat to the liberties of our people.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Senators Kenna and Faulkner, and to the Represeatatives of our State in Congress.

The assistant clerks of the Senate are Will A. Strickler, of Ritchie, B. B. Hardin, of Cabell, and J. W. Williams, of Wayne.

The assistant clerks of the House are W. E. R. Byrne, of Braxton, B. P. Conard, of Webster, and J. M. Scroggin, of Wood.

The House proceeded to work immediately after the reading of the Governor's Message.

The message was an able and exhaustive document, and presented in a business and practical way many valuable recommendations for the guidance of the Legislature in the coming session. It also sets forth the increase of our prosperity during the past decade, during which, on the basis of the Eleventh Census, the population increased from 618,457 to 762,794, 23.34 per cent., a percentage exceeded by only two of the Southern States. Our railroad mileage has increased 95 per cent. during the same period, and in that time we have also advanced from the seventh to the fourth rank among the coal producing States. This remarkable advancement, our wonderful resources and development should be placed before the world in practical shape, and the Governor recommends the appointment of a commission to prepare a satisfactory exhibit at the World's Fair.

The finances of the State are shown to be in a flourishing condition, the balance in the treasury, October 1, last being $285,795.22, after paying upon temporary loans $83,341.48. Attention is called to the fact that great prudence and economy is nevertheless very necessary since there will be a necessity for increased appropriations, owing to the growth and development of the State.

The Governor calls attention to the important fact that there is no State law requiring State banks to make public periodical statements

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bers of the present Legislature in Senators and delegates, or such number not materially in excess thereof as will more nearly secure to each county her just share of representation."

Under the head of "costs in criminal cases," the Governor refers to the Wood county case as an example, showing that there is something radically wrong in our laws on this subject. He shows that over $14,000 has been illegally drawn from the treasury, through false and forged court orders and fraudulent clerk's certificates. Counsel has been employed by the State to recover, so far as possible, the amount stolen. "If justice," says the Governor, "is not defeated by the mere technicalities of the law, convictions in many cases will be secured and possibly a portion of the amount recovered." It will be remembered that in the case of Clerk Clouston at Parkersburg, Judge Boreman quashed the indictment against him on the merest technicality—the fact, among others, that the sum in the indictment was set forth in figures instead of writing. The Governor recommends that the statutes be amended to properly cover these cases of fraud.

The enactment of an election law modeled after the Australian ballot system is earnestly recommended by the Governor, who declares it essential to the preservation of the purity of the ballot. He also recommends that severer penalties be provided for illegal voting, the importation of voters and such gross frauds as necessitated the late gubernatorial contest in this State.

A revaluation of the wild lands of the State is recommended. Valuable coal, iron, and timber lands are now held by outside parties for speculative purposes, the tax on which is a mere bagatelle, compared to what it should be on the basis of a proper valuation. The enactment of laws that will prevent the entry of forfeited lands upon the assessors' books is also recommended.

The great advancement the State has made in an educational way is shown by statistics from the report of the Superintendent of Free Schools, which, among other things, shows the average daily attendance to have increased in the past 20 years from 55,983 to 121,709. The Irreducible School Fund in 1870 was $229,300; in 1899 it was $670,011.48, and the General School Fund in 1870, $233,139.02, and in 1899, $200,431.23.

The message contains numerous excellent recommendations for the improvement of the various institutions of the State and for the general advancement of the public good, which we have not the space to give.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 22, 1891.

A Little Lame Boy.

About sixty years ago a lame boy, named Erastus, left a humble home in New England, and entered a hardware store in Troy, N. Y. Besides being lame, he was slender and sickly, and his prospects in life seemed anything but promising. He knew little of the sports and pastimes that his companions enjoyed in their childhood; his face, even in the freshest years of life, bore the marks of suffering and care, and his friends pitied him, and said that he was very unfortunate.

But he had a quick, active mind, full of right aspirations, and a heart full of generous impulses. His mind was at York, preparing for usefulness in the future, and fondly dreaming of bright days to come, even in the solitary hours of sickness and suffering.

He did the best he could, though his lot was so circumscribed, and God had a life work, full of honor, for the poor little lame boy.

When he first applied for work in a store, he was so small that the proprietor looked into his earnest face with some surprise and said:

"Why, my boy, what can you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the manly answer.

There was the right ring in this reply, and the proprietor recognized it.

"Well, my little fellow," said he, "that is the kind of a boy we want; you can have the place."

That boy was Erastus Corning, the millionaire. The neglected, solitary lame boy made himself so useful to his employers, by his willingness to do "what he was bid," as to secure for himself the highest positions of responsibility and trust.

He became a bank president, a railroad president, canal company president, was three times elected mayor of Albany, was a member of the State Legislature, and for three terms a member of Congress. In 1863 he retired from business, with a fortune estimated at five millions.

The Bible says that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," and the boy who would become successful in life must, like this man, begin by showing a willingness to do anything that he is bid. A conceited, hesitating, over-nice clerk comes to nothing; but the lad who is earnest and resolute, whose aims and purposes are his motive power, who is not to be turned aside from an object in life by false pride, in short, who, in any honorable calling, "is willing to do as he is bid," is almost certain, other things being equal, to rise to reputation, and to be richly rewarded with success.

He was a western hustler and his seat mate was a quiet looking gentleman from the East.

"Yes, a great deal."

"Ever compare the cost of coal with the cost of natural gas?"

"No."

"Well, sir, do you know that you could move your establishment out here to Ohio, and save thousands of dollars every year just by using natural gas? Why, we use it for heat, power, illumination—everything. Just stop off at Toledo and look into that matter, and I guarantee we'll have you settled there inside of a year."

"I hardly think it would be worth while," answered the Easterner. "Don't think my business would benefit at all by the change."

"You don't know anything about it, my friend," exclaimed the Westerner, with enthusiasm. "Why, I know it would save you money. It couldn't help saving you money. Why, you could produce your—er, see, what do you manufacture?"

"Gas," replied the quiet man, in an ordinary tone of voice.

The recent death in Canada of Mrs. Sterling, mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Yougstown, Ohio, for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution. His mother came to Youngstown from Maxwell, Canada, and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuition she recognized him. When brought to his cell Sterling, without the quiver of a mustle, said:

"You are mistaken, madam; I am not your son."

She implored him to recognize her, but he refused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken. To his counsel Sterling said:

"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung. Keep it secret until she dies."

Her death caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence.

"It was the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed," said Mr. Anderson. "I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the scene on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering, and her heart nearly broken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be."

On the Train.

"Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying," said Blossom to a drummer sitting by the open window in a railway train.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it," said the drummer.

"I wish you would close it, sir."

"Would like to accommodate you, but I can't," was the reply.

"Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

"I certainly do."

"If you don't close it I will."

"I'll bet you won't."

"If I go over there I will."

"I'll give odds you won't."

"I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

"No, sir; I will not."

"Then I will, sir," said Blossom, getting on his feet.

"I would like to see you do it."

"I'll show you whether I will or not, sir," placing his hands on the objectionable window.

"Why don't you close it?" said the drummer, as Blossom tugged at the window.

Glory in the downfall of a man who has done much to build up the town.

Make your town out a very bad place, and stab it every chance you get.

Refuse to unite in any scheme for the betterment of the material interest of the people.

Tell your merchants that you can buy goods a great deal cheaper in some other town, and charge him with extortion.

If a stranger comes to your town tell him everything is overdone and predict a general crash in the near future.

Keep up divided public sentiment on the best method of increasing business.

When you have anything to say of your town, say it in such a way that it will leave the impression that you have no faith in it.

If you are a merchant don't advertise in the home paper, but buy a rubber stamp and use it. It may save you a few dimes and make your letter heads and wrappers look as though you were doing business in a one-horse town.

If you are a farmer curse the place where you trade as the meanest on earth. Talk this to your neighbors, and tell them the business men are robbers and thieves. It will make your property much less valuable, but then you don't care.

Even With the Bag Family.

"Now, madam," said the attorney for the defendant, to a little, wiry, black-eyed, figety woman, who had been summoned as a witness in a breach of the peace case, "you will please give in your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Josh Bagg! I guess I do know him, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think——"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my question."

"What question."

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know 'im, though? Well, I should smile! You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything 'bout tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two-year old steer. Ask him if—"

"Madam, I——"

"Ask him whose land he got his cord wood off of last spring and why he hauled it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsey Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' into a neighbors's paster lot and milking three cows on the sly. Ask——"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in the penitentiary out west. Ask him about lettin' his pore old mother die in the pore house. Ask Betsey Bagg about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last fall——"

"Madam, I tell you——"

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle all the salt they would eat and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold just 'fore he driv them into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that!"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to——"

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got rid out of his native town on a rail 'tween two days, and Betsey Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen house at midnight. Ask Josh——"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

I got myself called up as a witness on purpose to git even with 'em, and I feel that I've done it. Good-by."

"Miranda," said the proprietor, "do you know anything about the new minister that is going to have charge of the church in the new block hereafter?"

"Yes," replied the saleswoman. "He is a tall, fine looking man, about 28, and he isn't married."

"Miranda," said the proprietor, briskly, "you may put all the new bonnets in the store in that front window right away."

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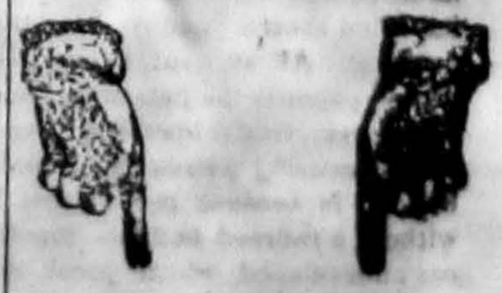

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JOB OFFICE,

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 5, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 27.

...ectory of Pocahontas County.

...uit Court, A. N. Campbell.
...Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
M. J. McNeel.
...iff, L. W. Herold
...Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
C. O. Arbogast.
...n. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
...r, Geo. Baxter

...E COURTS.

...urt convenes on the first ...pril, 3rd Monday in June ...day in October.
...urt convenes on the 1st ...January, March, October ...Tuesday in July July is

...e. N. C. McNeil.
...ore & McNeil,
...RNEYS AT-LAW.
...ice in the Courts of Poca- ...djoining Counties, and in ...Appeals of the State of ...a.

...CLINTIC,
...Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
...ice in the courts of Poca- ...djoining counties and in ...court of Appeals.

...TOFER,
...ttorney-at-Law,
...untersville, W. Va.
...ice in the courts of Poca ...Webster counties.

...TCKER,
...aw & Notary Public,
...tersville, W. Va.
...ice in the courts of Poca- ...y and in the Supreme court

...BUCKLE.
...torney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
...ice in the courts of Green- ...cahontas counties. ...ttention given to claims for ...Pocahontas county.

...E.
...ty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
...ctice in the Circuit Court ...tas county.

...EYNOUTH,
...DENT DENTIST,
...everly, W. Va.
...t Pocahontas County ev- ...and Fall. The exact ...h visit will appear in ...s.

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...TERSVILLE, W. VA.
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The Lover's Cup.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I LEAVE you with a heavy heart Genie," said Ralph Meredith, "While I am gone, Ben Brander will have it all his own way. I may lose you."

Genie laughed.

"We are engaged to each other. Ralph," she said. "I like you, and I care nothing for Ben Brander. I shall not begin to flirt as soon as you are out of sight, I assure you.

They were sitting side by side upon a fallen log. Ralph pulled a bit of moss off the bark and picked it to pieces before he answered,

"Well Genie, with a woman out of sight is out of mind, very often. A year is a long time to be parted; many things may happen."

"Our hearts will not be parted," said Genie. "Come now, I'll go to the witch well and drink the lover's cup with you, and then whatever happens we'll meet again and be happy."

"You seem to mean that," said Ralph. "Do you believe that nonsense?"

"Well," said Genie, "our folks all believe it. Mother has great good sense, and she does. They say a girl cannot break her vow if she tries to do it after drinking the lover's cup with a man she is promised to. There was Miss Nancy Vaughn, who, as we all know, drank the cup with Jack Grey. She jilted him and engaged herself to a richer man, but he dropped dead at the very altar, and Jack made up with her, after all. And Captain Shicer was on a desert island five years, grandmother says, and his wife had fifty offers, but refused them all. 'We've drunk of the lover's cup,' she said, 'and he'll come back.' So he did. Come Ralph."

She arose and tripped away. Ralph following her. They plunged into the heart of the wood, and soon came to a natural fountain gushing from a rock into a sort of, basin below. On a ledge above the flowing water stood a cup, cut from translucent white stone—a curious thing with a handle on either side, and a figure of Cupid carved upon it.

It was not known who cut the cup nor how long it had been there. It was a miracle that in all those years no one had broken or stolen it.

Probably the superstitions that hung about it protected it.

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He was not quite contented with her manner. He knew that she often thought of Ralph Meredith, and until to-day he had rather feared that she would break her promise after all.

He thought of this a great deal as he went his way, which led past the railway station. A train had just come in, passengers were alighting. Suddenly he saw a figure that he thought he recognized. The blood seemed to leave his heart. He started forward. Yes! it was Ralph Meredith, and their eyes met and they uttered each other's names.

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"We thought you dead!" gasped Ben.

Neither of the men held out a hand to each other, or made any sign of friendly greeting.

"The Indians took me prisoner. My skill in drugs saved my life," said Ralph. "They made a medicine man of me. I have just escaped. Genie Bell? Tell me about her."

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"Luck is against me," he said, "but I have not come back to make folks unhappy. She has for gotten me—she loves you. There is no one else in the place I care much to see. I have no relatives here. Good-bye—you may consider me dead again," and he turned upon his heel.

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What are many wrinkles in a merchant's forehead? Trade marks

What is the proper length of ladies' crinoline? A little above two feet.

Do you know the soldier's definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters.

Which travels fastest, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

When is a man a muff? When he holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

Why don't the American girl like the English dude? The yankee dude'll do

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? She will lay wherever you put her.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common tatur.

Why don't they charge policemen on the horse cars? Because they can't get a nickel out of a copper.

What's the difference between a mouse and a young lady? One wishes to harm the cheese, the other to charm the he's.

What is the difference between homicide and pig sticking? One is assault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to salt.

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of christianity? Because they are doing

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. V III JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 5, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 27.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

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Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

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DR. J. S. WEYMOUTH,
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Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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The Lover's Cup.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I LEAVE you with a heavy heart Genie," said Ralph Meredith, "While I am gone, Ben Brander will have it all his own way. I may lose you."

Genie laughed.

"We are engaged to each other. Ralph," she said. "I like you, and I care nothing for Ben Brander. I shall not begin to flirt as soon as you are out of sight, I assure you.

They were sitting side by side upon a fallen log. Ralph pulled a bit of moss off the bark and picked it to pieces before he answered,

"Well Genie, with a woman out of sight is out of mind, very often. A year is a long time to be parted; many things may happen."

"Our hearts will not be parted," said Genie. "Come now, I'll go to the witch well and drink the lover's cup with you, and then whatever happens we'll meet again and be happy."

"You seem to mean that," said Ralph. "Do you believe that nonsense?"

"Well," said Genie, "our folks all believe it. Mother has great good sense, and she does. They say a girl cannot break her vow if she tries to do it after drinking the lover's cup with a man she is promised to. There was Miss Nancy Vaughn, who, as we all know, drank the cup with Jack Grey. She jilted him and engaged herself to a richer man, but he dropped dead at the very altar, and Jack made up with her, after all. And Captain Shicer was on a desert island five years, grandmother says, and his wife had fifty offers, but refused them all. 'We've drunk of the lover's cup,' she said, 'and he'll come back.' So he did. Come Ralph."

She arose and tripped away. Ralph following her. They plunged into the heart of the wood, and soon came to a natural fountain gushing from a rock into a sort of, basin below. On a ledge above the flowing water stood a cup, cut from translucent white stone—a curious thing with a handle on either side, and a figure of Cupid carved upon it.

It was not known who cut the cup nor how long it had been there. It was a miracle that in all those years no one had broken or stolen it.

Probably the superstitions that hung about it protected it.

It was said that in the course of three generations it had been twice in the hands of dishonest folk, but each time as the thief turned away a blow was dealt him by an unseen hand and he fell to the ground, and was only too happy to crawl away alive. True or false, every boy in the village believed this solemnly, and the lover,s cup was as safe as though guarded by a, regiment of soldiers.

As Genie stopped before the fountain she turned and lifted her finger warningly.

"Remember," she said, "we must lift the cup together, fill it as we hold the handles, drink at one moment, leave a drop to throw into the fountain, and neither must release the cup until it stands in its place again, and not one word must be spoken by either in all that while."

Thus warned Ralph went through the mystic performance properly, and the two returned to Genie's home. The next day Ralph was journeying toward the far West.

prove true. Distance scarcely seemed to divide these lovers. Their letters were frequent, and grew warmer as time went on. Six months were gone when one day news came of trouble with the Indians; then mails were delayed then a strange letter came. It began this way:

"DEAREST GENIE,—As I write to you my rifle stands within reach. I am watching a devil of a redskin who is looking about the edge of the woods near the Widow Taggart's little house. There may be more behind him. He does not guess that there is any one near. Now he has gone away again. He may only be hungry. God help the poor creatures—they are often enough, only they are such demots that one feels like saying, 'Serves them right!' Perhaps if white men——"

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After awhile she began to feel that it would be best to marry Ben, and so she said "yes" to him one day, and their wedding-day was set.

From that day Ben was happy and she was wretched. Her conscience reproached her. She did not dare to look at the little photo

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"Does he mean it?" asked Ben of himself. "If he does go back it will be all over for me. Genie cares more for him now than she will ever care for me while she lives.

"Yes, he really seems to mean it," he added, as he watched Ralph out of sight. "He has gone back

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Why are ladies so wicked? Because they not only bone their stays

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 5, 1891.

Judge W. A. Pfeffer, a Farmers' Alliance man has been elected to the U. S. Senate to succeed Senator Ingalls. Senator Ingalls is one of the most brilliant men in the Senate, but he is politcally such a very bad man that his removal from a place of power is a matter of congratulation for good people everywhere.

This administration will go down to posterity as the one that got away with the largest surplus the country ever had in less than two years after it came into power; will also be known as the murderer of the Republican party as a national organization.

Iowa elected a Republican Secretary of State by a plurality of 2,925 Votes, and gave 9,181 majority against the McKinley bill. If the Republicans will only stand by that bill they will all slide out of sight together.

Governor Hill will gain neither honor nor profit by running a third term for governor. If he is not fit for Senator or President by this time he never will be, and will never get in either position by waiting.—Advance Thought.

Law makers ride on railroad passes.

Forty thousand families control the masses.

Voters refuse to think, and vote like asses.

Mortgage covers all the grain and grasses.

Now is it not time a Farmers Alliance,

In defence of homes, bid thieves defiance?

If the time has not yet come, then abandon the idea, crowd back into the traps of the old parties, and keep right on going to hell. By either of the old routes, it is all the way down hill.—Advance Thought.

Good old English law is stiff enough to cut in to gate posts. Not long since, a man in London put arsenic into a pudding with the intent to kill his wife and two children. The children died from the effects of the poison thus placed for them. His wife did not partake of the pudding and escaped. She told the facts of the case. He was arrested, but not punished, as under English law a wife cannot give testimony against her husband, except in respect of outrage or offence against her own person. Therefore, her testimony against her husband, except in respect of outrage or offence against her own person. Therefore, her testimony against her husband as to his poisoning the children could not be accepted, and the brute went unpunished.

The immigration to this country which passes through the port of New York amounts, roughly stated, to a thousand a day. Sometimes the total exceeds somewhat that two years of the civil war, the immigration to this country from Europe has never in a single year since 1864 fallen below 100,000, and only during the three years of financial depression, from 1876 to 1879, has it fallen below 200,000. In 1882 it reached a mammoth total of nearly 800,000, and since that time it has averaged about 400,000, of which about 365,000, or, as we have said, about a thousand a day, come through the port of New York.—N. Y. Sun.

Whites Increasing Faster than Blacks.

The Census Bureau has given out the population of Alabama by races, and the figures are calculated to reassure those timid souls who have imagined that the negroes were multiplying so rapidly that there would soon be no room for white folks south of Mason and Dixon's line. The population of Alabama, exclusive of a few Indians and Chinese, was as follows in 1880; White, 662,185; colored, 600,103; white majority, 62,082. In 1890 the figures were: Whites, 830,796: colored, 681,431; white majority, 149,365, considerably more than double what it was in 1880.

Now take the percentage of increase. The entire population of the State, which was 1,262,500 in 1880, was 1,513,017 in 1890, an increase of a very small fraction less than 20 per cent. But the white population increased 25.3 per cent. —almost 25.4 per cent.—while the colored population increased only 13½ per cent.

These figures should calm some perturbed spirits that have been wondering what would become of the Southern whites.

From the two Carolinas there has been some emigration of colored people, and there has been some immigration of colored people into Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. But we believe that there has been no emigration of negroes from Alabama that explains these figures. On the other hand, we believe that there has been no immigration of whites into the State to account for them. A good deal of capital has moved into the State in the past ten years, but we take it that not many thousands of white laborers have moved in. The increase of the white population of Alabama is pretty nearly the general average of natural increase for the whole country.

Additional statistics may cause a modification of this judgment, but as far as the Alabama figures go they indicate that the natural increase of the whites greater than that of the blacks. The latter are the more fecund possibly, but their death rate is higher than that of the whites.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30,—Mr. Harrison dies hard, very hard. Senator Hoar and his radical colleagues recognize that their last defeat meant the final disposition of the Force bill, and they have accepted the result with the best grace possible although it is far from satisfactory to them. Not so Mr. Harrison. He is so wedded to the idea of Federal interference in Southern elections and its consequent benefit to him and his party that he refuses to believe the Force bill dead, and has begun scheming for another attempt to rush it through the Senate. He is strongly seconded by Speaker Reed and the House republicans generally, but the idea has so far been very coldly received by the Senators whose recollection of the two square knock-downs they have already received while battling for this unpopular and unjust bill makes them shy of again entering the ring pass the bill that would again take it up. Their desire is as strong for the passage of the bill as it ever was, but it is the dread of another defeat that makes them hesitate. Democratic Senators are fully aware that all danger from this bill will not be passed until the close of the session, and they will see to it that the republicans get no chance to catch them napping.

That the democrats are always ready to aid in the transaction of legitimate business was shown when Senator Gorman notified the republican steering committee that the democrats were prepared to agree to any order of business which did not include the cloture rule or Force bill. The programme as arrangek provides for the consideration of the following bills, after the Apportionment bill is disposed of; eight Hour bill, Copyright, Pure-food, and the job of the session, the bill to gurantee the payment of $200,000,000 in bonds of the Nicaragua canal company. It is certainly a suspicious circumstance that this bill for the exclusive benefit of a corporation should have been given a place in the order of business when dozens of bills important to the country at large were left out. Some music ought to be heard when this bill gets before the Senate, and will be, unless I am very much mistaken.

The defeat of Senator Ingalls did not raise a cyclone of grief at the Capitol.

Unless the republicans attempt some of their tricks it is believed that all of the appropriation bills can be disposed of by the 4th of March, and an extra session avoided.

Chairman Dingley, of the House committee now investigating the silver pool scandal, is charged with having intimated, in a conversation with Mr. Payne, a member of the committee, that Senator Vest would never have been allowed to testify if he had known that he would "give away" Senator Cameron. This charge is not made by a democrat, but by a good republican. Gen. H. V. Boynton. Mr. Dingley denies it, and Gen. Boynton says W. B. Stevens heard the conversation in question. Its a nice mess, a republican mess, all through, and before the committee finishes its labors it will be in need of being investigated.

The arguments in the Behring Sea case were heard by the supreme Court this week. They contained nothing new on either side, thanks to the enterprise of our newspapers in having told us two weeks age what points each side would try to make.

The anti-silver men have opened their campaign against free coinage by bringing a lot of Eastern bankers here to tell the House Coinage committee what a dangerous thing free coinage is. Another dodge of the antis, is to amend the free coinage bill so as to make it conform to the views of the President. Both schemes are meant to accomplish the same thing—delay, and that's how it will be beaten, if it is beaten. The committee will delay reporting it back to the House as long as possible, and after it is reported Speaker Reed will delay its consideration if he can, and between all these delays the time will have become too short to pass the bill at this session. See? Great scheme isn't it? Not very original though.

Mr. Blaine isn't saying anything about the Force bill, but he has had a kind of an I told—you—so look ever since Mr. Harrison was knocked out at the same time his pet measure was.

Attorney-at-Law.

Revercomb Lam & Co.,
Real Estate Agents,
Covington, Va.

☞ Handles all kinds of real estate, stocks &c., also agents for the sale of stock in the Covington Improvement Co. This stock is sold at $100.00 par value, 10 per cent. paid down, balance in monthly installments of 10 per cent. The Company will receive this stock at $150.00 per share in payment on lots.

Correspondence solicited.

A. M. McCLINTIC & CO.
(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

—DEALERS IN—

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Are you Dry?

If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentuckey bourbon.

NOTICE.

Owing to a change in our firm Feb. 1st, '91, all persons indebted to us either by bond or acc't must pay up by that time. We mean business and it will pay you to settle at once.

Respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.
J. C. MARQUIS.
Monumental Architect
Staunton, Va.

G. C. COOPER, Agent,
Green Bank, W. Va.

Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices

CENTRAL W. VA. MARBLE WORKS

Manufacturers of

HEADSTONES and ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTAL WORK, and also Dealers in ALL KINDS OF WIRE FENCING.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

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A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, Address,

C. A. SNOW, & Co.
Washington, D. C.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do

HOME NEWS

—Mr. J. C. Kinports went up to Dunmore to-day (Wednesday).

—Knapp's creek was fuller Sunday than it has been this winter.

—Mr. John T. McGraw, of Grafton, was in town last Friday.

—J. H. Doyle, Esq., one of the proprietors of Huntersville hotel, has been sick for a few days past.

—The ground hog undoubtedly must have seen his shadow, if the old saying is true.

—Mess. Harry Beard and Sydney Payne of Academy was in our city over Sunday.

—Mrs. Henry Sharp, of Douthard's creek, is on the sick list at her daughter's Mrs. G. M. Ervine.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo Flats, was in the city Thursday night and Friday.

—The mail from Mt. Grove failed to come in Monday again for no cause whatever.

—Mr. E. C. Ferguson, of Green Bank, has got his home place secured, which he had some trouble recently, about the title &c.

—License to marry was issued on the 2nd inst. to J. C. Kinnison and Miss Mattie E. Cutlip, of near Academy.

—Mr. O. Guay, who has been sick at the Wagner hotel for several weeks past is able to walk around in the house now.

—There were 33 indictments made at the last term of the Randolph Cir. Ct. Toree were for felony.

—Attorneys H. S. Rucker, N. C. McNeil, and F. J. Snyder, were at Academy the first of the week on legal business.

—Monday was ground hog day and if he came out he surely saw his shadow, consequently we will have 42 days more of winter weather.

—Miss Ella Kerr who has been the guest of Mrs. Geo. Bambrick since her school closed on Beaver creek last week, returned to her home at Dunmore to day (Wednesday).

—We hope our correspondents will bear in mind that THE TIMES still charges occasionally for ads. And if any body wants to advertise an Auction sale or anything of the kind, let them send it in and it will go in at the lowest possible rate.

—Pocahontas County will undergo the greatest development and prosperity of any County in the State in the next five years. She will have a railroad, and the industries that will spring up from it will furnish employment to thousands of families. She has iron ore coal and untold millions of feet of lumber, which speaks for itself.

—Old Pocahontas County will not be without a railroad two years longer.

Dunmore Doings.

Col. Robt. Seals drove out of Sitlington's creek on the 2nd inst.

As soon as the ark is built the drive will leave for Ronceverte.

Capt. J. C. Lakin, and C. H. Myers left with a large flat and lumber for Capt. Smith's ark at the mouth of Anthony's Creek.

Mr. Alex Butterbough had the misfortune to have a cant hook run in his leg which is very painful.

Jim Watson, got up while asleep the other night, run against a table and broke his toe.

Miss Alice McGlaughlin has finished her school on Douthard's creek, and is now going to school to Squire Cook at this place.

TOM SAWYER.

One hundred miners were killed in an explosion at Mammoth, Pa., last Wednesday. Almost 60 bodies

Academy Items.

Dr. C. W. Eskridge, who has been at Staunton, Va., several days has returned home.

Mr. Abe Beard, of Renick's Valley, was in town Wednesday.

Mises Mary and Pauline McNeel are visiting at Staunton, Va.

Mr. Dan O'Connell and wife stopped at the American House, Monday.

Mr. B. M. Yeager, of Traveller's Repose, spent a few days last week with his son who is attending school at this place.

Miss Ethel Kincaid, of Va., is visiting at Mr. R. A. Pollocks.

Miss Mary Caranay, of Renick's Valley is visiting Miss Lucy Renick.

Mr. Harry McGlaughlin, spent Friday night in town. Mr. H. is improving slowly.

Miss Addie Williams, who has been teaching school near Green Bank has returned to her home at Locust.

The entertainment given by the M. F. Academy, Friday night was quite a success.

ADRONIS.

Douthard's Creek Items.

We have been watching for the Railroad but have seen nothing of it yet. Fxpect the creek was too high.

Mrs. Henry Sharp and Mr. Alek. Rider, are on the sick list.

Mr. B. F. McElwee, of Dunmore, spent a few days with his brother at Driscol, last week.

Mr. H. M. Lockridge, of Buena Vista, Va., spent a few days at his old home on Knapp's creek. He says business is epening up lively, and people are looking forward for booming times at Buena Vista in a short while.

H. A. Yeager, Esq., spent one night on our creek, last week, on his return from Virginia.

Much success to THE TIMES.

O. C. CASIONAL.

Marlinton Matters.

Another tide in the river, and as rafting has become somewhat monotonous, we will not mention particulars.

It is a subject for thanksgiving, that the snow so far has disappeared so gradually. Had the snow gone off, in one thow, the whole valley of the Greenbrier would have been a watery waste, by this time.

William Mayse, made the trip to Millboro Depot, in seven days, for Mr. Hull, of Edray.

Up to this period there has been no suffering for store supplies. Tallow is cheap, water plenty, hence we are fortified against scarcity of carosene and coffee, should there be a second winter, after February second.

There were so many ground hogs shot last summer and fall, it may be the survivors will be easily frightened, and be careless about warm weather lest hostilities renewed by the Winchester shooters, in the spring.

There is some talk about a railroad likely to come. It seems strange however, to have such talk, for it is next to impossible to keep rails enough to fence in garden and corn patches. What the people want a railroad for, is quite a question under such circumstances.

Miss Emma Warwick has a nice school going on at her home. She is nicely fixed in her new school house, near her father's new residence.

Miss Annie Wallace, is teaching a very nice school in this vicinity at the residence of Mr. Andrew McGlaughlin.

Just to be with these superior ladies is a good education, to say nothing of the book learning acquired.

Such schools are omens of great good in store for our young people.

Dunmore Literary Society.

The Dunmore Literary Society was re-organized a few weeks ago with the following officers. W. H. Cackley. Pres; J. C. Lakin, V. P; Miss Cora E. Jones, Sec; Miss K M. Lakin, Treas; Chas. Cook, Critic; John A. Taylor, Cansor.

Our meeting on last Friday evening was especially interesting.

Question: Resolved, that the U. S. Senators should be elected by the votes of the people of the various states and not by the Legislatures.

Among the things worthy of especial notice was the singing of a celebrated French song by Z. Goulet.

J. A. TAYLOR, Sec. Protem.

Cleveland: West Virginia's Choice.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Jan. 21.—A complete canvass of the Democratic members of both branches of the Legislature, shows the following expression of choice for President of the United States in '92:

In the Senate—For Cleveland, 13; Hill, 4.

In the House—Cleveland, 40, Hill, 2, Gray, 1; Carlisle, 1.

One of the Hill men is very anxious that his name shall not be given out, because he wants to be a delegate to the National Convention and he thinks there are so many Cleveland people that he would stand no show if his sentiments were known. The vote was taken quietly, unless he chose to tell it himself.

Farms Sold.

On the line of the Pittsburgh W. Va. Southern railroad, in this County about $130,000 worth of ore timber and farming lands have been sold to Jno. T. McGraw, of Grafton. Every farm at Marlinton was sold. Messrs. Andrew McGlaughlin sold his farm for $40,000 Levi Gay his for $15,000, and the Mess. Price, McClintic and Mrs. Wm. McGlaughlin we didn't understand the price paid for theirs. Also Mr. M. D. McGlaughlin a mile from this place sold his for $6,000, Options were taken on other farms near this place.

It is thought that the above named Railroad Co., is at the head of these immense purchases, and that the road will be built to Covington, Va., within two yrs.

Nellie Lewis Carnation.

The latest and one of the best novelties for 1891 is an elegant Carnation, growing on long stems, a free bloomer with large flowers, of an exquisite shade of pink, something entirely different from anything in Carnations. This flower is destined to become a great favorite among the florists, as the ladies prize it very highly for corsage bouquets and decorative purposes generally. The endorsement of the old firm of James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., who introduce this plant, is enough to assure the public that it is all they claim for it. The price is only 50 cents each three for $1.25, six for $2.25, doz. $4.00; but a better way would be to send 10 cents for *Vick's Floral Guide* and the 10 cents can be deducted from the first order forwarded for seeds.

The Cigarette Bill.

CHARLESTON, W.Va., January 29. There was considerable wrangling in the Senate this morning over a bill to prevent the sale of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco in any form to a minor under eighteen years of age. The violation of this act is a misdemeanor and a fine of twenty-five dollars and not more than one hundred is the penalty for a violation thereof. The merchant may also be confined in jail for six months if the court sees proper to impose imprisonment. A farmer cannot even send a written order to a store by his son for tobacco.

There will be no preaching in

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the months of December and January.

A deed from M. K. Baggs, Spec'l Com'r to Isaac P. Boggs for land on Rich Mountain and both sides of the Greenbrier river.

From Ellis M. Buzzard to P. A. Buzzard for land on Sitlington's creek.

From Wm. A. Schwecker and wife to J. W. Marshall for land on Dry Branch, of Elk river.

From R. S. Turk and wife to Isaac Daughirty for 397 acres lying on east side of Greenbrier river.

From Isaac Daughirty and wife to R. S. Turk for two tracts one 379 acres and the other 729 acres lying on east side of Greenbrier river.

From S. L. Gibson, to Jno. Drepard, for lot near Frost.

From Jno. Drepard to his wife for house and lot near Frost.

From Henry White to his son H. L. for 372 acres lying on Douthard's Creek.

A deed of trust from Rebecca J. Claytor to H. S. Galford on land lying on Swago Creek.

From J. L. Sheets and wife to Withrow McClintic, for 106 acres lying on Williams river.

From Wm. Auldridge and wife to Withrow McClintic for land known as the Mt. Lick tract.

From E. H. Darrah and wife and others to Jno. Driscol for land on the head waters of Greenbrier river, Consideration $13,767.

From Porter Kinports and wife and others to Jas. W. Kinports for land on head waters of Greenbrier river. Consideration $4,760.

From J. W. Wilson and wife of Vermon Co., Mo., to Howard H. Slaven for land, on headwaters of Greenbrier river.

From J. W. Warwick com'r school land to R. S. Turk for land on Thorny creek.

From same to Q. W. Poage for land near Edray.

From same to E. N. Moore for land on Sitlington's creek.

Same to Geo. Hamilton for land on waters of Knapp's creek.

From Edward Webb and wife to Jacob Boner for 50 acres of land situate on Buckley mountain.

From L. M. McClintic and wife to Withrow McClintic for land on the waters of Swago creek.

From H. H. McClintic, to Withrow McClintic for Mill property on Swago creek.

From Sam'l. R. Hogsett and wife to C. F. Moore trustee for the benefit of Sheldon Moore for land on the waters of Brown's creek.

From Jno. W. Irwine and wife to Thos. C. Malcomb for land near Edray.

From E. G. McNeill to D. A. McNeill for land on Swago creek.

From S. L. Brown, Clerk of the Co. Ct, to H. S. Rucker for 295 acres lying on Droop Mountain.

From S. S. Varner and wife to Maggie E. Slauker for land near Split Rock.

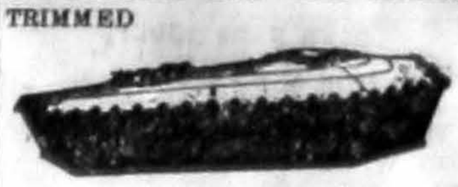
From S. L. Brown, Cl'k Co. Ct. to W. R. E. Hannah for land on Clover Lick creek, containing 81 acres.

A new play, "The Devil in Search of a wife," is annaunced. This is kind of the devil, who for several years has been gathering in husbands and children till he evidently has more than he can take care of. Knowing that so many women are content with worthless husbands and a hell upon earth, he is after help to care for his job lot of guests.

NOTICE.

Having bought Zane W. Moore's interest of merchandise at Frost, W. Va. All persons indebted to the old Firm either by bond or acct. must come forward and settle and pay up at once. My former partner will assist me in collecting and paying up all the old Firms

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,

AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,

Dunmore, W. Va

A. R. SMITH,

Academy, W.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at resonable prices.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING AT 7-17-79 PHOTOGRAVURE FAMIL. SIZE. Mailed for 4 cts. (coppers or stamps). J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS MO.

Commissioner's Notice.

John Dilley's Adm'r. &c.
vs.
Wm. Dilley & others

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, entered in the above named cause on the 21st day of October, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday, the 28th day of Feb., 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. The liens apon the land of the defendant William Dilley, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are payable.

2nd. The lands owned by said defendant William Dilley, together with the fee simple and annual rental value thereof.

3rd. The amount of consideration furnished by the defendant Wm. F. Dilley for the bond for the $475 mentioned in the trust deed, at which a copy is filed as Exhibit of the bill, marked "L."

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commission or or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Printers fee, $8.95. Jany 29, 4 t

FOR SALE BY

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

BY CUTTING

This out, telling where you saw it, and sending 50 in stamps, or postal note for sixty cents, to the WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O., you will receive the Weekly Bee by mail, postage paid, till January 1st, 1892. The Bee has 8 large pages, 8 columns each, making one and one quarter miles of reading each year. It is one of the best general Weeklies in the United States. Has all the News, great Stories, Household, Farm, Children's Hour, Puzzles, Riddles, Rev. Talmage's Sermons, Market Reports, Baseball Politics and Fiction. Clean in every department. Great premiums to getters up of clubs. Act at once and show your wisdom. Address plainly. No need to register letter. The WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

February 5, 1891.

UNITED FOREVER.

BY F. H. CONVERSE.

"I pronounce you man and wife."

The solemn words fell upon the silence, and the vast audience listened with rapt attention. It was the grandest wedding of the season and all society was on the *quivive* over the great social event.

The bride was simply perfection, in a cold, statuesque way—a lovely blonde, she was bewitchingly beautiful in her trailing bridal robe of white brocade covered with rare lace.

The bridegroom was a distinguished looking man, but there was a hard look upon his face and a firm compression of the lips at times, which betrayed his real nature to be selfish and cruel.

And the gossips all discussed the rumor that the bride, Maud Hetherington, had jilted her old lover, Richard Wylde, for the sake of Warner Percy.

The young ladies were very indignant over the supposed conduct of Miss Hetherington.

"It was a shame," they declared, "to turn away from handsome Dick Wylde, just because he had lost his fortune!"

But comment and criticism were all lost upon Maud Hetherington. If there lingered any feeling of affection in her heart for the dark eyed, splendid, looking Richard Wylde, she kept the secret well from the eyes of the world; and tonight she stands at the altar with another, and vows to "love, honor, and obey" until death should intervene.

The silence of death reigns throughout the vast church; the last words are spoken; there is a hush—then the crowd poured forth, and outside the church they all halt to await the coming of the bridal party.

And here Richard Wylde, just arrived from a distant city, paused also, his eyes riveted upon the pale, lovely face of the woman who was to have been his own. The news of her expected marriage had reached him; she herself had written the few cold lines which were to set them free from all ties that had bound them. The young man had striven to bear the blow bravely, and like a man, but some fascination had drawn him back to the city, and to the church where the wedding was taking place.

It caused quite a commotion when the bride fainted away in the carriage after the bridal party had made its way through the surging crowd upon the pavement. But Mrs. Warner Percy kept her secret well, and no one there knew—though there were criticism and surmise both—that a glimpse of her old lover's face in the crowd at the church door had been the cause

"Money!" he muttered, savagely; "that is all she wants! When she heard of my failure in business and loss of my fortune, she broke the engagement between us coldly, heartlessly. And she did not dream that I would soon inherit another fortune. She does not know that I am a more wealthy man to day than ever before. Ah, the power of gold! It is potent and all powerful. But I will banish her fair, false face from my heart, and from my thoughts. She is altogether unworthy!"

The next day the newspapers, which were filled with glowing accounts of the stylish wedding, also contained notices to the effect that Richard Wylde had returned to town for a brief sojourn. He had just inherited an immense fortune, and was busily engaged setting his affairs in order, prior to a trip across the ocean. Mrs. Warner Percy read the paragraph, and a dealthly pallor overspread her beautiful face.

Poor Maud! she was the victim of a cruel plot, but she did not know it. When the time should come for her to learn the truth, heaven help Warner Percy's wife!

She was at the opera that night, looking like a princess, in a pale rose colored silk and pearl ornaments. A beautiful iceberg, men called her as they looked upon that white, still face. Only once a trace of emotion ruffled its calm fair serenity. That was when glancing from her box, her eyes fell upon the face of a man in the stalls—a handsome face, with dusky, cold, unsmiling eyes, and a firm mouth. Richard Wylde was watching her every movement, yet no one could aver that he had seen her at all.

The play was nearly over when the audience was startled by the cry of fire. The drapery of one of the boxes had in some mysterious way become ignited, and the box was wrapped in flames. It was Maud Percy's box, the sweet, pale face was that Richard Wylde saw as he started to his feet, and with one mad bound sprang through the orchestra on to the stage, and from thence reached the box in a moment.

And there he halted for a brief space, overcome with horror at the scene upon which his eyes rested. Warner Percy—her husband—had fled from the burning box, leaving his helpless wife to her fate. The entire wing of the building was in flames by this time, and the audience was shrieking and rushing madly toward the different entrances, while the actors, together with the manager, strove hard to calm the tumult. It was a horrible stampede.

Setting his teeth hard together over a muttered execration as he saw Warner Percy flying like a coward, Richard Wylde lifted Maud in his arms and sprang upon the stage, and then he turned to a private entrance used only by the actors. He knew that if he could reach that door in safety she would be saved.

It was a horrible conflict that he fought with death as he made his way slowly onward inch by inch toward the private door, the drooping form of the woman he had loved and lost clasped close to his breast.

Her eyes met his, and he heard her whisper, softly:

"Oh! Richard, how could you deceive me so?"

He stooped and pressed his lips to hers.

"I have never decieved you in my life," he made answer, slowly.

Saved at last! Out in the open air he found Maud's waiting carriage and drove with her to her home. Hither a little later was brought

"I know it. And before I go, Richard, I must set right the wrong that I have done. Dick, I instigated that letter to you which Maud wrote. I told her that you were false to her and made her believe my assertion. In her pride and anger she wrote whatever I bade her to write. She has never been false to you, and she did not care for your money. But I shall soon be dead, and then you can belong to each other. I seperated you, but my sin has found me out, and I am justly punished."

He died that night. Society marvelled a little when a year later Maud became Mrs. Richard Wylde, but the nine day's gossip was soon over, and the two who had been parted by a cruel plot were now united forever.

The Future White House.

Of course the Farmers' alliance is a good thing, but we do not think that the farmer is hardly fitted to discharge the duties of the Presidential chair, says the Arkansaw Traveler. It wouldn't look very well to foreign diplomatists to see the President's wife knitting a pair of mittens nor to hear her ask the President if he had locked the hen-house door. It would shock some people to see the President come in from the stable smelling horsey. Of course he could hire men to help him kill hogs, but then the people that elected him would complain.

The following is supposed to be a future conversation in the blue room.

"John," said the mistress of the White House, one evening when the Chief Executive had washed his hands at the kitchen door, and stood wiping them on the hired girl's apron, "did the sheep do much damage to the corn?"

"Yes, they destroyed a good bit of it, gol darn 'em. If the Secretary of State don't keep his infernal sheep at home I'll shoot 'em, gol darn if I don't."

"Whose cow was that in the yard last night?"

"Belongs to the secetary of the Treasury, and if he don't look out I'll scald all all the hide offen her. Got any of them cold beans left?

"You'll find some in the pantry. While you air out I wish you would look in the girl's room and see if she is burnin' that gas. I told her she must use a lamp, but girl's are so awful triffin' these days, what you say goes in at one ear and out tuther. What did Congress do to day?

"Wail, passed the Ab Tucker fence bill and now folks better keep their hogs up or suthin' will happen. We are goin' to hold a cabinet meetin' to-night."

"Anything important?"

"Yes, we are going to recommend the passage of the Anderson pitchfork bill. Did the Attorney General fetch them hames back?"

"Yes; they are hangin' out there on the gallery. The Secretary of the Interior was here to-day, an' axed for you an' I told him that you was might'ly pushed to get your hay in before it rained."

"Did he say what he was a doin'?"

"Been choppin' wood lately, he says, but is going to dig a ditch next week."

"About the most disagreeable man on earth," said Charlie Cashgo "is the pawnbroker."

"Yes," responded Billy Bender, dolefully, "but we have to put up with him."

Father—"Did you break this vase?"

Johnny—"Yes, father! I can't lie."

pass unappreciated; and what older people feel younger people say.

Little Mary, who is only 4 years old, had a new hat given to her, of which she felt very proud. On the following Sunday she wore it to church, but her pleasure in the event was greatly lessened by the fact that a certain lad on whom her childish affections were just then set appeared not to notice her splended adornment.

Monday morning she saw him going by the house driving a cow, and at once she clambered upon the fence.

"Oh, Ed," she called, "that was me to church yesterday, with a new hat on!"

Father—"Didn't I hear high words between you and your brother just now, Henry?"

Henry—"Very likely, father, but surely you wouldn't wish me to use low language."

De Dude (buying a cane)—I sa-ay, mah good man, this cane won't do. The handle is too big foh mah mouth.

Dealer—It's the exact size worn by the Prince of Wales, sir.

De Dud—Aw! Wait a bit. I'll go to a surgeon's and see if I can have mah mouth stwetched.

Mr. Billus had been away from home several days, and had just returned.

"Did you miss me, Maria?" he inquired as he deposited his valise in the corner, hung his overcoat on a hook, and then gave his wife a business like kiss.

"Miss you?" replied Mrs. Billus, tenderly. "Indeed I did, John. There hasn't been anybody to swear at the biscuits for six whole days."

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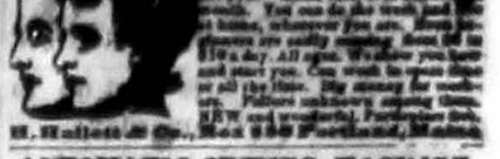

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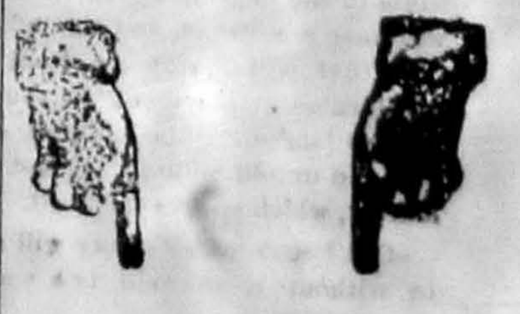

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Vera's Escape.

Vera Lyons had been wandering through the woods for nearly three hours.

She was a student of botany, and had gathered a number of beautiful ferns, her enthusiasm leading her farther and farther into the heart of the wilderness, until at last the sudden decrease of light warned her that it was past the hour of sunset.

Now that the last rosy glow that had deceived her had faded, it seemed to darkened very fast, and in nervous trepidation she turned to seek the path.

A half-hour's walk convinced her that she had mistaken her way; she had not noted the path particularly, but now she found herself in an unfamiliar spot, a wide cleared space, in the center of which stood the ruins of an old country house, an oddly built built cottage, the lower half of which was formed of rough stones, surmounted by wooden peaks and gables.

Part of the structure had fallen into decay, but the stone foundation stood in fairly good condition, and creeping vines lent it a picturesque effort.

"This must be the place I have heard of," she thought. "The home where that fierce castain brought his lovely Spanish bride, and left her to pine in solitude. He was so jealous of her beauty, so fearful lest she should seek the society of others during his absence, poor thing! And one day—so the story goes—he came home and found her gone.

"Then he started out to find her, and in Spain he saw her in the company of a handsome young man, and, without waiting for a word of explanation, he followed and challenged him, and it the combat that followed the young man was killed.

"He proved to be the brother of the young girl, and in grief she took her own life.

"Then the captain came back, shut himself up in this lonely place and ended his days in solitude, an old servant his only companion."

"Yes, I remember the story; but really, I would have preferred visiting the place at some other time. It is getting alarmingly dark, and I'm not sure I can find my way to the road again."

Even as she glanced anxiously at the gray sky, a flash of lightening cleft its surface, while a dull rumbling sound rolled up from the distance.

"Lost in the woods and a storm coming!" she thought. Dear! how foolish I was to take so little note of my surroundings! I can not posbly reach shelter before the rain falls, unless——"

She turned her eyes upon the ruined cottage. It was not a pleasant alternative, but a sudden fall of raindrops decided her.

She gathered up her skirts and darted across the space, disappearing through the doorway just as the storm burst in all its fury.

The thundering peal shook the stone foundatian, and Vera shrunk with a cry from the blinding flash that illuminated the apartment.

She saw that she was in a large, low-roofed room, from which several oaken doors opened upon inner apartments.

"What a dismal place! thought Versa. "I wonder if one of the inner rooms would not be more cheerful?"

She opened the nearest door, but shrunk back when she saw a dark recess, walled with stone lined with shelves.

"Like a vault," she reflected, peering into the next opening with less confidence than she had hitherto displayed. "I don't wonder the poor young wife ran away from this place! Oh, this is better, and here's a seat by the window. Why, it seems to be growing lighter; but how it rains! Suppose I have to pass the night here—well, there's no danger of any one disturbing me, and I'm not easily frightened, but I would rather be in my own cozy room. And then to-morrow——"

A warm glow crept over Vera's face, and her eyes brightened.

To-morrow would be her wedding day—to-morrow would see her the bride of a man she had not known but who had taken her heart by storm—a darkly handsome, elequent man, whose love all the weman envied her, who had seemed to be her ideal, and embodiment of all her girlish fancies.

Suddenly she was startled to hear a man's voice, borne on the air from the outer room.

"Come in, Cassy, and don't be a fool! You're drenched now. What do you think I would do to you? You act as if you were afraid of me."

Vera's heart stood still. Surely the voice was familiar, but not the cold scorn and contempt with which it was intoned.

Yet—could Harmon Dupont speak thus?

A woman's plaintive voice replied:

"It's so dark and ghostly looking. Harmon! I don't see why you brought me here. I expected to go to a hotel or your boarding place."

"Could we talk there? You must think I want my business known," said the man impatiently. "Did I know it would rain when we left the station? Come in; here's a settee."

A moment of silence, during which Vera sat upright, with her eyes fixed upon the door.

"Now we can talk matters over," said Harmon Dupont. "But I warn you to be reosonable, Cassie—I'm not in a mood for nonsense."

"Reasonable!" echoed the other bitterly. "Suppose I said I had come here because you neglected me and deceived me, that my patience was worn out, and I demand my rights."

"Demand!" said Dupont with a short, ugly laugh. "No one ever gained anything by making demands of me!"

"Then I will not waste my energies. I go straight to Miss Lyons," said the girl.

"Ha! you know—"

"I know that to-morrow is the day set for your marriage, but Cassie Trueman is the woman who should stand beside you!" said the woman passionately. "Harmon, I left my home and kind parents at your bidding; I put a barrier forever between me and—and the old life. I thought you would keep your word, but I found that you were false. When you discovered that I was not the weak fool you took me for, you threw aside the mask, yet even then you would not tell me the truth, but I know you never intended to be true to your word. Harmon I could not believe that you had ceased to love me; I would have married you even when I knew what a selfish, cruel man you were, for I loved you, but when I heard you were to make another woman your wife I crushed out that love and resolved to make one last appeal, and then if you refused—"

"So that is your game?" sneered Dupont, and the string of his tones pierced the heart of the silent listener—it killed the fancy she called love. "And you dare tell me this—in this place?"

"Why——?"

"Oh, you may well shrink, Cassy, for you have roused the demon within. I tell you I love Vera Lyons, and I know your story would turn her from me, and rather than have that belief shattered I would still your treacherous tongue, do you hear me? Do you think I would let you come between me and happiness now? Great heavens, I would kill you first!"

"Harmon

The word ended in a muffled gasp, for he sprang upon her and clasped his arm around her slendor form. Vera rushed to the doorway, forgetful of herself, but she paused when she saw that the man was not about to commit the dread deed she feared.

He had lifted the girl from her feet and borne her to the vault like closet. The next instant the door clang to, and the rusty bolt slipped into place. From the inside came a shriek, responded to by a sardonic peal of laughter from without.

"Good-by, Cassy" said Dupont, sarcastically. "I hope you'll have a pleasant night. No one comes this way once a month, and you'll have time to reflect upon your folly."

"Harmon—mercy. I'll die here!" came the muffled tones.

"Very well. I dare say it is not a good place for living."

And with a last malicious laugh, Dupont walked out.

The storm was nearly over, and evening gloom hid his form ere he crossed the clearing.

Vera waited a few moments, during which utter silence reigned. Then she crossed to the closet door and drew the heavy bolt.

"I am Vera Lyons," she said to the girl who approached her, with fear and wonder on her face.

* * * * * *

A beautiful bright morning.

Harmon Dupont approached the cottage home of his betrothed bride with a face as radiant and calm as if his conscience was as clear as that of the pure lovely girl he sought.

Very went to meet him, clad in a simple lawn dress, and there was a strange look on the fair face. She held him back with a single sweeping gesture.

"Vera, what is the matter?" he cried. "Why are you attired like this? What do these strange looks and actions mean?"

"It is your wedding day, is it not?" she said, composedly. "Well, there is a bride for you, ready and waiting. See here is a woman to whom your promises were made."

And catching back the curtain that fell before the alcove, she allowed a slender figure to step forward.

A slendor woman dressed in Vera's pale, silvery-hued wedding dress, with Vera's bridal bonnet and veil adorning her dark head.

"Cassy!" cried Harman Dupont; and then silence fell.

At last he turned to Vera, ghastly pale, but with a fine sneer upon his lips; he knew that there was not the ghost of a chance for him.

"Your ability for dramatic effect is worthy of praise," he said. "I congratulate you both."

"Yes, we need congratulations," answered Vera with a meaning glance.

"So that is your game!

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
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February 12, 1891.

THE SCHOOL BOOK QUESTION.

In this issue will be found a letter from our County Supt. of schools urging that no change be made in text books, which is a question of great importance to the people of the State, and therefore should, as it does, have commensurate attention by the law making body. All the different methods and plans adopted by other States of furnishing books deserve careful consideration. The class of text books to be used also requires the most thorough and intelligent investigation. And above all keep this in mind: Do not make a change in the text books now in use unless it be deemed an an absolute necessity. By that term we mean that it is generally conceded by the teachers and county superintendents that any particular text book is out of date and has lost its usefulness; that some newer work has been proved to be its superior, and because of its greater value in helpfulness to the scholar, should supplant the former.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the Legislatbre that of all obnoxious things to parents, changes in text books are among the greatest.

If the Legislature wants to foment a general discontent that has never had its equal, let it inaugurate general and unnecessary changes in the text books of the public schools. They are costly irritating annoyances that cause more demoralization and confusion in the house hold, and consequently in the school, than all other causes combined.

Victims of the hard work and enormous responsibilities of the Treasury port folio—Folger, Manning, Windom, all within eight years.

In less than a year from the terrible Tracy tragedy Secretary Windom fell dead. Those who believe that such things always travel in threes are asking, who will be the next victim?

A dispath from Omaha, Neb., says: "Business circles are much surprised by information that the prospective wheat crop is 10,000,000 bushels less than reported by the Government, and that the growing crop is in a very unpromising condition. The matter was made public by a committee reporting at the National Farmers' Alliance convention. The committee was secretly formed two months ago and visited all the western wheat territory.

Will the new Secretary of the Treasury be a goldbug or will he be a free coinage man? If Mr. Harrison decides the matter upon his own judgment he is certain to be the former, but, if he takes the advice of some of the longest headed men in his party he will be the latter. But in either event Benjemin Harrison, the candidate will lose votes in the national convention of his party, and that is what is the matter with

do nothing that would be more beneficial to the democratic party.

One would suppose from reading the comments of the republican press upon the pleasant exchange of courtesies between Governor and Senator-elect Hill and ex-President Cleveland at a recent dinner at New York that the republicans expected these two gentlemen to meet *a la* Fitzsimmons and Dempsey. This is absurd. Cleveland and Hill are good friends and are both good democrats, and we have no hesitation in making the prophecy that when the next national campaign opens they will both be hard at work for the democratic nominee, whether it be one of them or some other democrat.

For A Democrat.

The Atlanta Constitution defines in these few words its position in regard to the selection of the Democratic candidate in 1892:

"We are tied to no man's cartwheel!, but the success of the party is our first consideration.

We are first and last for a Democrat.

The nominee of the Democratic party must be a Democrat in the full sense of the word.

He must favor freecoinage, as well as tarriff reform and must signify a willingness to 'turn the rascals out.' Unless he comes up to this standard, the people might go somewhere else for a President, as they did in 1888.

We are for victory this time."

That is the ticket and that the platform demanded by the great majority of the Democracy. They are sick of humbug and Mugwumpery. They want to win and not lose in 1892, and they know that they cannot win unless the candidate is an all-around, unquestionable Democrat.

The Democratic party was betrayed in 1888. Its leader in 1892 must be faithful to its wishes and deserving of its confidence. It will know how to protect itself from imposture this time.—N. Y. Sun.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6th.—Mr. Harrison made a last desperate attempt, through Senator Hoar, in behalf of the Force bill at a caucus of republican Senators held last night. In order to give the Senators who had voted against the old bill an opertunity of returning to the ranks a new bill was presented to the caucus, shorter and without some of the objectionable features of the Lodge bill. Stories differ as to the conclusion arrived at. Some say that it was decided to pass the new bill in a few days and others that no definite conclusion was reached. One republican Senator, who voted with the democrats to lay aside the gag rule resolution, is reported to have said that if it would be any satisfaction to the radical members of his party he would vote for the new bill, because he was satisfied that there was not enough time remaining to get it through the House.

The republicans seem to be getting the worst of the silver pool investigation, in spite of the evident intention of the committee to find out as little as possible. No democratic member of either branch of congress has been implicated, while two prominent republicans Senator Cameron and Representative Taylor, of Illinois have admitted their guilt, and another one—Representative Ketham, of New York—is expected to do likewise. The greatest farce of the investigation was enacted this week when Owenbey, the man who claimed to have been a member of a silver pool' was brought from Chicago under arrest and put on the stand. Almost before he began his testimony, the committee decid

other people as speculating in silver. That practically shut out all that portion of his evidence that might have led to finding out some thing, and it is believed that it was intended to have just that very effect.

The free coinage bill has been the cause of some very plain talk this week, and unless all signs fail it is going to bring on a big row in the House. Senator Cockerell said that the opposition to the bill which has suddenly sprung into life, in varous sections, but principally in the East, was inspired by telegrams from the capitol; and Representative Bland charged Representative Walker, who is a Massachusetts banker, with trying to smother the bill in committee by granting endless hearings to all who asked for them. The vote of the committee shows that the bill will get no favors there, and all that the free coinage men can now do is to await a favorable opertunity to bring it diectly before the House.

Congress has granted Mr. Harrison's request and passed a bill extending the time during which an assistant may act as the head of any executive department of the Government from ten to thirty days, and now that gentleman is up to his ears in the recomendation of various would-be Secretary's of the Treasury. All the big republicans from Gen. Alger and Chauncey Depew down to "me too" Platt, who is himself a candidate; are flitting in and out of Washington like restless ghosts. It is stated by republicans that Mr. Harrison has promised not to give the place to a silver man. He'll have a hard time to fill the shoes of the late Secretary Windom; Severel of those who might do so satisfactorily to the country would under circumstances connect themselves with the present unpopular administration.

Senator Turpie, in accordance with the resolution recently adopted by the Indiana legislature, has offered a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Unitsd States, for the election of Senators by a direct vote of the people.

It looks now as if the Fifty first Congress would come to an end before the committee which has been for lo these many months making an alleged invitation of the Pension office and Commissioner Reum, makes its report. It is thought that the report is held back to keep Raum in his place as long as possible, as he is almost certain to be removed when the report goes to Mr. Harrison.

The National Legislative Council, which was provided for at the late Ocala convention of the National Farmers Aliance, is now holding its first session here. It is composed of the Presidents of the State organizations and the National President. Its principal duties are to prepare the bills that the Alliance will ask the next Congress to pass.

There is a rumor that the council has already decided upon a material modification of the sub-treasury scheme.

Speaker Reed's action in having refused to give the House committee on Foreign Affairs a day for the consideration of measures favorably reported from that committee makes it practically impossible for us to make a single step towards the reciprocity now extended by the Canadian goverment. Well, there's one consolation, Reed will be a deposd Czar in a very short time.

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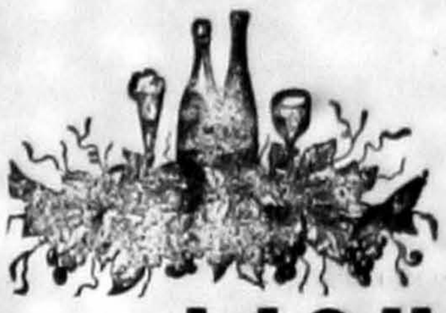

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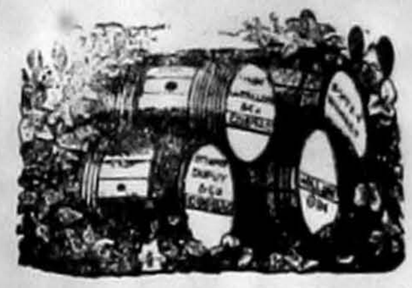

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

HOME NEWS

—Locals are scarce this week.

—Knapp's creek got full Monday and Tuesday.

—We want every body in the County to subscribe for THE TIMES.

—Don't forget that Saturday is Valentine day.

—See ad. in another column of C. C. Burner's auction sale.

—Robt. McGlaughlin, Esq., of Dunmore, called to see us last Saturday.

—About all the logs, a million or more feet, have gone out of Knapp's creek.

—We haven't heard, as yet, who wants to be our next County Superintendent of schools.

—Mr. O. Guay, who has been sick for the past month at Hotel by Wagner, is about well again.

—Mrs. Henry Sharp, who has been sick for the past 10 days is very much better.

—Rev. L. F. Snapp will leave for Randolph Macon College next week.

—Mr. Geo. R. Curry, of Academy, has been enrolled as deputy organizer of the Farmers Alliance.

Mr. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Split Rock, passed through town Wednesday.

—We learn that the contract for the extension of the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern railroad to the mouth of William's river will be let on the 16th inst.

—The Govener sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 3rd instant, for confirmation: Brigadier-General on the Govener's staff, B. D. Spillman, Parkersburg; Directors of the Penitentiary, H. R. Howard, of Mason; Frank Brown, of Marshall, J. A. Miller, of Ohio, P. J. Crogban, of Preston, and Wm. Vandevort, of this county.

NOTICE.

To the person securing a fine specimen of the White Rabbit, of the Cheat mountains, and mailing the skin of the same, carefully packed to address given below I will give two dollars cash. The skin must be entire, ears, feet, tail and all perfect.

Address for further information, THAD. SURBUR, Basic City, Va.

NOTICE.

Having bought Zane W. Moore's interest of merchandise at Frost, W. Va. All persons indebted to the old Firm either by bond or acct. must come forward and settle and pay up at once. My former partner will assist me in collecting and paying up all the old Firms debts settle at once and save cost.

Very Respectfully,
H. F. HEROLD.

Academy Items.

Plenty of rain and mud.

Messrs. Geo. McGlaughlin and Geo. Baxter, of Edray, were in town Monday.

Mr. R. C. Shrader, of Dilley's Mill spent a few days in our city last week. He was accompanied by Miss Birdie Dilley and his daughters Enola and Minnie, who have enrolled as pupils of the H. T. School.

Wm. Sharp and wife of Edray are spending a few days with their daughter who has been quite sick.

Miss Alice Clark, who has been teaching school at Dilley's Mill has returned home.

Dan O'Connell passed through town Monday.

Mr. Charlie Henderson has enrolled as a pupil of the M. and F. Academy.

Charlie Callison, took some fine rafts down to Ronceverte this week.

Boys don't forget to send your best girl a valentine

Hillsboro is coming to the front, there is one Priest in town.

Master Emmit Beard, of Locust, has been enrolled as a pupil in The H. M. F. Academy.

ADONIS.

Company I, 25th Va. Regiment.

Below we give a list of Company I, 25th Va. Regiment, "Pocahontas Rescues," which left Huntersville, on the 18th day of May, 1861., and was mustered into Service at Grafton. Those with an x after their names died while in service:

D. A. Stofer, Capt., James H. McGlaughlin, 1st Lieut., Beverly B. Boon, 2nd Lieut., Wm. H. Carpenter, 1st, Sergent.

PRIVATES.

Timolan Anges, James Akers, Andrew C. Alderman, x Daniel Arbogast, x George Burr, x Wm. Burr, Frederick Burr, x James Bradley, x Geo. H. Chash, M. H. Corbett, P. L. Cleek, Wm. Cole, Charles Eagan, M. A. Friel, Peter Grimes, John Granfield, Potts Griffin, x C. S. Gammon, Wm. T. Gammon, Geo A. Helmick, A. G. Hamilton, x Isaac B. Haines, x Robt. A. Hannah, J. C. Hannah, x Wm. H. Henson, x C. B. Herold, x B. F. Herold, x Wm. R. Hogsett, Wm. H. Irvine, Joseph J. Jordan, x Enos Lyons, Levi Moore, x H. P. McGlaughlin, Michall Moore, x Sylvester Mitchell, x Patrick Maher, x Pat. Mararty, J. W. Mathews, Wm. F. Piles, x John W. Penel, John Piles, Cain H. Sivey, Chesley A. Simmons, B. F. Shrader, x James Shannon, Michel Shannon, Lanty W. Seebert, x Wm. W. Slaven, Louis Smith, James Swadley, x David A. Varner, x Pat. Willihan, x Michel Willihan, Eugene M. Ware, x George C. Ware, x Wm. F. Ware, C. W. Weaver, R. L. Weaver.

Our School Books.

ED. TIMES: As servant of the schools of this county, I beg leave to say through your paper that a change in the text books of our State would be very injurious to our people, as it would increase the burden of our taxation on them.

A change of books would throw the schools of the State into confusion, and compel the people to spend a large sum of money unnecessarily.

This matter is with our Legislature, and I hope that our Representative, Hon. I. B. Moore, will do what he can to prevent a change in our school books, and only fight for a reduction in the price.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

Fire at Ronceverte.

A big fire at Ronceverte, Greenbrier county, West Va., about four o'clock Thursday morning, Jan. 29th, destroyed severel thousand dollars worth of property, goods, etc., the losses are as follows:

The building owned and occupied by Rodes, Whiting, & Co., valued at $8,000, with $35.00 worth of stock. Insurance $23,000.

Miss Henning's building, valued at $3,000, occupied by White as a drugstore with a stock of $2,000. Insurance $2,400. Williams & Co. with $4,000 stock—Assured for $2,500.

The upper stories of these buildings were occupied by two families, and also contained Mrs. Hunt,s millinery establishment and Dr. De Veder's office.

It is stated that Mrs. Gardner's house, next to the hotel, is destroyed and Hotel Dickson is badly scorched.

The fire originated in Messrs. Williams & Co.' store, and was accidental.

Ernest Forbes, who was convicted of assault in Baltimore is sentenced to be hanged.

Representative McKinley and Senator Spooner are mentioned among the possible successors of Secretary Windom.

The gross area of the State of West Virginia is 24,780 tquare miles. The water surface is given at 135 and the land surface is 24,645. Randolph is the largest county, with an area of 1,175 sq. miles. Brooke county is the smallest, her area is only 84 sq. miles.

Found Dead.

On Sunday last an unknown man was found dead in the country road near Stafford,s Ferry on the north side of Cheat river. An inquest was held on Monday, but the cause of his death was not determined. There was nothing on his person that would give the least clue to his identity. No marks of violence were found on his body, and some people supposed he had poisoned himself, as on Saturday afternoon he called at severel houses near where he was found and asked for a drink of water, each time taking inordinate quantities. Judging by his queer acts some persons think he slightly deranged. Deceased was apparently about 30 years of age, of medium size, with blonde mustache and dark hair. He was dressed in rather good clothes, and his hands were soft and white, showing that he was not a laborer.

There was not a letter nor anything valuable upon his person except an empty purse. The official report of the inquest has not been received. The remains were interred at the chuachyard at Zion.—Dominion.

Destitution in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 31st.—W. S. Shrimp, of Lirad Township, Rawlins County Kan., was in the city yesterday soliciting aid for the destitute farmers of his county. He says the people of the township are in a deplorably poor condition, their crops have failed for three seasons, and many of them have neither food nor fuel. He says they will be unable to withstand the rigors of the winter, and will freeze and starve to death without assistance. They were unable to raise any corn last summer, and their cattle, pigs and chickens are dying from starvation. Many families have been obliged to burn their furniture for fuel. Mr. Shrimp collected enough money here yesterday to buy a carload of flour, which will be shipped immediately to the suffering people. The Rock Island Railroad is giving free transportation.

Needs A School Teacher.

A correspondent writing from Port Huron, Mich. says that one of his good republican neighbors, a tax payer and a church member, delares that—

An import tax on products of other countries brought to this to be admitted on payment of custom house duties is not a tax.

That if it is, it is paid by the exporter and that the exporter is the one the old country that has to pay the duty charged by this country before he can sell in this country.

That the higher the duty or entrance fee he has to pay the more out Government is benefited and the more of a tax the foreigner has to pay.

This man should hire a little cotton-picking darkey to come up from an Alabama plantation and open a school for his benefit.

The importer is the resident of this country who buys goods in other countries at prices there ruling, brings them over here, pays an importation tax thereon, and adds the sum thus paid as "duty" to what he has to pay for the goods, the freight, insurence, etc., and thus piles the entire kaboodle on the consumer.

The exporter is one who sends goods out of his country, and no tax is laid on what goes out of the country seeking the markets of other countries.

A friend of ours imports watches. He pays a large tax on the goods he imports. This tax, when he charges it up on the goods he sells, becomes a tax on the consumer, wherever and whoever he may be.

Our country is no longer in baby clothes. It is quite well grown, and it would benefit the entire country by free trade with all the world, and thus making new goods and opening new markets in every direction.—Advance Thought.

The first digging began last week on the lake front, oppopite Harrison street, Chicago, in connection with the World's Fair.

Young Frank Singer, son of the sewing-machine man, was married to Miss Blanche Marcelin, on February 7, in Paris.

The Nebraska Legislature has adopted a memorial to Congress asking an appropriation of $1,000,000 for the relief of the sufferers in that State.

Col John C. Taylor, of Dayton, Ky., has fallen heir to estates in Ireland that makes him the Earl of Tyrone, and better still, give him property valued at $7,000,000.

A true bill of indictment has been found against the publishers of the Harrisburg Call for libels on Governor Pattison during the campaign.

An English farmer forwarded some apples to a London commission man to sell. Then he disguised himself as a costermonger, went to the dealer and bought his own apples at eleven shillings a bushel. Returning after undisguised, he was informed that his apples had been sold for four to five shillings. An interesting scene followed.

If you wish to hear a fly walk you can do it without the aid of the ungaphone provided you can find the fly at this season of the year. Having made friends with the fly spread a silk hankerchief over your ear and induce the insect to crawl across the handkerchief. As he approaches your ear you will distinctly hear a harsh, rasping sound made by the contact of the insect's feet with the filaments of silk.

A cattle dealer from the Indian Territory purchased last week of Mrs. King, of Corpus Christi, the Texas cattle queen, 15,000 two year-old steers for $82,000. This is probably the largest order filled in Texas at any one time for cattle, and the King ranche is said to be the second largest in the world. It is taxed at $900,000, including 150,000 horses and cattle. Mrs. King owns several others in other portions of Texas.

It seems a little queer that those republicans who shout the loudest for a protective tariff high enough to shut out all the world, claiming that America can exist without any commercial dealings with the rest of the world, are the very men who oppose an American system of finance,—the free and unlimited coinage of silver—basing their opposition upon the ground that America cannot have free coinage without consent of the great commercial countries of Europe. We merely give this as a specimen of republican consistency. Our readers can make their own comments.

Auction.

I will offer for sale at public auction on Friday 10th day of March, the following personal property:

Five or six Cows, two 2-year-old cattle, 1 two year-old Bull, fifteen or sixteen head of Calves, one or two Horses, and probably some Sheep.

I will also offer for sale privately, the farm on which I now reside.

C. C. BURNER.
Traveler's Repose.

Wm. Bradley, a brakemen, who resides in Parry, Ill., heated an iron rod red hot while drunk and ran it through his body. He will die.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania has vetoed the resolution instructing the Senators from that State to vote for the force bill.

With one exception all the fruit canners in California formed a trust with $5,000,000 capital, to last for fifty years.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED

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C. B. SWECKER,
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Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.
Suitable for all Ages.
Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING 17-17-70 PAPER SIZE.
J. F. SMITH & CO. ST. LOUIS MO.

Commissioner's Notice.

John Dilley's Adm'r. &c.
vs.
Wm. Dilley & others

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, entered in the above named cause on the 21st day of October, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday, the 28th day of Feb., 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. The liens upon the land of the defendant William Dilley, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are payable.

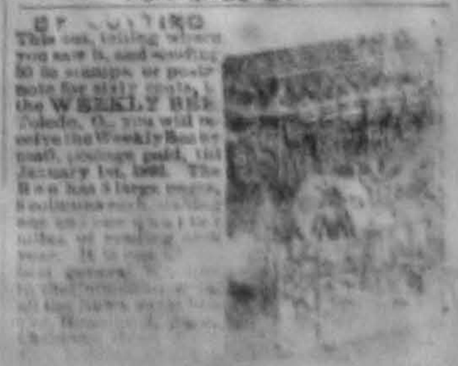
2nd. The lands owned by said defendant William Dilley, together with the fee simple and annual rental value h ereof.

3rd. The amount of consideration furnished by the defendant Wm. F. Dilley for the bond for the $475 mentioned in the trust deed, at which a copy is filed as Exhibit of the bill, marked "L."

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commission or or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Printers fee, $8.95. Jany 29, 4 t



JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 12, 1891.

MIKE WILL NEVER COME.

In winter and summer she comes there.

Snow, hail, rain or a blazing sun do not keep her away.

With mournful blue eyes she peers far out on the bay, then moans and breaks out into a low, melodious Irish song of home and friends far away.

Down in battery park on the wide walk along the sea wall can be seen any day a tall, neatly-dressed young woman, probably 35 years of age, walking up and down with her hands clasped in front of her as though in prayer.

Now and then she stops in her walk, mutters to herself, then takes a step toward the chain which is strung along the sea wall and, making a shade out of her right hand, she looks out on the bay.

An expression of disappointment overspreads the exquisite face as, with a sigh, she murmurs:

"No! No! Mike will come."

Then she sings a song to herself and sits for hours in blissful reverie.

Three years ago last November the young woman made her first appearance at the Battery.

She passed through Castle Garden and was registered as Mary McGrath, County Cork, Ireland.

She said she came to look for work as a domestic, and when she was sent to Mrs Boyle, the matron of the Employment Bureau, she confided in that kind hearted lady that her people at home were well off, but that they would not let her marry Mike Riordon because he was only a farmer's boy.

Then she told how she asked to be allowed to come to this country and earn her living, and how, after she had threatened to run away, her parents had consulted the priest and he had given her a letter of introduction to the good Father Callahan, and they had consented to her trying her luck in the land of promise among strangers.

She told Mrs. Boyle that Mike said he would follow her in one year, and then she hoped she would have enough money to get married and start housekeeping.

For several days Mary hung about the employment bureau sleeping in the Mission House, until finally she obtained a position with an uptown family as waitress.

On November 10 following her arrival in this country, she told her friends Mike would arrive. She went down to Castle to meet him, but he did not come. Then she returned home and there found a black-bordered letter, telling her that as Mike was leaving his home, three days before the vessel sailed from Queenstown, he was accidentally killed.

Poor Mary ran out of the house raving mad.

She was found several days later wandering aimlessly through the streets, and sent to an insane asylum.

This country. They sought out Mary, and as she was a harmless lunatic they had no trouble in getting her discharged from the Ward's Island insane asylum.

They took her home to live with them on Pearl street, and every day since she has been domiciled there she appears in the park.

The children all know her. Even the newsboys do not taunt her, but give her flowers in the summer time, and fruits when they have them.

To the policemen in the park she is known as "Annie Rooney," and it would be unfortunate for any person to insult her when a gray coat is about.

"I pity her," said Jim Livingstone, the park officer, to a New York Journal man the other day; "she is so sad, and will not speak to any one. In the summer she spends her time between feeding the birds and looking down the bay, and even the coldest day she is here, always warmly clad watching for her Mike."

GOLDEN BRICKS.

Fools sneer and wise men investigate.

The most useful man is he who dares explore for something new.

Every life that is devoted to some good purpose is advancing heavenward.

It does not require a high degree of intellect to acquire only material wealth.

The poorest man of all is he who is not willing another should enjoy his religion, whatever it may be.

How many there are who would be unhappy if they could not find something to be miserable about.

One sure way to get into heaven for one day at least is to do a kind act to some one who does not like you.

Punishment of those weak enough to commit crime will never check the flow of the stream.

Thought and force moove the world, while doubt and idleness are death.

To think his own think a man need not prevent his neighbor thinking and enjoying his.

The best way to please God is as to become a good example.

Man has no right to use his superior strength of thought or body to rob those who are weaker than himself.

Beware of every man who obtains by fraud, no matter what his cloak or excuse.

No man has a right to eat his fill while his neighbor is hungry.

Man cannot give to man any right to rob any one of God's creature here on earth or elsewhere.

Till the church can speak the truth and this outside of creed, it can never cope with politics nor perfect the morality of the world.

A revival of religion need not be a revival of hate, spite or bitterness against any one who does not see and think as you do.

Religion may be expensive for the poor, but it will be less expensive and more beneficial than either liquor or tobacco.

WHAT MUSTACHES TELL.

There is a great deal of character in the moustache. As the form of the upper lip and the regions about it has largely to do with feelings, pride self reliance manliness vanity and other qualities that give self control, the moustache is connected with the expression of these qualities or the reverse.

When the moustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of self control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things, of cours, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the moustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity and display; when the curl ward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not accompanied with gloom.

It is worthy of remark that good-natured men will in playing with the moustache invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.—Northwest Magazine.

HE HAD AN OBJECT.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he approached the four of us seated in a row in the waiting room, "it grinds me to the soul to be obliged to ask favors of strangers, but I've got to do it right here and now."

"What's your case? asked the man on my left, who looked like a Judge.

"I've lost a wife and five children."

"Well?"

"Then my house burned down and I got no insurance."

"Well?"

"Then I fell out of a tree and broke my leg, and didn't walk for a year."

"Well?"

"Then I sold a piece of real estate—the only property I had—and a fellow robbed me of every cent."

"Well?"

"Then I got a heavy cold, consumption set in, and one of my lungs is gone and the other going."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm ragged, poor, hungry and sick, and want money to buy a supper and pay for a night's lodging."

"I see. You are hard up indeed. I should think you were tired of life."

"I have but one object in living."

"And that?"

"When I was a boy, 10 years old, and lived in Vermont I stole a watermelon from a farmer. My crime was never discovered, but it has weighed like lead on my conscience, and I know it has hastened my end. I want to live long enough to enable me to return to Vermont, go to that farmer's house, and, standing before him, say:

"'Mr. Pritchard, thirty-nine years ago, when I was but a giddy boy, I stole a watermelon of you. I want to be forgiven before I die, and I want to make such reparation as I can. Here is $30,000 in gold. Take it and buy a steamboat, and say I am forgiven."

"You are an infernal dead beat and liar!" roared the Judge as the man stood in an attitude of humility, but we chipped in half a dollar apiece, and sent him away rejoicing.

DIDN'T WANT ANY SOAP.

"You can either beat a farmer as slick as grease or you can't beat him at all," said the patent hay fork man as we were talking about his adventures in the rural regions. "That is he his either gullible or oversuspicious. Some will refuse a good thing and some will snap at a swindle. I think I can illustrate my declarations right here, or at least one of them. The man in the seat over there is a farmer."

"I should say so."

"And he is one of the sort who suspects every stranger. Watch me try him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from his satchel and going over to the farmer, saluted him in a pleasant manner, and added:

"I have a new make of soap here which I am introducing to the public. It is worth fifteen cents a cake but I make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff reply.

"With every cake goes a $5 greenback, a gold bracelet, the deed of a town lot in Kansas, a pocket knife, a pair of eyeglasses and a solid gold ring."

"Don't want 'em, sir!"

"As I want your opinion of the into your neighborhood I will give you 100 cakes free, and at the same time leave five watches and five deeds to town lots."

"Look a here!" shouted the farmer, as he jumped up and spat on his hands. "You go away from me or I'll mash you! I'm on to your tricks old man, and if you think you have picked up a hayseed, you are barking up the wrong tree."

And the hay-fork man had to move lively to escape the blow leveled at his nose.

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To The Editor.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

H. Hallett & Co., Box 980 Portland, Maine

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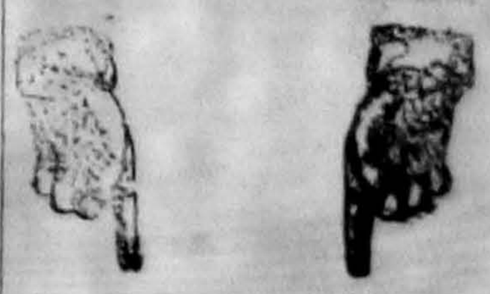

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Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 26, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 30.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. Moore. *N. C. McNeil.*

Moore & McNeil,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
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Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
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W. L. KEE,

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Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

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RESIDENT DENTIST,
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The Woman in Black.

It is a good many years since that cold winter during which I, Wyllis Hunter, of New York, found myself detained in London on special business for the firm of which I was then a member. It was the winter of 1854 55. People were talking a great deal about the war in the Crimea, and wagers had been won and lost concerning the time required for the taking of Sebastopol; and Queen Victoria was a bright young matron, with her handsome husband always at her side, and her brood of little children around her.

I was very solitary in the great British metropolis, and after business hours, and when I had finished my lone dinner, I usually went to some theatre or another. I was fond of the drama, and the London stage at that time afforded a good deal that was worth seeing. So I visited all the principal theatres, one after the other, and to some of them I went repeatedly. It was at one of the leading theatres that I first saw, one evening while watching with languid attention a play that I had already witnessed some three or four times, the Woman in Black.

She sat near me in one of the orchestra chairs. She was a decidedly striking-lookin person, though she was neither young nor handsome. Tall and gaunt, with strongly-marked features and irongray hair and large, gray, restless eyes, her appearance was sufficiently strange to attract my attention at once. She was dressed in black—rigid, uncompremising black—without any relief of color or of ornament, or even that (so common in those days) of a slight opening of the corsage below the throat.

She was always alone. As soon as the performance was over she would envelop her head and throat in a scarf of black lace, and would glide out into the night like a ghost.

She never spoke to anybody, and nobody ever recognized her, though those restless, glittering eyes went hither and thither.

The month of December wore away and at last came Christmas eve. The arrival of holidays intensified the dreariness of my position, and I thought longingly and with acute pangs of homesickness, of the dear ones across the sea. I could not but picture to myself the bright, sparkling winter days, when a cloudless sky looks down upon a spotless world, the earth garbed in ermine and the heavens one blaze of azure and gold.

To add to my discomfort and to increase my longings for my native land, the weather had assumed the very worst aspect of which the winter climate of London is capable.

A series of fogs, of greater or less density, settled down over the darkness out of doors, and the difficulty of getting about were such as to keep me a close prisoner in the house for some days. Matters atmospherical were, however, a shade better on the afternoon of the 24th of December, and the advertisement of a new troup of Spanish dancers at the Haymarket Theatre tempted me to go thither and try to dispel my home sickness, and succeeded in my being amused by an evening's amusement.

Almost the first person that I beheld when I took my place in the stalls was the Woman in Black. She was occupying a seat very near my own, and was scanning the audience with her usual air of restless interrogation.

The Spanish dancers, with the celebrated Perea Nena at their head, were simply wonderful, and excelled every thing that I had heard about them. I enjoyed my evening immensely, and quite forgot that it was Christmas eve, and that I was far away from home in a foreign land, where I knew scarcely anybody, and where the winter fogs made locomotion at times not only difficult and disagreeable, but positively dangerous.

As I stood under the arcade in front of the theatre, I could see no more of the street than if a wall of granite rose before me. Cabs and cabmen had alike disappeared in the danger of the darkness, and had there been hundreds of vehicles just in front of me, I could not have seen them. Of course, there was nothing left for me to do but to try to regain my lodging on foot. Unfortunately they were full two miles away, and though I knew my way about London pretty well when I could see where I was going, a journey through the blank, dense darkness of that impenetrable fog presented itself as a hopeless impossibility.

There were no hotels then as now in the neighborhood of the Haymarket, or I might have taken refuge in one of them. I did not know enough about the neighborhood to venture to ask for shelter at any privte house. I was fond of jewelry in those days, and my diamond studs and sleeve buttons and my elaborate double watch chain presented too many temptations for theft for me to feel at all at ease respecting my personal safety should I go wandering about in the black obscurity. I stood plunged in meditation and in perplexity. But suddenly a light touch on my shoulder caused me to look around, and I saw, standing beside me, the Woman in Black.

"So, my fellow-spectator of so many evenings," she said, "you find yourself puzzled as to how you shall return home, doubtless. Do you live far away from here? Perhaps I may be able to give you some directions."

I named the address, which was in Harley street, near the Regent's Park.

"Providence preserve us!" she cried; "you never in the world will be able to get there to night. The cabmen have all struck work and have gone home, and it would be dangerous for you to make your way back on foot."

"What in the world am I to do?" I exclaimed in my perplexity.

She paused and seemed to meditate for a moment. "Well," she said, as if to herself, "I'll risk it. I have a son of my own in a foreign land, and should he get into any such dilemma, I should hope to have him find help in his need, such as I mean to offer you now. Come home with me, young man. I live just around the corner here. You shall have my son's bedroom and to morrow morning you can go away as early as you like."

There was something in the grave respectability of the severe elderly woman that inspired me with confidence, and I unhesitatingly accepted her offer. Taking her by the arm, she hurried me forth into the dense gloom, which she traversed with the apparent certainty of the blind girl Nydia, the heroine of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." At last, after a walk of considerably greater duration than her words "just around the corner" had led to anticipate, she paused before a good sized house whose door opened with a key which she took from her pocket.

I followed her into the hall, and then the door was closed behind us. She ushered me at once into the front room on the ground floor. It was furnished as a dining room, with massive, old fashioned mahogany chairs and table and sideboard.

A good fire was blazing in the grate and two gas burners illuminated the whole apartment with their careful radiance. Altogether more comfortable refuge from the cold and the black fog of the winter night without could hardly be imagined. My hostess bustled about in the energy of her welcome, brought a great easy chair up to the fire for me and seemed bent on making me as much at home as possible.

"Will you have supper—some sandwiches and cold meat, or a biscuit and a bit of cheese? The tray's all ready, and can be brought up in a moment. No? Then I'll have a fire lighted in the bedroom that you are to occupy, and which is on the grou d floor, just back of the dining room, in fact."

She left the room without heeding the little speech of thanks that I tried to deliver, but speedily returned with a long, white garment hanging over her arm.

"Your room is all ready, and here is a night gown; for you see," she said, touching a work-basket that stood on a side table and from which a mass of white work protruded; "I make these garments myself, and I have hard work to keep up the supply."

"Why, what become of them?" I asked, more out of politeness than from curiosity.

"They get lost—once worn, I am apt never to see them again," responded the Woman in Black.

Then she led the way to the back bed-room, a small but well-furnished room, with a well barred window, which looked out, she told me, upon a paved yard with a stable beyond. The bed already turned down, showing the white sheets, was placed against the wall, opposite the window. A smoking glass of whisky punch stood on a smal tray on a table in the centre of the room.

"Here is your nightgown," said my hostess, tossing the garment that she carried upon a chair; "and there," she continued, pointing with a smile to the tumbler of punch, "is your nightcap."

My first act was to close and lock the door securely. And then I sat down upon the nearest chair and meditated upon the situation.

My inspection had practically reassured me, but I could not make up my mind to drink the steaming punch. I left it to waste its tempting odors on the air, and with due deliberation prepared to go to bed.

The nightgown left for me was donned, after a thorough examination. It was entirely new, was made of the finest material, and was beautifully and delicately stitched.

I put it on, turned down the bed clothes and sprang into bed.

Instantly the seeming mattress parted in the center beneath my weight. I was precipitated downward to what seemed to me a great deapth, landing at last in what was apparently a well of ice cold water.

I was always noted for my skill in swimming, and after the first shock had passed, I had no difficulty in keeping afloat. I found that what I had taken for a well was in reality a tunnel in masonry, like that of sewer, built with a steep downward slope, through which a strong current was rushing. I followed its impetuous course of the water. And suddenly I emerged, spent, chilled, and half suffocated with the mephetic vapors of the vault, into the free open air, on the bosom of the Thames.

The fog still hung above the river. But a party of men, on a barge moored near the shore, were celebrating Christmas eve, with much drink and many songs, and their holiday merriment undoubtedly saved my life. Guided by the sound of voices, I contrived to reach the barge, and my despairing cry for help brought me ready assistance. I was taken on board, was wrapped in a rough great-coat belonging to one of the bargemen, and was plied with hot gin and water till all the ill effects of my sudden immersion had disappeared. I spent the rest of the night in the cabin.

The next morning I insisted on one of these good fellows accompanying me back to my lodging in the first available cab that could be obtained; and though I am not wealthy, I contrived to spare for my preservers a respectable lot of sovereigns, so as to make that Christmas Day a memorable one for them for some time to come.

When I went with my story to the police office in Scotland Yard my statement was at first received with a mild incredulity that was very exasperating. But this tone, was changed to one of conviction when I produced the nightgown that I had worn on that terrible Christmas eve, and for which I had left in exchange my watch and chain, my diamond studs and sleeve buttons and some £15 in gold and notes; to say nothing of a new dress suit and my best overcoat. The functuary to whom I showed the garment examined it attentively. Then he called to a subordinate:

"Higgins!"

"Yessir."

"Bring me that lot of nightgowns."

They were brought and were spread out before me—five in all. They were in every respect similar to the one in my possession.

"Each one of these nightgown," quoth the Chief Inspector, "was taken from the body of a drowned man picked up in the Thames.

You, sir, came here a living man with another. That completes the half dozen."

And I think, had I drank the glass of punch that my hostess prepared for me, I, too, should not have been felt alive to tell the tale.

The researches of the police to discover the whereabouts of the house to which I had been conducted proved wholly ineffectual. I frequented assiduously the different firt class theatres for a month or more, hoping to meet my mysterious hostess, and so to be able to hand her over to justice. But all my efforts were vain.

Never again did I come across the Woman in Black. Never again have I spent such a Christmas Eve.

Stanley says that certain portions of Africa will be worthless on account of the ravages of the grasshoppers. In one instance he saw a column of young grasshoppers ten miles broad by thirty long marching down a valley, and when the grass was fired against them they were thick enough to smother the flames.

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Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February ,30 1891.

The McCurdy House in Covington has been sold for $10,000, possession given on the 1st of March.

Will Mr. Harrison make speeches on the financial question when he visits the Pacific coast this spring?

"Fighting Bob" Kennedy, of Ohio, should make a reply to Senator Quay's speech.

If Mr. Harrison can stand the coat of white wash that has been given to Commissioner of Pension Raum, he can stand anything.

Mr. Cleveland has written a letter against the free and unlimited coinage of silver. No flies on that man's nerve.

New Foundland wants to join the Union at once, whether or note and she hasn't even asked the consent of either John Bull or Uncle Sam. Better wait awhile, brethren. There are some little formalities that must be gone through with first.

The death of Admiral Porter and General Sherman, the two last great commanders on the Union side, during the late Civil war, reminds us that death has been kinder to the great commanders on the confederate side, of whom Johnson, Longstreet, Early, Gordan, and Beauregard are still living.

These hide bound high protection republicans who are just now shouting themselves hoarse over the little reciprocity treaty that Mr. Blaine has negotiated with Brazil, seem to forget that reciprocity a d free trade are synonymous. But they are, all the same.

Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, says he does not like prize fighting and intends to quit it, but that before doing so he intends to challenge John L. Sullivan to a mill for the championship, and that the Boston pugilist must fight him or surrender.

What cowards be these congressmen. Voting by tellers the house of Representatives by a large majority voted for giving each member of that body a clerk at $1 200 a year, but upon a roll call upon the same question it was overwhelmingly defeated. The reason is obvious. In the first place the vote was by acclamation and the members were nos individually recorded, while in the latter it was by roll call, and each member's vote was permanently recorded in the Congressional Record.

Senator Quay has at last broken his long silence with a speech making a general denial of all the charges made against him. This will convince nobody of his innocence. Why if he could have proven himself in a court of justice not guilty, did he not take advantage of the invitation extended him by the New York World and other wealthy newspapers to bring a suit for libell

Judge William Lewis, of Harlan county, Ky., was killed by his son, Sidney Lewis, on the 12th, seven bullets having been shot into his body. Judge Lewis had been a terror to the desperadoes of that county and among them was young Lewis. He had threatened his father's life, and as a protection to himself he had his son placed under peace bonds. He visited his father, with the result above stated.

Mrs Grover Cleveland has undertaken, in connection with a member of patriotic ladies, a crusade in which she and they are entitled to the good wishes of every American who loves his country, and he is a poor stiwk who doesn't. The object of these worthy women is to persuade our young men and women of the absurdity of aping foreign customs in talk, deportment and dress. The campaign was opened in New York city by a stirring lecture on the formative period of American history.

The men who achived reputation are usually the ones that take care of themselves. Senate, Gorman, the great democratic leader of the Senate, gets up every morning at 6 o' clock' sits one hour at his dinner, and never allows himself to be interrupted when at his meals. He never uses either tobacco or liquors in any shape, and makes it a rule after a bath, which is taken daily always at the same hour, to take a long walk in the open air. No physician could give you better health rules to follow than these.

The republicans in Congress are evidently determined to make hay while the sun shines. The latest subsidy scheme is the adoption by the Senate of an amendment to the Diplomatic Appropriation on bill granting a subsidy of $3,000,000, in annual installments of $250,000, to a company that proposes to lay a cable between San Francisco and the Sandwich Island. All this business will be stopped when the Government is controlled by the democrats.

The new York Herald on Thursday interviewed by its representative, the Democrats in the Legislatures of twenty six States and one Teritory as to their preference for President in 1892 as between Hill and Cleveland. The result showed a vote of 1,515 for Cleveland, 199 for Hill and 276 scattering or doubtful.

The Democrats in the Legislature looked upon as representative Democrats and their expressions as being practically the expressions of the people they represent. With the single exception of New York, where the vote stood: Hill 31, Cleveand 2, scattering or doubtful 47, every State gave Cleveland a large majority. In West Virginia the vote was Cleveland 56, Hill 5. The Herald's headlines over the various telegrams express in a few words the contents of the telegrams, are as follows:

Gov. Hill apparently the favorite of New York Legislators.

Cleveland almost monopolizes Massachusetts.

Little Rhody a Cleveland State.

Cleveland divides Texas with all others.

Alabama unanimous for Cleveland.

Kentucky knows Cleveland only.

Colorado gives Cleveland the lead.

Nobody but Cleveland for Wisconsin.

Missouri Democrats undecided.

Ohio prefers Cleveland to Hill.

Kansas Democrats in restless moods.

Harrisons State a Cleveland stronghold.

Great strength of Cleveland in Illinois.

Michigan solid for Cleveland with a proviso.

Hill has one friend in Nebraska.

Nearly four to one for Clevaland in Arkansas.

Cleveland a strong favorite in North Carolina.

South Dakota almost unanimous for Cleveland.

Two men in Minesota favo Hill.

Hill not in sight of Cleveland in Connecticut.

Montana for Cleveland three to one.

West Virginia overwhelming for Cleveland.

A single vote for Hill in Washington.

Big lead for Cleveland in Pennsylvania.

Hill scarcely in it in Tennessee.

Oregon would rather have Cleveland than Hill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

There are said to be a flood of counterfeit silver dollars in circulation. They are made of Babbit metal, washed with silver, and are very near the same weight and appearance of the real dollar.

Fiduciaries.

The accounts of the following fiduciaries are before me for settlement, viz:

Uriah Hevener, adm'r of David McGlaughlin, dec'd.

James D. Kerr, Ex'or of Washington Nettingham, dec

Geo. W. McCarty, Adm'r of Jacob McCarty dec'd.

Perry A. Buzzard, adm'r of John M. Buzzard, decd.

Wm. Aldridge, Adm'r of Joseph Rogers, dec'd.

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HOME NEWS

—Several cases before justice Grose lately.

—Drummers have been numerous in town fore some time.

—Levi Gay, Esq., of Marlingtan, was in town Tuesday.

—We are having some fine weather for the time of year.

—The croak of the frog is heard in the distant swamp.

—Joe McNeel, Esq., of Academy was in town the first of this week.

—Mr. Geo. McGlaughlin of Edray, was in too see us Tuesday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore has returned from a months sojourn at Clifton Forge.

—Mr. N. J. Brown, of Mill Point, was in the city the first of the week and called to see us.

—John Grogg contrator on the bridge abutments, has returned to finish his job.

—Mess. Mitchel McGlaughlin of near this place, and A. M. McGlaughlin of Marlington are, we understand in Monroe Co. this week prospecting for a farm.

—Dr. M. Wallace of Mill Point is very sick, with something like heart disease. Dr. Patterson of this place is attending him, with other physicians.

—Dr. James McGraw, of Brooklyn N. Y. died suddenly on the 17th inst. He was a brother of Col. Jno. T. McGraw, of Grafton who is at the head of the large land purchases recently made in our county.

—Charlotte Scott, the old colored nurse of Att'y H. S. Rucker, of this place, and the woman who contributed the first $5.00 paid toward a monument for Abraham Lincoln, in Washington, and whose name is on that account inscribed in bronze on the base of it, died recently.

—"Jack the Ripper" has been captured, and now a syndicate of American newspaper publishers are trying to purchase him in order to bring him to this country and turn him loose among delinquent subscribers.

—The boom at Marlington seems to be on. Extensive excavations are now making by E. G. McNeil for the erection of a large store. As this store is to be across the river from the town, we suppose it is his intention to do business in the corporation with out paying corporation taxes.

—An experienced school teacher says that pupils who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are are better readers, better spellers, better gramarians, better punctuators, and obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires the others. The news paper is decidedly an important factor in modern life.

—In the House of Delegates last week. Mr. Moore of this county offered a resolution asking the Auditor to furnish a statement showing the amount of monies paid into the State Treasury by commissioners of school lands during the last ten years, the statement to include the name and county of each commissioner making the payment and the amount paid. Adopted.

—The bill to prohibit the sale of "cigarettes or opium in any form to minors under 16" at last passed the house. "Cigars, tips, cheroots, stogies and tobacco" were stricken out. They are made in this state and the interests of the people who make them are of more importance in the minds of some people than the health of our boys. If cigarettes and opium were produced in West Virginia in large quantities the bill wouldn't have passed at all. The almighty dollar and so-called "business interest" outweigh health, morality, decency and every thing else with some people.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. Abraham Sydenstricker and wife, who have been in China for ten years, are visiting her parents at this place.

Mr. Andrew McGlaughlin, of Marlington, was in town Monday.

Misses Mary and Pauline McNeel, who have been visiting at Staunton have returned home.

Mr. Joe Gay, of Elk, spent Monday night in town.

Mr. Sam Sheets, one of the lumberman on Driscol's drive had the misfortune to get his leg so badley broken, that it had to be amputated.

W. H. Overholt, has returned from a business trip to Ronceverte.

Misses Addie Williams and Georgia Collison have entered as pupils of the H. T. School, also Page Barlow in the M. & F. Academy.

A terrible excitement prevails among the Academy boys. Foot ball in progress.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

Green Bank Items.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee preached his last sermon for the Conference year last Sunday. He will leave for conference the 28th inst. Should he be sent back a hearty welcome awaits him.

The ground is bare of snow and the weather is nice at this time.

Our heart was pained to learn of the sad accident which befell Mr. Sam Sheets on the log drive, that losing his leg.

J. H. Curry, Jr., is on the sick list.

There will be an entertainment at the Green Bank church on Friday night 27th inst. at 6 o'clock. There will be reading, recitations and addresses, also ice cream and cake will be served. Proceeds to used for missionary purposes.

Dr. C. L. Austin, of this place is in Florida.

Dr. J. P. Mooman, who has been sick is out again.

The roads have been opened across the Alleghany mountain.

We understand the Green Bank tannery will be opened up in a short while.

Success to your paper.

JUDY.

Marlinton Movements.

The floating camp, under the pilatage of Capt. Boies, passed down on St. Valentine's day. A night was passed at Marlinton. It is better than a circus to see the feats of agility played by the men, takling immense logs on the shallows and rapids. It is doubtful whether the famous Blondin could handle himself on rolling pine, as well as many of these woodsmen can.

Pilot McCollum, started the last raft on Wednesday morning. About next spring a year hence, some of the material he took away, will be found at Edray, Huntersville, Buckeye and elsewhere, as fork handles, buggy shafts, and the like. Why should this be thus, and all these and many more things not be fixed up nearer the original stump.

One of the interesting things observed in the gay cavalcade of of young men, from Randolph on their way to and from Lewisburg, as pupils of the Lewisburg Collegiate Institute. It is among the possibilities that school, or some other will be at Marlinton should matters pan out to suit all around. Strange as it may seem, thing are working, and resolute people are talking.

A red flag, attended by three or four persons, is seen passing in various direction, and notes are being taken very capiously, and when they are printed, perhaps, your correspondent will be able to give you a pointer or two.

What your correspondent meant in reference to Mr. Thomas Sawyer, was, that much depended on him, whether the railroad from Dunmore would go to Frost or to Huntersville. Those points should see that his influence should be secured, in such a way as to give all a fair showing. No one should desire a better friend for he is, "just what he is," and he means for the best.

It is about time O. C. Casional was fixing up another joke, as foxes and coons have come out.

With many kind wishes,

Yours as ever,

J. K. S.

PARKERTBURG, February 18.—The grand jury of the circuit court brought in 150 more indictments this afternoon, making over 400 in all, and the jury is still grinding. Crap shooters, dice shooters, dice throwsrs, gamblers, saloon-keepers and houses of ill fame got it bad to day. If the number of indictments hold good three-fourths of the saloons will have to quit business. Several car loades of exodusting gamblers and sports are in Marietta and Zanesville. They keep the wires hot making inquires. Something like 200 rules are in the hands of officers for runaways; who will be received on their return with heavy fines and imprisonment. The town is all torn, up and everybody wants to know when the grand jury is going to let up.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20th.—Quite a political sensation has followed the announcement of Senator Gorman, whose political astuteness cannot be gainsaid, that he was not and would not under any combination of circumstances be a candidate before the democratic national convention next year, and that he favored the nomination of ex-president Cleveland as the strongest and most available man and proposes to do all in his power to get him nominated. It is yet too early to see what effect this annoucement will have upon those democratic Senators and Representatives who have expressed the opinion that Mr. Cleveland's letter against the free coinage of silver has destroyed his availability as a candidate, and what adds to the interest of the situation is the fact that some of these gentlemen have been, since the publication of Mr. Cleveland's letter, strongly in favor of nominating Senator Gorman.

It seems strange that three democratic Senators should have cast their votes for such a palpable "job" as that contained in the Senate amendment to the diplomatic appropriation bill, which gives a subsidy of $3,000,000 to the company, which as yet only exists on paper, that proposes to lay a cable between San Francisco and the Sandwitch Islands, but they did. It is not believed that the House will concur in amendment, at any rate no democrat should vote to do a thing so foreign toall the principals of the democratic party.

Rumors have been flying thick and fast this week anent the new Secretary of the Treasury. One day it was Representative Cannon, the next Clarkson and today, it is ex Gov. ("Calico Charley") Foster, of Ohio. It is believed that Mr. Harrison has determined upon the man, and his nomination is looked for every day.

Senator Quay's much advertised speech of vindication fell as flat in the Senate as one of Senator Blair's educational harrangues, and he has gone to Florida to seek consolation in fishing.

The general deficiency bill is this year $36,000,000. Is it strange that the surplus has disappeared?

The international copyright bill has been passed by the Senate with several amendments, which makes its becoming a law at this session very doubtful.

Mr. Harrison and all of his cabinet, except Secretary Proctor, went to New York to attend Gen. Sherman's funeral. They returned last night.

The republicans in the House are so much alarmed lest the wicked democrats should interfere with their plans during the closing rush of the session, that telegraphic appeals have been sent to all absent republicans begging them to Come and remain until the end of the session. What they are wanted for is to pass the subsidy shipping bill, which is opposed by nearly all of the democrats.

Representative-elect Jerry Simpson, and several of his Farmers Alliance to the colleagues in the next House, are in town. They are the recipients of a great deal of attention at the capitol.

The House committee on coinage today reported the free coinage bill to the house, but the general belief seems to be that its friends will not succeed in getting it before the House, but they intend to try very hard to do so.

Senator Plumb desparing of getting his joint resolution providing for the violation of existing law by the transfer of the employes of the Census bureau to the classified department service without the formality of a civil service examination, has offered it as an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill.

It is commented upon rather unfavorably that congress did not adjourn the day of Admiral Porter's funeral.

Probably the most disagreeable legislative duty ever performed by Senator Ingalls was the presentation by him this week of the credentials of John A. Peffer, Senator-elect from the State of Kansas for the term beginning March 4, next.

Notwithstanding the almost daily reiteration of the charge that somewhere in the neighborhood of one forth of the enormous amount of money paid out by the Pension bureau is paid on fraudulent claims no republican in or out of Congress has proposed an ivestigatien for the purpose of purging the rolls of such names as may be shown to de there fraudulently. This, as well as other things will be thoroughly looked into by the next House.

Representative Payton, of Illinois, was elected Speaker protem of the House, this week, during the sickness of speaker Reed.

The republicans are beginning to be frightened at the prospect of losing control of the Senate. It is now regarded as certain that the McKinley tariff law will be repealed outright or greatly modified in 1893, if not next year.

The increase in the white population of the South shows comparatively little difference from 1880, while then egro increase is but little over one-third of what it was ten years ago, although in the total is included the State of Arkansas, which has received the largest immigration of negroes. Additional returns only confirm the first statement that some million odd negroes were deliberately omitted from the census in the South in order to decrease the Southern representation in Congress and the electoral vote. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Philadephia Evening Telegraph, an independent republican paper, expresses the opinion that the annual expenditure for pensions is likely to reach $200,000,000 before it stops growing. It is already over $135,000,000. The farther we get away from the war the bigger the pension list becomes. What an anomaly! Pentioners, instead of dying out, continue to multiply. How long will the taxpayers of the country continue to submit to this bare faced swindle?

Accoding to the New York Herald Mr. Blaine's reciprocity treaties will not reciprocate.

A lump of pure gold weighing eleven ounces without any gravel or dirt about it, was found at the Hearne and Hathcock mine, near Albemarle, N. C. It was found only a few feet below the surface.

Lizzie Lightner,
vs.
Wm. J. McGlaughlin's heirs, &c.

IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County that on the 19th day of March, 1891, at the law office of F. J. Snyder in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas Co., W. Va., the undersigned Commissioner of said Court acting under a decretal order in said suit made on the 21st day of October, 1890 will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account, viz:

1st. A statement of the accounts of L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore as administrators of Wm. J. McGlaughlin, dec'd:

2nd. An account showing the distributive interest of each of the heirs of said Wm. J. McGlaughlin in the personal estate of the intestate;

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

F. J. SNYDER, Com'r Cir. Ct P. C.

feb. 19-4t. Printer's fee $7 95

Auction.

I will offer for sale at public auction on Tuesday 10th day of March, the following personal property:

Five or six Cows, two 2-year-old cattle, 1 two year-old Bull, fifteen or sixteen head of Calves, one or two Horses, and probably some Sheep.

I will also offer for sale privately, the farm on which I now reside.

C. C. BURNER.
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Commissioner's Notice.

John Dilley's Adm'r. &c.
vs.
Wm. Dilley & others

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, entered in the above named cause on the 21st day of October, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday, the 28th day of Feb., 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. The liens upon the land of the defendant William Dilley, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are payable.

2nd. The lands owned by said defendant William Dilley, together with the fee simple and annual rental value h ereof.

3rd. The amount of consideration furnished by the defendant Wm. F. Dilley for the bond for the $475 mentioned in the trust deed, at which a copy is filed as Exhibit of the bill, marked "L."

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commission er or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Printers fee, $8.95. Jany 29, 4 t

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 30 1891.

HE WAS FROM INDIANNY.

Just as the hour of 3 was announced to a more or less thankful people, a fashionably attired man of amiable port, rubicund countenance denoted familiarity with flesh pots and wassail bowls, sauntered forth from the portals of a prominent hotel, buttoned his fur-trimmed top coat around his ample form, lighted an imported Garcia, drew on a pair of chocolate colored kids, swung a silver-headed stick of abnormal size joyously through the atmosphere, and walked jauntily down the street towards the Detroit River.

His whole appearance indicated boundless self-satisfaction, and an air of lo! it is well seemed to radiate from his being. And why, indeed, should he not so demean himself for he had dined and wined well? An elaborate feast of the market's choicest delicacies had been washed down by copious draughts of Pommery. Inasmuch as he has gratified the inner man with epicurian delights, his heart found time to give thanks that the recent flury in financial circles had not affected his pecuniary standing, and that the exigencies of the times had not cast his lot in that wild and wooly allotment of this great country where the noble red man taps his gun barrel lovingly, capers merrily in the mazy whirl of the ghost dance, and smiles with fond anticipation as young man with the full hand prophetically announces the soon-coming of the Messiah.

At the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues our friend's glance rested casually on the form of a thin-faced gaunt formed man of middle age, whose threadbare, well worn garments clung close to his figure as he stood shivering and crouching in the cold, raw air. His hands were thrust deep into his trouser's pockets, the patched collar of his rusty coat was pulled close around his ears and his shabby hat of four distinct colors was drawn down over his almost purple ears. There was a hungry look in his faded blue eyes that betokened an uneasy yearning within, and in his unique entirety there was a mute protest against the spirit of the day. Our friend of the bon viant mien walked up to this ill favored brother and with a resounding slap on his stooped shoulders queried of him thusly: "I say, old man, have you been to dinner?"

"Naw," was the melancholy response.

"Then come with me, my good fellow" and I will see to it that the cravings of your unoccupied stomach are forthwith satisfied. I have no family board to sit myself at on this day of national Taanksgiving, no circle of bonny, winsome faces to gaze on while I do justice to the kitchen's delights for I am alone in the world. But the day will linger far more sweetly in my memory if I have the happy consciousness of having made one fellow mortal happy."

A short walk brought the conspicuously dissimilar pair to the portals of a swell restaurant. In they walked, and in a trice were seated at a small table dainty and inviting with its profusion of damask cutlery. A well drilled, attentative waiter was soon at elbow, and a few whispered direction were sufficient to send him hurrying towards the region where the white capped chief reigns supreme.

In short order the waiter returned, bearing on high a tray covered with dishes of all sizes and descriptions. The table was soon groaning under its weight of piping hot edible. And then our hungry brother fell to, and what fell work he wrought with that dinner, oh my countrymen. Duck with jelly quickly followed turkey with cranberry sauce. Venison larded with green peas succeeded, and then a dozen blue points, hitherto overlooked, were stowed away. Entrees, vegetables, desert, were all duly attended to, and as a grand finale four cupfuls of verry black coffee were tossed off even as the driver of a beer wagon would quaff a "schooner" of amber. Handing the surfeited banquet a cigar, our friend of the beguning of the narrative handed the waiter a quarter, stepped up to the cashier's desk paid a good sized check and walked out on the street.

"By Jove, old boy," he exclamed, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "how it pleased me to see you eat. I shall not forget you in many a day."

"No, nor I you nuther," was the reply. "I'd like fust rate to spend the ballance of the day with you, but I've got three car loads o' cattle over in Winsor that I brung from my place over in Indianny, and I've got to git over thar an' see to it that those gol durned hired men of mine ain't loafin and neglectin' the critters. So long, stranger, so long"

And our friend said never a word as he walked back up the street, but he softly whispered, as he gazed reflectively toward the blue vault of heaven, "And the band played Annie Laura."

POPULAR FALLACIES.

That the physician collects his bills with greater ease than the tailor.

That men never read cook books or fashion magazines.

That only the eye glass young ladies feel that inward bliss which comes of culture.

That a passion for fancy drinks denotes a love of the beautiful.

That every two for a penny liar is qualified for newspaper reporting.

That prussic acid is a neater form of suicide than paris green.

That a folding bed was made for any other purpose than the encouragement of profanity.

That there is a woman living who has not in her boudoir a work on "How to become beautiful."

That there is a good-looking woman in the world who doesn't know it.

That there is anything that has served more friendships than the simple phrase "Lend me $5."

That the dude isn't strong enough to make the milk of human kindness turn sour.

The match is easily found which lights the fire the first time you strike it.

That a man has a bald head when there are a half-dozen hairs on it.

That the new tariff will cause the five-cent barber shops to increase their prices.

That there is a limit to knowledge any more than there is to be a game of poker.

That the fact of one's being a first nighter increases one's credit any.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physi-

Henpek—That new doctor you introduced me to, Bowler is a great symptomotologist—great student of humane nature.

Bowler—suites you does he?

Henpek—to a dot. Him in last night to treat my wife for a cold; said she didn't need any medicine, but that she must be particular, above all things, to keep her mouth shut and breathe through her nose.

Rawley—why, Curtin, how is it you were not a first nighter at your own play?

Curtin—I was to nervons. Are you just from the theatre?

Rawley—Yes.

Curtin—Did my pathetic scenes bring any tears?

Rawley—Yes, the people in the house laughed till they cried.

IT CAUGHT HIM.

A man with a glimmer of hope in his countenance ascended to a third story office in Detroit the other day and was cheerfully bidden to "come in" as he knocked.

"Oh, it's you, eh?" observed the occupant.

"Yes. I called to ask——"

"Say!" interrupted the other, as he wheeled about, "did you ever see such a winter as this?"

"How?"

"I've been here ten years, and I never saw such a season. I have an average of fifteen men per week come up here to borrow money or to get me to indorse paper for them."

"I—I called to——"

"You called to see if there were any offices vacant in this building. I don't know. Ask the elevator boy to direct you to the Janitor. Central locations and the rents are very reasonable. Good day.

And when the other had backed out and shut the door he uttered an expression which a passer by would have interpreted to mean "—— him!"

SO PARTICULAR

"I'm rather particular about my celery," he said to the waiter who took his order at a Dearborn st. restaurant. "Bring me only the small stalks, and see that they are perfectly bleached."

"And see that there are no specks in the potatoes, I wont touch a potato that has a speck in it. I am rather particular about my potatoes.

"Yes sir."

"When you bring me the broiled fish see that it has the skin and fat all removed. Don't bring me any excep the upper part of the body. Cut away all the tail."

"All right, sir."

"Hold on a moment. I'm rather particular about my bread. I don't want any of the end pieces, and I dont want any of this cigar-shaped bread with a thick crust, either. Bring me square bread, in thin slices, cut from the middle of the loaf."

"Yes sir."

The waiter went back and returned in due time with a tray full of eatables, which he unloaded on the table.

"Take back this potato," said the guest, "and bring me one that has no specks. I've got no time to dig specks out of potatoes. I told you about that."

The potato was changed, and the waithr asked him if everything was right now.

"No," he answered. "This bread is not cut from the middle of the loaf. Take it away and bring me what I ordered."

The bred was accordingly changed.

"All right now?" inquired the waiter.

"No! You've got some celery here that isen't properly bleached. Bring me the kind I ordered. And hold on! There is a piece of skin on the fish. Take it back. I told you I was particular about my fish."

The celery and fish were removed minus with the objectionable feature eliminated.

"Is it all right now? asked the waiter.

"Guess it will do," growled the guest, as he began to eat, "but if I was a kicker I'd kick about this fork and spoon. They don't exactly match.

WHAT

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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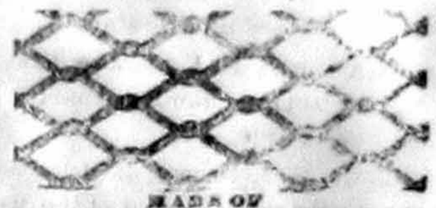

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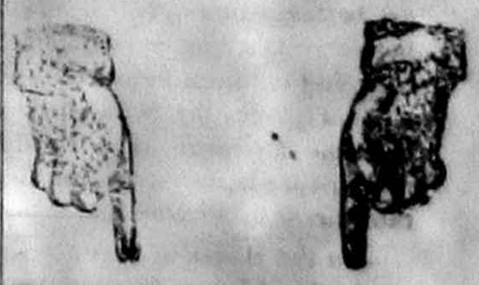

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 12, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 32.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. Moore. N. C. McNeil.

Moore & McNeil,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

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Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

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DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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FOR MEN ONLY!

THE PICKET GUARD.

BY ETHELIN ELIOT BEERT.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a riflemen hid in the thicket.

"'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
As he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed.
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with the memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then.—
The night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashed off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

HENRY FLETCHER'S LUCK.

"What have you got there, John?" inquired Henry Fletcher of his fellow-clerk, John Raymond.

"A ticket to the concert this evening."

"Who is to sing?"

"Signora Bertaniga, and one or two others whose names I do not remember. Shall you go?"

"How much are the tickets?"

"A dollar."

"Then I shan't go."

"Why not?"

"Because *I* cant afford to pay a dollar for an evening's amusement."

"You can afford it as well as *I* can. We both get the same salary."

"That is true. We both get ten dollars a week. But doesn't it seem to exceed my income. But I shan't do it—I can live on ten dollars a week, and still afford myself a little amusement now and then. So could you if you only thought so."

"I do think so."

"Then why dont you go?"

"Because I want to do something more than live on my income."

"You don't mean to say that you expect to save anything out of ten dollars a week?"

"Yes I do."

"But you find you can't do it," said John credulously.

"I have done it."

"You have?"

"Certainly."

"Half a dollar a week, perhaps! But that isn't worth while."

"I should think it worth while if I couldn't earn any more."

"How much have you saved?" questioned John with some curiosity.

"During the six months that I have been here, I have been saved fifty dollars."

"Why, thats two dollars a week."

"Yes."

"How in the world did you do it?"

"Our board costs us five dollars a week."

"Well."

"I set apart from a dollar and a half to two dollars for clothes." it costs me more. And how much for sundries?"

"Enough to make eight dollars. The rest I save."

"But you have to pinch yourself."

"No I am not conscious of it. "I can't go to concerts where the tickets are a dollar, to be sure, but I take two or three weekly papers, and get out books from the Mercantile Library, and with these I have no trouble in passing the time."

"Well, I had no idea money could be saved on our salaries. If all the world were like you Henry, the signora would make a poor living. You approve of nothing expensive."

"I didn't say that. Some people have larger incomes than you or I. It is proper enough for them to pay for expensive amusments if they like."

"But after all, you can't save much. what is your object."

"I'll tell you John. I don't want to be a clerk all my lifetime. I want to go into business for myself. But I can't do that without capital.

"So that is what you are saving up for. Well, fifty dollars will set you up in a peanut stand."

"I hope to have more than that when I get ready to go into business. But excuse my lecturing. I hope you will have a pleasant time this evening."

"No doubt I shall. You had better give up your economy for once and buy a ticket."

"I believe not."

"All right. Perhaps you are wiser than I."

Six months later both the young men who took part in the preceding conversation had their wages raised to twelve dollars a week.

On the strength of this John Raymond went at once to a fashionable tailor, and ordered a new suit of clothes which he particularly desired should be made in stile. The suit was not needed for he was already well supplied with clothes, but the extra two dollars per week made him feel rich, and he took this way of making known his prosperity

"I don't see that it does you any good to have your salary raised, Henry," said his fellow-clerk.

"Why not?"

"Because you don't spend any more."

"But I save more."

"How much?"

"I can lay by four dollars a week now."

"You can? I don't see how it is. It's two months since our salary was raised, and I haven't laid by a cent. Besides, I am in debt on my new suit.

"Better have waited till you could pay for it."

"O well, I knew I could very soon."

No more passed between the two clerks at this time. At the end of the second year their wages were again raised—this time to fifteen dollars a week. Constant to the original purpose, Henry Fletcher continued to live on eight dollars a week, thus saving seven. But it is not our purpose to follow the fortunes of the two young men in detail. Suffice it to compare their pecuniary positions at the end of two years.

At this time Henry Fletcher was master of eighteen hundred dollars

His fellow-clerk, John Raymond, was just even with the world. He had increased his expenses as his income advanced, and this was the natural result. He had long since ceased to question Henry about his savings, and had no idea that he was so much in advance of him.

It has been marked that future often showers her benefits on those who do not deserve them. At all events John Raymond about this time had twenty-five hundred dollars left him by a near relative. This, of course, exhilarated him not a little. He had got tired of being a clerk. He determined to go into business for himself. He announced his determination to Henry one night.

"Well, Henry," said he, nonchalantly, I've just given old Fairbanks warning."

"You have! When are you going?"

"I've dropped clerking. I am going into business for myself."

"I thought—"

"That I had no capital?"

"Yes."

"Well I am lucky enough to have received a legacy of twenty-five hundred dollars."

"I congratulate you. That with your saving—"

"Pooh! I have saved nothing."

"At any rate, that will give you a very fair start."

"I suppose you will go on clerking for some time to come."

"There you are mistaken. I have engaged a store, and expect to begin business on my own account in a few weeks."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Raymond, in surprise. "Have you had a windfall, too?"

"No."

"Then where did you raise the funds?"

"I have saved up eighteen hundred dollars, and that must do for the present."

"Eighteen hundred! You don't mean to say you have saved all that?"

"With interest; yes."

"I had no idea you were worth half that. It is most as much as I have."

"Both prosperous. I hope."

"So do I."

It so happened that the two young men went into their new stores the same day. Both understood their business. So far as that went, there was no reason to doubt of their success. But John Raymond at once went to a fashionable boarding house, where he paid a high price for a fine room, opened a bill at a fashionable tailor's, bought a horse and carriage and boarded the horse at a livery stable, and in fact, lived as if his income was equal to his stock in trade. He had no reason to complain of the patronage he received. If his expenditures had not been so great he would have embarrassments. But he was continually drawing so much out of his business that he found it hard to meet his bills as they became due But this never led him to retrench his personal expenditures. He must keep his carriage, and pay high board.

So things got worse and worse, till at length a crisis came. In a little short of a year failure came. The money with which he started had somehow melted away, and he found himself thrown upon the world. He was glad to accept his old situation at "old Fairbank's store."

How stood Henry Fletcher at the end of the year? He had managed his business prudently, lived economically, and put his surplus profits into his stock in trade. When he took account of stock at the end of the year, it footed up to twenty-five hundred dollars—just where John Raymond had been at the beginning of the year.

Five years later Henry Fletcher found himself to be worth ten thousand dollars.

John Raymond is just even with the world, and so fixed has his habit of self indulgence became that it is feared that he will never be any better off. He thinks Henry Fletcher "a very lucky fellow;" but we know that there is something more and better than good luck at the bottom of his prosperity.

WHEN THEY WERE NEW.

Pins made, 1450.
Needles used, 1545.
First cast iron, 1544.
Matches made, 1829.
First newspaper, 1494.
Coal used as fuel, 1834.
First gold coin, B. C. 206.
Lead pencils used in 1594.
First steam railroad, 1830.
Window-glass used in 694.
Kerosene introduced, 4826.
First postage stamps, 1840.
Electric light invented, 1874.
First insurance, marine, 533.
First American express, 1821.
First wheeled carriages, 1659.
First illuminating gas in 1792.
Musical notes introduced, 1338.
Iron found in America in 1815.
Bible translated into Saxon, 637.
Gunpowder used by Chinese, 80.
Old testament finished B. C. 430.
Bible translated into Gothic, 872.
Photographs first produced, 1802.
Paper made by Chinese, B. C. 220.
Bible translated into English, 1534.
Tobacco introduced into England, 1583.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 12, 1891.

A broken sceptre—that once wielded by "Czar" Reed.

It is customary to speak well of the dead, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance, as far as it relates to the fifty first Congress.

The Fifty first Congress appropriated nearly $200,000,000 more than the fiftieth Congress, but it couldn't stand the small amount necessary to give the people one cent letter postage. All right, wait until the people's Congress takes hold.

Ex Representative Anderson, of Kansas, thinks to his having been a schoolmate of Mr. Harrison's, gets a snug berth in the diplomatic service that will enable him to keep out of the Kansas Farmers Alliance for some time, and get a good salary for doing it.

The great majority of the republican "wise" have a double edged muckemuce in their trouser leg to be used upon the Harrison boom, and some of them have a sharper or heavier weapon than Mr. Huston, of Indiana, ex-U. S. Treasurer, who says he resigned because of "personal, social and political dissatisfaction" with the administration.

Nobody seems to have heard of Mr. Harrison having tendered his friend, ex Senator Ingalls, a plum in the shape of an appointment, nor has any one heard that the vitriolic Kansan proposed employing any of his spare time during the ensuing year in corralling delegates for the present occupant of the White House, to the next republican national convention.

American Congressmen will show their good sense by keeping their fingers out of the Canadian campaign now raging. We have nothing to do with the fight and no right to interfere in any way. Suppose we had a Congressional campaign going on, would we fancy members of the Canadian Parliament trying to take a hand in it by writing letters on this, that or, the other subject? Not much we wouldn't.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb 6th.—The United States Treasury is bankrupt, as far as the republican Congress can make it so and it would be actually so today if all of the appropriations had to be paid at once. In the dying hours of the Fifty-first Congress the republicans threw prudence, conscience, fear of a hereafter and ever others restraining influence overboard and boldly voted for every possible thing that promised to assist in the looting of the Treasury, which their leaders had agreed upon for the purpose of confronting the democratic Congress with a deficiency. Old musty claimes that had been refused a hundred times were trotted out the employes who are already paid beyond their deserts and money was scattered around in every direction as though the Treasury was overflowing with surplus, as it was two years ago when turned over to the republicans.

Where the money is to come from to pay all of these wild appropriations is more than any one can see at this time; it isn't in the Treasury nor can it possibly get there under the present methods of taxation. Two years of democratic economy in the House and a purging of the pension rolls of the frauds thereon may pull the country through without making it necessary to put new taxes upon the already tariff ridden people.

The republican ex Representatives are loath to leave Washington until Mr. Harrison has ditributed the plums now at his disposal, which includes nine new U. S. Circuit Court Judges as provided by the new law, which purports to be for the relief of the Supreme Court, but Mr. Harrison proposes to try their patience as he is going to Maryland tomorrow for a few days of wild duck shooting, and says he will do nothing in the matter until his return.

Ex-Speaker Reed has a pretty thick skin, but he couldn't hide the chagrin he felt when every democrat in the House voted against the usual resolution of thanks that Mr. McKinley, after vainly trying to persuade a democrat to do it, had offered. Served him right is the verdict among democrats.

Senator Vilas is here just as natural as when he so successfully presided over the Interior department under Mr. Cleveland. He says that Wisconsin has cut loose from the republican party for good and all, and that her vote may be confidently counted upon for the democratic candidate next year.

It is pleasing to know that the Fifty-first Congress did one good thing. It passed the International Copy-right bill, although it was apparently done under a misunderstanding, and Mr. Harrison signed it with a quill pen, from the wing of an American eagle, which had been provided for the occasion by one of the editors of the Century magazine.

Senator Edmunds is entitled to thanks for having balked Senator Plumb's scheme for transferring the employes of the Census bureau to the regular classified departmental service, without the formality of a civil service examination. Mr. Plumb attempted to hitch it on to an appropriation bill, but Mr. Edmunds raised a point of order against it which was sustained by the chair.

And while giving thanks I must not forget the democrats in the House, who with the aid of a few republicans jumped upon the Pacific cable subsidy "job", after it had been agreed to by a conference committee, and strangled the life from it.

The democratic Senators also deserve well for the smartness they displayed in preventing the mail subsidy bill from being sent to a conference committee, which would surely have incorporated the tonnage subsidy bill in it. It is much better to accept the least of two evils than to take them both.

Senator Ingalls made a very "small" use of his last official hour. He dismissed the clerk of the committee of which he was chairman and appointed his son, Axtel Ingalls, clerk to the committee. The object lies in the fact that the clerk draws his salary during the recess, but does no work. Senator Wolcott at once employed the dismissed clerk as his private secretary.

There were some disgraceful scenes at the last night session of Congress, caused by that old time offender, John Barleycorn. The tipsy statesmen were kept off the floor of House and Senate with some

Collapsed—the pedestal upon which Thomas B Reed once exhibited himself.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of of Enoch H. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891,

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 266 acres, and one tract of 50 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd.

These lands are worthy the attention of investors, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the suit aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal instalments with legal interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale. The purchasers or purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. BCALISTER,
Commissioner.

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. BcAllister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

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ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891

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For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN,
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN.
march 5th.

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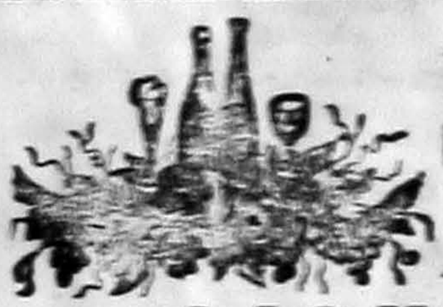

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TO WEAK MEN

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.

M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—Subscribe for THE TIMES and get your county news.

—Mess. Wise and M. F. Herold, of near Frost were in Huntersville last Friday.

—The Baltimore conference M. E. Church South meets to day in Roanoke city, Va.

—A new line of mens', women' and childrens' shoes just received at Loury & Doyle's.

—Part of Mr. Jas. Barkley's mill dam was washed out during the last high freshet.

—Mr. A M. McClintic, of the firm of McClintic & Co., of Mt. Gove., Va., was in the city Tuesday.

—Mess. R. K. Burns and M. A. Dunlap, of Academy were in the city Tuesday.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Wm. Cole, of near this place lost his last and only horse a few days ago. It is supposed that some low flung son of a gun gave it glass.

—Mr. D. B. McElwee has sold his store house and lot at the Lockridge ford to Mr. H. M. Lockridge, also Mr. Jas. Barkley, Sr., has sold his mill property to same.

—In a week or two we will add largely to our job department, and hope that every body that needs nice job printing of any kind will give THE TIMES office a call.

—Mr. A. M. McClaughlin, of Pocahontas county, was here Saturday. Having sold his valauble farm at Marlinton, he is on the look out for another. We should be pleased to have him buy in this county. for we like to get in such men as Mr. McClaughlin.—Independent.

—St. Louis is now the largest fur market in the United States. At a recent sale of pelts in that city more than a million skins of the coon, muskrat, skunk, mink, gray fox and oposum were disposed of.

—A few days ago a half dozen State Senators and a drummer were sitting at a supper table at the Hotel Ruffner, Charleston. The Senators were painfully polite to one another, evidently desiring to impress the drummer with their importance. One statesman would say: "Will the Senator from So and so pass me the salt?" Another would say: "Will the Senator from Blank county pass me the pepper?" This was kept up until the drummer got weary. Turning to the negro waiter he said: "Will the Senator from Africa pass me the butter?" The Senators quit.

—Recent advices from a reliable source are to the effect that owing to the large purchases of real estate in this County by Marshall and McGraw by which the permanent success of a railroad is assured the work on William's River route has been abandoned and all the contracts annulled. It is now proposed to bring the P. & W. Va. from Helvetia via. Mingo and Edray to Marlinton, thence it will probably follow the old location to Huntersville and will connect with the C. & O. at Covington. It is thought that the Davis road will go down the Greenbrier River headed for

—The State Senate has agreed on an amendment to the World's Fair bill appropriating $40,000 to make an exhibit of this State on that occasion. That will certainly be the limit to which the Legislature will go. We hardly think that the amount is large enough, but it is better than nothing. The Legislature has hemmed in the appropriation by all safe guards necessary to secure a faithful application of the money.

—We are informed that Mr. Wm. Curry, of this place has sold his large and most magnificent farm adjoining this city to Mr. H. M. Lockaidge. We understand that the price paid, was about $23,000; also that negociations are pending for the purchase of Mr. J. C. Loury's farm, also adjoining Huntersville, and that an offer has been on Mr. Amos Barlow's farms, one adjoining this place and the other ½ mile from here. Ere another year rolls around we expect to see these farms laid off into lots and the foundation laid, and the boom, boom, for a grand and glorious city, in the very heart of hundreds of thousands of acres of the best iron ore the State produces and millions upon millions of feet of white pine lumber, as well as a good sprinkling of cherry, walnut, ash, chesnut, locust, white oak and other kinds. Our grand old mountain State is coming out of the ruts faster than any other state in the Union, and ere she is five years older she will be one of the foremost.

—"Many people think newspaper men persistant dunners. By way of comparison let us suppose that a farmer raises 1,000 bushels of corn and sells it to 1,000 different persons in all parts of the country. When the sale is made a great many of them say, 'I will hand you the dollar in a short.' The farmer does not want to appear small and says, 'All right.' Soon the wheat is gone and he has nothing to show for it, and he thus realizes that he has frittered away his whole crop, and that it is due him in a thousand little dribletts, consequently he is seriously injured in his business because his debtors, each owing him a dollar, treats it as a small matter and think it would not help him much. Continue this business year after year as the publisher does, how long would he stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that a publisher has cause for dunning." No sensible man should ever get angry because a newspaper man duns him for his money. A dun is not an impeachment of a subscriber's integrity but simply the result of the publisher necessities. He has to have his money to pay expenses. Consequently the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting on him so patiently and pay promptly.—Ex.

Dunmore Doings.

W. J. Pritchard, has returned home.

Walter Bird has moved near Dunmore.

Rev. Lautenschlager was out last week.

Jas. Night, (col.) died at his home near Clover Lick last week. He was about 23 years old.

Y. J.

Marlinton, W. Va.

Some of the good people of Pocahontas are getting things ready to boom Marlinton. This is the name of the postoffice near the bridge across the Greenbrier river in that county. Large tracts of land have been sold in that vicinity, recently, at good prices, and it is supposed that they were bought in the interest of a railroid company who will build a town at that place. It is an excellent location for this purpose, being where Knapp's creek empties into the Greenbrier. The land is comparatively level and very fertile. The boom seems to be

for that part of the county.—Elkins News.

Farmers Alliance.

At a meeting of the Edray Alliance at Mt. Pleasant school house, the fact of the death of John Simmons, one of our members, having been called to the attention of the order the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

1st. Resolved that it is with the deepest regret that we are called upon to chronical the death of our esteemed brother and co-workes in the I. U. & F. A. but with the humble submission to the will of God, we humbly bow to the decrees of his providance.

2nd. That the death of this man, the community has sustained a loss which will be greatly felt, and the Alliance a faithful, consistent, and devoted member.

3rd. That we as an Alliance and as individuals heartily sympathize with his bereaved family in the great loss they have sustained in being deprived of his faithful example and loving companionship.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished his family and published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES. By order of the Alliance.

A. M. MCGLAUGHLIN,
ANDREW PRICE,
G. W. MANN.
JOHN WAUGH.
Committee.
M. G. MATHEWS, Sec.

Rev. M. D. Dunlap Dead.

We clip the following from the Hillsboro Items in the Greenbrier Independent:

It is with a sad heart that we announce the death of Rev. M. D. Dunlap, which occurred at his residence near here on last Sunday morning the 24th ult., in the 83rd year of his age. He passed peacefully away, his last hours being attended with but little suffering. Death resulted from kidney trouble and a general dibility, occasioned by old age. He leaves no family, his beloved wife and two children having gone on before. He leaves, however, a large circle of sorrowing friends and relatives here and in Monroe county.

Mr. Dunlap was born in Augusta county, Va., in the year 1809. At the age of 25 he graduated at Washington College with high honors, and was shortly afterward ordained as a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

He was married in the year 1844, and he and his wife, a most estimable lady, came to this county in the year 1845. For 11 years he taught school here, during which time he also attended to his duties as a pastor of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church. As a teacher he gained great distinction and was the founder of the old Academy, one of the finest institutions of learning near here in that day, and from which the postoffice at this place derives its name.

During his ministry, which covered a period of 40 years, he espoused the cause of his Master faithfully zealously, and the Church prospered in his hands. How many of us remember the old brick Church that stood a mile south of here, and the able and sterring sermons that fell from the lips of Mr. Dunlap. He was one of the most exemplary christians we ever knew. If there ever lived a man that showed by his daily walk and conversation that he was trying to lead a true christian life that man was Mr. Dunlap. His life was made up of good deeds and his noble qualities of mind and heart have endeared him to every one who knew him. He is gone but he leaves behind a shining record that will never die, but ever remain fresh and green on memory's page.

It is a waste of space to say nothing of being very unkind for the newspaper to remind "me-too" Platt of the part he took in nominating

County Court Proceedings.

The following is a list of the County Court proceedings, which convened last Tuesday.

Geo. W. Callison, qualified as deputy sheriff.

Ordered that Geo. Sheets be paid $111.34 for work done on Snake Den road.

H. S. Rucker and F. J. Snyder were appointed to examine the Clerk's office.

Ordered that Jno. Grogg be paid $100 for work done on the bridge abutments near this place.

Ordered that a voting place be established at Buckeye.

The following commissioners are appointed to conduct the school election to be held on the 19th day of May next:

District No. 1, Traveler's Repose—C. C. Burner, N. B. Arbogast and Henderson Darnell.

Green Bank—J. R. Warwick, Wm. B. Wooddell and B. M. Arbogast.

Dunmore—J. W. Taylor H. N. Moore and Geo. Arbogast.

Dist. No. 2, Split Rock—A. C. L. Gatewood, Frank Vandevort and Harmon Sharp.

Edray—Jno. Waugh, S. B. Moore, and Wm. M. Sharp.

Buckeye—R. E. Overholt, W. C. McNiel, and A. M. Kee.

Dist. No. 3 Huntersville—L. M. McClintic, C. F. Moore, and N. C. McNeil.

Frost—I. B. Moore, W. A. Sharp, and M. F. Herold.

Dist. No. 4 Academy—J. B. Kennison, Howard Clark, and C. W. Eskridge.

Chas. Cook was appointed justice in Edray district.

H. A. Yeager appointed Justice in Green Bank district.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Edray, on the 19th of March and remain 4 days; Mill Point on the 25th 3 days; Levels (Frank Harpers) 28th 3 days; Huntersvill April 1st and remain 4 days Frost April 6th 5 days; Dunmore April 13th 4 days; Green Bank April 18th 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

It is apparent from the speeches made at the Woman's Suffrage Convention at Washington that the woman of Kansas elected Senator Peffer, the successor to Mr. Ingalls. How long have the women of Kansas been voting.

The death of Senator Hearst was a double misfortune to the country and the democratic party. The party loses the services of an honest level headed Senator, and owing to the Governor of California be a republican, that party will gain the vote of his successor for the unexpired term, which ends March 3, 1893.

Senator Wilcott thinks the Postoffice department has become a little chesnutty under the management of Mr. Wanamaker. Next time Mr. Wolcott wants a new postmaster appointed or an old one removed he expects to get it done more promptly than heretofore.

No wonder Quay got disgusted with his republican colleagues and went fishing. The beginning of the republican Congress was bad enough, but the ending was worse. Well, the people will see that the country isn't burdened with another soon.

Somebody said that Mr. Harrison's selection of ex Gov. Foster, of Ohio, to be Secretary of the Treasury, indicated the adoption by the administration of a new southern policy. If one may judge by the nomination of the disreputable negro, "Jim" Hill, to be postmaster at Vicksburg, Miss., the new policy is a shade or two blacker than the

Knapp's creek was higher Saturday night and Sunday than it has been this winter.

We would suggest to "Buffalo Bill" that he might add a new feature to his "Wild West" show, which is now in Europe, by employing the ex-members of Congress to repeat daily, for the edification of the adherents of the "effete monarchial system," the "riot act," which they have enacted so often during the lifetime of the unlamented Fifty-first Congress. The expense would not be great, as most of the repudiated politicians would be glad to go for their expenses, in order to avoid having to return to their constituents before time shall have kindly glossed over some of their most glaring misdeeds.

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COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889 and on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c. vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891,

the following tracts of valuable lands; to-wit: a tract containing 2545 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2392 acres situate on Buckley Mountain and a tract of 161½ acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

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C. F MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 12, 1891.

Mary Ravenel.

"Hop-picking?" said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful white horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is rather a romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of rustic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop fields. Just sunshine, and the gold green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up in it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil!"

Mr. Raymond smiled.

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with the figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and the two little todlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water-cans on his [illegible] social and political satisfaction" with the administration.

Nobody seems to have heard of Mr. Harrison having tendered his friend, ex-Senator Ingalls, a plum in the shape of an appointment, nor has any one heard that the vitriolic Kansan proposed employing any of his spare time during the ensuing year in corralling delegates for the present occupant of the White House, to the next republican national convention.

American Congressmen will show their good sense by keeping their fingers out of the Canadian campaign now raging. We have nothing to do with the fight and no right to interfere in any way. Suppose we had a Congressional campaign going on, would we fancy members of the Canadian Parliament trying to take a hand in it by [illegible] letters on this, that or the their last. It's healthy the doctors say. At all events, it's profitable.

In hop season, there isn't a cottage, or a farmhouse garrett, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? Not! My father will be very glad to see you, up at the house, if you will honor us by becoming our guest to-night."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful, satin-skinned white horse following, like a doll kitten, at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper trees. And, Hugh?"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwitches, and the basket of apricots, and the fresh milk, to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take 'em, Mr. Daniel," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," said he. "And don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Constable. He grows feebler and feebler every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black cheese rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noting all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the *polce far niente* of the noon intermission, finally came into the great, cool room, where the scent of cheese-making filled the air, and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The Squire himself sat there, gouty, but content. Iced claret and cold chicken were on the table; forced hot-house peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element; and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg, were brought in, hot and hot. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down, sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place. She would be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it father," said the Squire's son. "But what would you say, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The Squire set down his glass of iced claret. Evidently this was a new view of matters.

"A poor girl, Daniel!"

"But a good girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-open rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I believe I have lost my heart to one of your hop pickers."

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir. I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt, or some elderly relative—a pale and fragile looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And—I love her!"

The old Squire nodded his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting, wine-brown eyes, straight, pure features, and tender, dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel!" he cried, in amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hot-house grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him over and over

"But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow shaded curve of the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit, when her day's work was done.

"I am so much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you, that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, are you surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and—"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide-open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop picker?"

"You my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes. "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And *I* think I do—nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling!" he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what *I* am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel."

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's orders, not because I need the daily wages of a hop picker. But you won't like me any the less will you for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the 'Clancliff Hotel,'" said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he cannot come to see me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl' hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel, in perplexity.

"That is where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But the hop-picking has done me a deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because——"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durel found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hoppoles.

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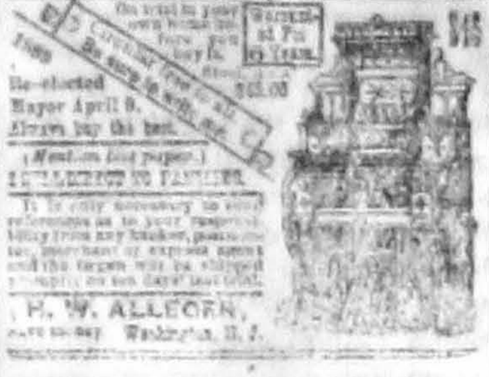

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Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 19, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 33.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

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FOR MEN ONLY!

A Determined Woman.

In one of the back settlements of South Carolina, in the days which rendered the names of Marion and other heroes forever glorious in the annals of their country, dwelt a brave and devoted family of patriots named Hart.

Abijah and Abigail Hart were scarcely past the prime of life, although they had been blessed with a large family of children, only three of whom, however—two boys and a girl—had survived the common ills incident to childhood.

The elder son would have been two and twenty had his life been spared, but eight months before he had fallen an innocent victim to the rage and malice of the Tories who swarmed in predatory bands throughout this section.

Upon these murderous wretches, who had wantonly deprived them of their eldest born at a time when he might have been of inestimable service to them, the father and mother and only remaining son, Silas, now in his nineteenth year—afterward the celebrated Indian fighter of Hardin county, Ky.—swore to be revenged whenever and wherever an opportunity offorded to wreak their vengeance,

Leah, the second remaining offspring, was a beautiful and warm hearted maiden of seventeen, and the affianced bride of Randolph Darrell, a brave young officer, at one time upon the staff of General Marion.

Yong Darrell was in the habit now and then, whenever he could make an excuse to obtain a furlough, of paying a visit to Gum Tree farm, the humble though comfortable home of the Harts.

On one of these occasions a party of seven mounted Tories pursued him nearly the entire distance from the American camp to the residence of the Harts, he, however, contrived to elude them in a piece of woods just before reaching the farm.

The Tory horsemen now wheeled about and retraced their way to the farm house, which was only a short distance, just as Randolph Darrell was on the point of emerging from the wood; but luckily he discovered them in season to escape their notice by abruptly retreating back again under cover.

Alighting at the door of the farm house the Tory leader ordered Mrs. Hart to prepare dinner for the party and bestride herself.

"How can I give you dinner when I've nothing to cook?" retorted the resolute woman, angrily. "I should need a full larder to satisfy a half dozen such dirty rascals as you are."

"Silance woman!" thundered the Tory in a commanding voice, "and do our bidding. I'll soon give you something to cook," he added, leveling his carbine as he spoke and bringing down a plump turkey gobbler that was strutting along under cover of the garden wall. "There, now, go and pluck that fine fellow my beauty, and don't be long about it or we may be tempted to serve you in the same way."

Leah, who had shrunk timidly into a corner, started up in alarm when she heard his threat and made her way out to the spot where the bird had fallen.

With great alacrity, but with an anxiously beating heart, Leah spread the homely board and brought forth the promised viands, which she laid out temptingly before them. She then placed what chairs and stools the house afforded around the table and politely invited her unwelcome

Complying with her invitation the Tories carelessly stacked their carbines near an open window and seating themselves at the table, fell to greedily devouring the repast.

Mrs. Hart, in the meantime, with a heroism superior to her sex, had watched her hungry guest till she saw she was not observed by them when she slipped out slyly from their midst, and cautiously approached the open window and succeeded in drawing out three of the carbines before her little game was discovered.

The moment the Tories perceived the deadly purpose of the giantess the three nearest the windows prang to their feet in terrified astonishment.

"Stand back!" she cried in a threatening tone, presenting one of the loaded carbines with an air of resolute determination. "The first villian of you that stirs a step I'll shoot, and the first one that touches a mite of that pork I'll blow his brains out!"

Without heeding her blazing eye or her stern verbal warning the Tory leader sprang fearlessly toward the stack of arms, but before he could reach them there was a report of a carbine and the advancing ruffian fell to the floor, while the slug which had entirely passed through his body, struck another in the temple who was sitting at the table, killing him instantly.

A third rendered desperate by the trying situation, made a reckless attempt to get hold of one of the carbines, and instantly paid the penalty with his life.

Throwing the second empty carbine aside Mrs. Hart caught up the third one, with which she covered what remained of the terrified party.

There were but four left, and not one of the four dared to move a finger,

"Leah, blow the dinner horn!" cried the mother in a tone of resolute triumph. "It is safe now to call in Silas and your father."

The young girl, half frightened out of her wits, promptly obeyed the maternal command, and a long winding blast echoed and re-echoed through the intervening woods.

She had left the house and joined her mother on the outside before she essayed to blow it, and as she lowered the horn from her lips, now rendered colorless from her recent fright, her anxious eyes were bent in the direction of the distance corn field, where her father and brother and a faithful negro servant were at work, although a narrow belt of timber stretched between them.

She uttered a quick exclamation of joyous pleasure, for at that moment she saw all three strike out of the wood and start on a rapid run toward the house.

Hearing the first shot that had been fired and then alarmed at the other two which had followed in such rapid succession, they caught up their loaded carbines and started on a run from the field where they were then at work.

The moment they had quitted the timber they saw at a glance by the several horses hitched to the fence and the belligerent attitude of the heroic giantess at the window pretty nearly how matters stood at the house, and they all three sent up an encourageing shout to the women.

Just at this point they heard the ringing sound of a horse's hoofs in an opposite direction, and turning suddenly Leah beheld her lover, dashing furiously toward the house The additional enforcement, coming filled the heart of the timid maiden with increased confidence.

In another moment Randotph Darrell had alighted at their side, and in the next the blushing and happy Leah was enfolded in his manly embrace.

While the lovers were thus preoccupied Abijah, Silas and the negro arrived, fearfully excited and wholy out of breath

Silas recovered first, and was about to shoot down one of the Tories when his mother resolutely interfered.

"Don't shoot them! Leave them to me, Silas. I will mete out their punishment to them. We haven't forgotten Eben's murder yet, and shooting's too good for 'em. We will just hang them like a pack of dogs, the whole cowardly kit of them. Get the clothes line, Leah; we can afford to cut it on such a righteous and heaven sent occasion."

Randolph shuddered, for he understood the determined character of the woman, and knew that she would not be long in putting her terrible threat into execution. Nor, indeed, was she, for within the ensuing hour, in spite of their prayers and protestations, the bodies of the four Tories were dangling from the nearest tree. And thus at the hand of a resolute and heroic mother was the death of a beloved son simply and satisfactorly avenged.

SERVED HER RIGHT.

The happy lovers were Janet Elwood and John Wentworth. It remained for a young artist to seperate them.

Ugene Raycliffe came down to board with the Elwoods for a few weeks, and found it very enjoyable to make love to the daughter. This was too much for John, who, finding his betrothed so ingrossed with the stranger, kept away from her home. But she had little time to think of him, while Mr. Raycliffe devoted himself so entirely to her amusement. He painted her portrait, and while she sat for him, beguiled the time reciting in melting tones yards of tender, sentimental poetry; they went on sketching tours; they sat on the piazza in the twilight, and sang together, for Janet had a sweet alto voice, which the boarder was not long in finding admirably suited to his own.

Things went on until Janet's mother, with many a nob and beck and wreathed smile, intimated that there was an "understanding" between the young people. John Wentworth was well enough in his way, honest, sober and industrious, and shrewd as need be, but she looked higher for Janet. Janet had been to boarding school, she had the education of a lady, she could sing and play the piano, and Mr. Raycliffe had praised her drawing more than a little. And, by the way he hung around (his time to go back to the city was up long ago, but he had engaged the room for another month), she was sure something would come of it. She could sniff a wedding in the air, and went so far as to ask Mrs. Brown's opinion as to the most fashionable way of making dresses.

Time is a great healer, and when, one hazy October day, Janet rode over in her little phaeton to ask John and his sisters to her wedding, he looked her straight in the eyes, and wished her "a happy future," without a tremor in his hearty voice or a quiver of his eyelid.

"Eugene has gone to Boston," said Janet, flicking the flies off her

"We should have heard from him yesterday. I feel a little worried. He had a good deal of money with him. We sent to the city by him for things we could not get here, and several of the neighbors—Judge Jordan, 'Squire Ellis and others—paid him in advance for portraits. I dreamed last night of his being robbed and killed. Ugh! it makes me shiver. I know I am foolish, but I can't feel easy."

Two days went by, and no news of the prospective bridegroom. The wedding preparations lagged. Three days—Judge Jordon and Squire White had a consultation.

Bills began to fall due, and Mr. Eugene Raycliffe was still like the unknown quantity represented by X. People began to talk. Janet's mother took to her bed with an illness' sudden, and a nature unexplained and obscure.

Janet grew pale, waiting for a letter. Finally one bright Saturday morning, Sunnydale, endividually and collectively, was agape over a startling headline in the Boston Journal:

"Arrest late last night of Joseph Raymond, otherwise known as 'Dashing Jo,' and having his latest alias, Eugene Raycliffe. Several well-to-do residents of Sunnydale victimized by the accomplished and gentlemanly scoundrel."

The affair was a nine day's wonder. But after a month or two had passed away, and the excitement had quieted, people began to wonder if John Wentworth would "take up with his pretty early love."

Encouragement for him to do so was not lacking (so the matrons Sunnydale will tell you) from Janet herself wrote a little note on perfumed paper to John, and this was the closing part of the reply:

"I do not want to reproach you for your throwing me over as you did. You have beeen punished enough. But for a man like you it's no use trying to go on with things as they are now. Better each go our own way. And although I can't feel toward you as I did once, believe that I bear no ill will toward you, and regard me, if you will, as a friend still."

"When, a year after, on another still October day, John told Janet of his approaching wedding to a young lady of Boston. Janet cried a little, and offered faint, lachrymose congratulations, with a fury of regret and jealously in her heart that the young lady of Boston fortunately knew nothing about.

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, "especially whin yer sweetheart is wid ye."

She—"A pretty time of night for you to come home."

He—"A pretty time of night for you to be awake."

"I have staid awake for the last four hours waiting for you to come home."

"And I have been keeping myself awake for the last four hours at the club waiting for you to go to sleep."

"Are you acquainted with this?" asked Banks, as he displayed an unpaid note to its maker.

"No," replied Kyting: "I never met it."

Patient—"I am ever so glad to be up again, doctor. You wouldn't do anything to cause a relapse, would you."

Doctor—"Why of course not."

"Then don't bring in your bill for

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 19, 1891.

Some Republican blatherskites having claimed that, "whatever may be the faults of President Harrison, there are no scandals connected with his Administration," the New York World gave two pages of fine type to a brief summary of the following fifteen scandals—all of them dirty, some of them infamous—though it does not take into account the Force bill and several other infamous jobs which failed because Harrison could not carry them through without the unanimous support of his party in Congress, Here is the World's list of scandals:

1. Selling protection for cash to a class of monopolists.

2. Appointing to a Cabinet position the vulgar hypocrite, John Wanamaker, who was the largest contributer to the fund that purchased Harrison's election.

3. Expending the money thus procured in the open purchase of votes.

4. Utrer disregard of civil-service reform pledges, and a galaxy of disreputable party service.

5. The shameful administration of the great Pension Bureau for the benefit of pension sharks.

6. Prostituting the most honorable office in the world to a purely family affair.

7. The President of the United States as a gift-taker and tool of real-estate boomers.

8. Stealing the representation in the United States Senate of a new State [Montana.]

9. Creating new States of mining camps for the sole purpose of retaining partisan co trol.

10. Evicting Democratic members of the House of Representatives for the same purpose.

11. Usurpation of power by the Speaker to insure the passage of partisan measure.

12. Disgraceful scenes and gross vulgarity in the House, the direct result of the Speaker's actions.

13. Making a fraudulent census for partisan advantage though a reapportionment of Congressional representation.

14. Government officials looting pubtic lands, regardless of a very mild rebuke.

15. Squandering the money of an overtaxed people to get rid of a troublesome surplus.

The whole history of Harrison as candidate, as President-elect, and as President is simply a huge scandal; and these specific scandals are merely a few of the spots on the skin of the leopard.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., M'ch 13th.—Mr. Harrison was fortunate in being out of town this week. He escaped the first exuberance of the Blaine howlers, who have gone completely wild, because the alleged reciprocity treaty has been formaly accepted by the Brazilian government, instead ment has agreed to submit the Behring sea dispute to arbitration, reserving the right to insist upon the payment of damages by this government for what it calls the illegal seizure of vessels sailing under the British flag. Before crowning Mr. Blane king of the world of diplomacy the Blainiacs should procure a copy of the dispach of Lord salisbury, sent to the British Minister here last summer, which was a part of the correspondence submitted to Congress at the last session. They will find that the proposition then made by Great Brit in to arbitrate was, with dispute, substantially the same as that now accepted by Lord Salisbury. If there has been any diplomatic victory won in these negotiations Mr. Blaine was not its winner.

Notwitstanding the statement that Mr. Harrison had concluded not to make the appointments of the nine United States Judges until Congress met again the republican applicants for these life time positions are patiently waiting for his to return to the White House in order to renew the seige. His es tensible reason for going to Maryland was to shoot wild ducks, but I think that his real reason was to escape the importunities of the "Tame duck" of his party. It is thought here that he will make these ap pointments before going to the Pacific Coast in search of voters in the next republican national convention, and the vote hunting just is to begin, very appropriately in the neighborhood of the first of April. Attorney General Miller is said to be studying the law under which these judges are to be appointed as doubts have been expressed of its constitutionality.

Secretary Foster is in Ohio, but there is quite as much consternation in the Treasury Department as there usually is upon a change of administration, and the impression is genesal that many heads are to fall in order to make places for Foster's machine republicans. Treasurer Huston is expected, to return to Washington to morrow but he will not, they say at the department, again resume his duties, although his resignation has not been officially accepted. There is a well defined rumor here that Mr. Harrison will try to get rid of Huston by tendering him an important foreign mission. Private Secretary Halford says there is nothing in it, but it finds many believers nevertheless.

Last night at the Hotel at which Hon. William R. Morrison, lives there was a gathesing of delighted Illinois democrats exchanging congratulations upon the election of Gen. Palmer to the United States Senate, and no one expresses more pleasnre than Mr. Morrison, who had been prominently mentioned as a candidate in case of the witdrawal of Gen. Palmer.

Republicans here take a special delight in the knowledge that the extravagant appropriations of the last Congress will make a deficit in the Treasury which the incoming democratic Congress will have to provide for, either by reducing expenses or increasing taxation, and they actually have the "gall" to express their delight to the democrats. Perhaps when the democratic House begins to show up some of the financial crookedness of the majority in the last Congress, as it is almost certain to do these fellaws with not feel quite so gleeful.

The Treasury Department has notified the claim agents that all payments under the direct tax act will be made to the States in trust for the citizens there of from whom they were collected and that no one will be allowed to examine the direct-tax records of the department unless authorized by one of the States to do so. This is a black eye to the fraternity of claim agent

copies of favored individuals before the order was issued.

The illegal sealers in Behring sea will have a lively time this season as pending the arbitration the ships of Great Baitain will assist those of the United States in putting an end to the business.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of of Enoch H. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891,

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 366 acres, and one tract of 50 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd.

These lands are worthy the attention of investers, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the suit aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal instalment with legal interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale. The purchasers or purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. MCALISTER,
Commissioner.

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. McAllister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

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I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891

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For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaugtlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN,
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN,
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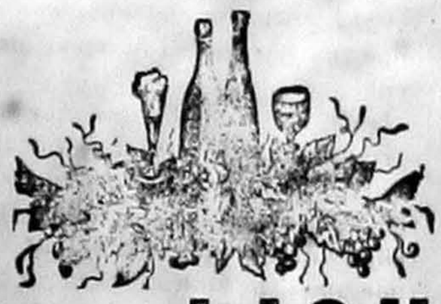

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Advice to Mothers.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891. M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Sheriff J. C. Arbogast was in the city Tuesday.

—Send us the news from every post office in the County.

—Two weeks from Monday until circuit Court.

—One murder trial for the April Court.

—Lewisburg is playing havoc with the illicit whiskey men.

—S. J. Payne, Esq., of Academy, was in city the first of the week buying furs.

—Mess. J. C. and Chas. Arbogast and Jno. R. Rock of near Green Bank, were in the city today.

—Mr. Geo. R Curry of Academy called to see us Tuesday on his return home from visiting relatives at Green Bank.

—Gilbert Sharp Esq., has returned from Buchannon, Va., where he has been for several months past, working at the carpenter business.

—A. T. Stuard Esq. a logger who works in the lumber camps of this county, advertises himself as the best man in Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties.

—Rev. Absolom Sydenstricker Missionary to China, will preach at Huntersville Sabbath night March 22, and at Marlins Bottom, Sabbath morning March 29th. Usual services at Sunset, the fourth Sabbath.

—Mrs. Julia S. Larue, wife of C. S. Larue Esq., three miles from Lewisburg died on the 7th inst., aged 70 years 5 months and 18 days. Also Mr. Robert McVey, of Muddy Creek Greenbrier Co., on the 6th ust., aged about 70 years.

—Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, and the negro pugilist Godfrey of Boston fought a finished fight in San francisco on the 13th inst., for a $5,000 trophy. Kilrain knocked the negro out in the 34th round.

—Next week, we expect to add a new Keystone Job Press, and other job material to our already good job office. So if you want nice job printing of any kind, and as cheap as you can buy it in the city, give us a call.

—The corn crib of Mr. J. P. Wooddell near Green Bank, was broken into a few nights ago, but Mr. Wooddell's discovered the thief before he had made way with any of the corn, and fired a few shots at him. The thief decamped.

—The case of Frank Barrett vs. Wm. M. McAlister, which has made its second trip to the Court of Appeals, was finally decided by that Court last Saterday in favor of Barrett. The amount in controversy was considerably, approximating $4,000. Messrs. E. B. Knight, of Charleston and C. F. Moore, of this place conducted the case for Barrett.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Edray, on the 19th of March and remain 4 days; Mill Point on the 25th 3 days; Levels (Frank Harpers, 28th 3 days; Huntersvill April 1st and remain 4 days Frost April 6th 5 days; Dunmore April 13th 4 days; Green Bank April 18th 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

Gleanings from Hillsboro.

Mr. Henry White, of Douthard's creek, was visiting in Hillsboro.

Miss Daisy Yeager, of Traveler's Repose entered this morning as a pupil of the H. M. & F. Academy and also Miss Roxie Rogers, of Hill's creek at the Hillsboro Training School.

Mrs. Birdie Ballengee is visiting relatives in the Levels, while her husband is attending conference at Roanoke city.

Before these last cold snaps the frogs and the brass band ran a pretty even race.

Rev. C. A. Sydenstricker and R. W. Hill are absent attending conference.

The teachers are much gratified by seeing the announcement of Mr. M. G. Mathews for Co. Supt. He has won the regard of all the teachers in this section.

There is talk of a string band for the upper end of town. Several dollars have already been subscribed toward the enterprise. Let her come, as it is the sweetest music.

Mr. Dassonville, of Frankford, is laying the foundation for a large and commodious barn for the American House, owned by C. W. Callison.

Mr. Wm. H. Overholt has returned from Ronceverte where he has spent several days looking after his interest in the lumber business.

The dogs attacked Capt. Edgar's sheep one night last week and killed four. As your correspondent does not own a dog, he thinks the tax on the dogs should be rased to $50.00 and stop this mischief.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church have finished and presented to Mrs. Sydenstricker, the pastor's wife a handsome silk crazy quilt. The finishing of the quilt was due to the energy of Mrs. Emma Beard, although most of the ladies of the congregation had a hand in it.

Mr. Preston Clark is quite ill at the time of this writing.

Dr. Wallace is improving.

Dr. McClintic was called to Clover Lick to-day by the illness of his mother-in law, Mrs. Dr. Ligon.

Dr. Larue received the sad tidings of the death of his mother at her home near Lewisburg last week of heart disease.

MAX.

Marlinton Mentionings.

During the recent rafting tide but one raft could be gotten up, owing the scarcity of material at the four yards. It was a jumbo of a raft however, belonging to Giles Sharp, and piloted by John Callison.

Nearly fifteen thousand dollars worth of material, has been sent out, during the season.

It grieves many friends to hear that Mr. J. C. Price, has been bereaved of his youngest child, Edgar a very bright, beautiful little boy.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is a boy at Marlinton, who is interested in the almanac, on clear morning. He has found out that the son in one hour, passes a space covered by the palm of the hand. He learns from the almanac the time the sun rises, then observes how many palms, or parts of a palm the sun is above the horizon, and thence calculates the hour. If the sun rises at 6:15, and its position is two palms above, he decides it to be 8:15 o'clock. For the afternoon time he subtracts the palms and parts of a palm, from the time the almanac gives for sunset. The result serves all practicable purposes and he wants no better Waterberry watch than the grand old timepeice hung out in the skies.

The new store building is going ahead, at Kee's run. All day and far into the night, it is hammer and saw.

It looks now as if there might be a chance for a railroad, from same recent developments, the writer does not feel at liberty to speak of very definitely just at present.

It gratifies all his friends to hear that Fred Wallace made a fine speech at the recent celebration of the 22nd, at Hampden Sydny College.

The Hon. L. C. Draper of Wisconsin is editing a revised edition of Border Warfare and is corresponding with parties for more information than what that book gives. Persons who could give interesting items not mentioned in that book would do well, to send them to W. T. Price, at Marlington. He would take pleasure in giving all such historical material to Dr. Draper, at the earliest time, in his power.

Many friends sympathize with Mr. J. C. Price in the death of his two little boys, Forest and Edgar, recently, at the home of their grand father, Adam See, in Randolph Co. "Suffer little children &c."

Yours as ever,
J. K. S.

Meat House Broken Into

On last Friday night the 13th inst the meat house of Mr. Jno. Rock, near Green Bank was broken into and several pieces stolen. Tuesday night David Rader who came from the same place a day or two ago to work on the bridge abutments at this place was arrested for the crime and given a hearing before Justice Grose in which he confessed the whole thing, saying that he and Wm. Rexroad anothes hand on the abutments, committed the crime, but before a warrant could be issued Rexroad skipped out, but it is hoped that he will be arrested today or tomorrow.

Rader was committed to jail.

CAN THIS BE TRUE.

The New York Sun of the 4th inst has the following:

Seven Bohemians who were sent from an employment agency in Greenwich street to labor on the railroad near the Pocahontas coal mine in West Virginia have written a letter to a Bohemian newspaper in this city that is like a chapter from the blacke t records of slavery. They arrived with emmigrants of several other nationalities, at Elkhorn, W. Va., in the latter part of November under the impression that they were to receive $1.20 a day and an allowance of $9 a month for board. They signed a paper which was not read to them, but which bound them, they afterward found out to servitude.

"We were put on the train at Norfolk after our arrival from New York," the letter reads, "and taken to Pocahontas. After leaving the train we were told that we would have to travel one day on foot, and that we would have to leave our trunks behind. Instead of traveling one day we traveled three. The cold was so severe, and most of our shoes gave way, so that we were almost barefooted. At Pocahontas we were joined by two young men who rode on mules and were heavily armed. The agent carried a pistol in his hand. They compelled us to wade through icy water. Those who objected were hit on the head What happened to us after we reached our destination is so dreadful that it may seem incredible to you. We are helpless here, as we are watched and guarded like prisoners. We did not get a trunk until a month after we got here, and our bodies were covered with vermin. The food is always the same—bitter black coffee and bacon three times a day. Whether a man is ill or not, it makes no difference to our masters. He must go to work, and when he is not able to work he is flogged until he is blue, and told that he has signed the contract and and must abide by it. We have received no money, and when we ask for it we are tald that we owe $15 for railroad fare and $11 for board.

At the store we are charged double for what we get, so that we have debts amounting to $35. Our labor is in vain, as hard as it is; we are hungry, and our nights are sleepless because of cold and dirt. We eat breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning and go immediately to our work; which goes far into the night. "Two men tried to escape on January 18. One was a Russian Jew and the other a Pole. They were caught and brought back. For punishment they were compelled to wade in water up to their waists and draw large boats after them. After this their coats were taken off, and they were whipped until they begged on their knees for mercy. At night they were chained together so they could not escape. When we asked about our trunks and received an unsatisfactory answer we refused to work. We were confronted with pistols, and told that we would be shot down like dogs unless we resumed work.

"We have been sold like slaves. Is there no help? Oh, if we could flee from here and save others from a similar fate! Perhaps this letter may be published, and through Providence, we may yet be saved. We sign ourselves very respectfully,

"WILLIAM HOFFMAN,
"JOSEPH LANGER,
"J. P. MAYER,
"MIKE HRANYO,
"J. MRAZ,
"J. GERRY.

Our address is Elkhorn, McDowell county, W. Va., care of J. Bowell, Purcell's Camp (No. 2)."

NOTICE.

I will be in Pocahontas Co. the first of April for the purpose of castrating horses and spaying cows and calves in the latest style.

G. B. WALLACE

A deplorable tragedy was enacted in Wheeling last Saturday morning. Dr. Geo. I. Garrison shooting and killing Dr. Geo. Baird. Bothmen were well known in the city, having held prominent puplic offices. The shooting was the culmination of the personal animosity existing between the two men they having been rivals for public honors.

—Many people in the upper end of Pocahontas county, W Va., have been almost reduce to starvation by the recent storms. People can scarcely get flower, sugar, salt or soda, and feed for domestic animals is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.—Wheeling Quest.

Our esteemed contemporary The Quest, has been misinformed as we have heard nothing of the kind. The deep snow of December caused some inconvenience but there was no suffering as we know of.

At a County Court continued and held for the County of Pocahontas. at the Court house thereof, on the 4th day of March, 1891.

On the coming in of a petition signed by John W. Weiford and more than twenty other voters, of Edray district praying that a polling place be established at the store house of R. E. Overholt & Sons' at Buckeye in said district the said polling place is hereby established according to the prayer of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to have notice published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in accordance with Chapter 3, Section 5, of the Code of West Virginia.

A Copy Teste:
S L. BROWN, Cl'k.

BY-CUTTING

This out, telling where you saw it, and sending 50 to stamps, or postal note for sixty cents, to the WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O., you will receive the Weekly Bee by mail, postage paid, till January 1st, 1892. The Bee has 8 large pages, 8 columns each, making one and one quarter miles of reading each year. It is one of the best general W. papers in the United States. Has all the News, great Stories, Household, Farm, Childrens Hour, Puzzles, Riddles, Rev. Talmage's Sermons, Market Reports, Practical Politics and Friction, Clean in every department. Grand premiums to getters up of clubs. Act at once and show your wisdom. Address plainly. No need to register letter. The WEEKLY BEE, Toledo. 4

an Attractive Combined POCKET ALMANAC and MEMORANDUM BOOK, advertising BROWN'S IRON BITTERS the best Tonic, given away at Drug and general stores. Apply at once.

THE POLICE GAZETTE

Is the only illustrated paper in the world containing all the latest sensational and sporting news. No Saloon Keeper, Barber or Club Room can afford to be without it. It always makes friends wherever it goes.

Mailed to any address in the United States, securely wrapped, 13 weeks for $1.00.

Send Five Cents for sample copy.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York City.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889 and on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c. vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891,

the following tracts of valuable lands; to-wit: a tract containing 2545 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2392 acres situate on Buckley Mountain and a tract of 1614 acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

mar 12-4t Printer's fee $9.95

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Lizzie Lightner,
vs.
Wm. J. McGlaughlin's heirs, &c.
IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County that on the 19th day of March, 1891, at the law office of F. J. Snyder in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas Co., W. Va., the undersigned Commissioner of said Court acting under a decretal order in said suit made on the 21st day of October, 1890 will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account, viz:

1st. A statement of the accounts of L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore as administrators of Wm. J. McGlaughlin, dec'd:

2nd. An account showing the distributive interest of each of the heirs of said Wm. J. McGlaughlin in the personal estate of the intestate;

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

F. J. SNYDER, Com'r Cir. C't P. C.

feb. 19-4t. Printer's fee $7.95

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in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
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A. R. SMITH,
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Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at Rasonable prices.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

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KISSING 7-17-70 PARTS SIZE

J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "SILVER SEAL," "STAR," "BLUE GRASS."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 19, 1891.

WHAT A HORSE WOULD SAY.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it in my oats I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip that I never get tired.

Don't think that because I am a horse that iron weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and may be make trouble.

Don't troc me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

Don't say "Whoah!" unless you mean it. Theach me to stop at that word.

Don't make me drink ice cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it a half minute against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean, it is a sign that my teeth want filing.

Don't ask me to "back" with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give away I might break your neck.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eye, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't lend me to some blockhead who has less sense than I have.

SOME CHESTNUTS.

The optican is the eye-deal tradesman.

Brought to light—An after-dinner cigar.

Foot prints—Boot and shoe advertisements.

It is a wise old saw that knows who filed it last.

"Yes, my child, yes; dun is the future tense of due."

A man doesn't have to understand military tactics to drill a hole.

How can a man follow a calling and yet be at the head of his profession?

The capitalist who loaned money to the cattle man referred to it as a beef stake.

When a brainless individual gets a cold in the head, it is case of a long felt want being filled.

It sounds rather paradoxical, but is a fact, nevertheless, that the shiftless man is the one who has to move the oftenest.

After you have discovered that your coal merchant is an honest man, never contradict him. Let him have his own weigh.

"You're always full of news," said the letter to the box. "I'm glad you dropped in," replied the box. "I'll keep you posted."

A DEAD CAT MINE.

It was the man on whose land natural gas was first struck in the Findlay, O, district, and he was telling some of us about it as we waited in the depot at Columbus.

"Wall, you know," he began, "my son Bill was a great hand to read. One day he laid away a book he had been reading and says to me:

"'Dad, I've been reading up on minerals and I'm goin' to find suthin' right here on our farm."

"'Shoo, Bill," says I, 'but you won't strike nothing outside of cobble stones and worms.'

"But he went at it and begun to dig and bore and fool around and leave me to hoe the corn and one day he struck suthin'. There cam sich an infernal smell that both of us was driven to the house, and then the smell got so bad that we was drove to a neighbors and we had to let the hogs out of the pen, or they would have keeled over.

"Bill," I says, when I got where I could breathe again, 'you said you'd strike sunthin', and you have. You've wasted three months gettin' down to whar Christopher Columbus buried about a thousand tom cats, and we've all been driv off the farm in consekence. It's my turn now to strike suthin', and you kin git ready for the all-firedest lickin' a boy ever got.'

"I give it to him gentlemen, and then I went spookin' around to find somebody who'd buy the farm at about the cost of the barn. A feller who seemed to hev catarrh and didn't mind the smell closed up a deal with me, and I had to grin as I walked off with his money under my arm. I kept on griunin' fur about a week, but then I heard some news that stopped me, and I guess it's three years since I've opened my mouth sideways. Them dead cats was worth a hundred thousand dollars to me, and I sold 'em for $800 and walked around patting myself on the back fur bein' so all fired cute."

A MODERN FABLE.

One day a peasant carried a basket of potatoes to the field and dug holes in the soil and planted them. His young son watched the operation for a time and then inquired.

"Pop, why do you put those taters in the ground?"

"By so doing each one will bring me back ten," replied the father.

The boy went away and when his father came up to dinner he found him digging in the yard and asked:

"Sonny, what are you seeking for?"

"Why, pop, I have planted the clock, the bootjack, two umbrellas, the teapot, your sunday hat, ma's shoes and a tablecloth, and each one will bring me back ten."

"You young idiot, come out and be paralyzed," shouted the father, and he tanned that boy up and down and crosswise and sidewise until the supply of peach limbs gave out.

"Pop planted 'taters to get back ten," mused the boy, as he sat down under the low shed to think, "but I planted clocks and hats and shoes to get a licking. It must be the difference in the soil."

Moral—And the next fall, when the father cut down his corn stalks to save them, and the son cut down the currant bushis for the same object, as got licked again.

Tompkins—"When I called at the Smythes' to day, I noticed that Mrs. Smythe had a black eye."

Mrs. Tompkins—"You don't suppose her husband beats her, do you?"

Tompkins—"Oh, I guess not; her mother's eyes were of the same color."

The chance of a man being struck by a tornado is one in 29,000,000. And the chance of his recovery when struck is about the same.

Jimson—All this talk about young wives' biscuits being as hard as bricks is a slanderous lie.

Sitkson—I'm glad to hear you say so, Jimson.

Jimson—Yes, I've been married four weeks now, and every loaf of bread that Mrs. Jimson has made so far has been as soggy and soft as apple dump.

"Why did you assault this man?" was asked of a prisoner in the police Court the other morning.

"He hurt my feelings, Judge."

"In what respect?"

"Well, I had pawned my overcoat, socks and undershirt to get money to get out of town, and he came up and charged me with picking his pocket of $10,000 in clear cold cash."

"Well?"

"Think of it, Judge! I stood there hungry and shivering, and he demanded his $10,000 back! Ten thousand dollars! Why, the most I ever had at any one time was $17! I suppose I hit him, but how could I help it? Ten thousand dollars! Wanted me to go down into my pocket and pull up $10,000. in greenbacks. Great Scot! but I haven'r got over the feeling yet!"

Sentence suspended.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

BY CUTTING This out, telling where you saw it, and sending 30 2c stamps, or postal note for sixty cents, to the WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O., you will receive the Weekly Bee by mail, postage paid, till January 1st, 1892. The Bee has 8 large pages, 8 columns each, making one and one quarter miles of reading each year. It is one of the best general Weeklies in the United States, and has all the News, great Stories, Household, Farm, Childrens Hour, Puzzles, Riddles, Rev. Talmage's Sermons, Market Reports, Practical Politics and Friction, Clean in every department. Grand premiums to getters up of clubs. Act at once and show your wisdom. Address plainly. No need to register letter. The WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

an Attractive Combined POCKET ALMANAC and MEMORANDUM BOOK, advertising BROWN'S IRON BITTERS the best Tonic, given away at Drug and general stores. Apply at once.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING AT 7-17-70 PHOTOGRAVURE PANEL SIZE. Mailed for 4 cts. (stamps or money). J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS MO.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Indigestion

IS not only a distressing complaint of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle

LADIES Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

B. Hallett & Co., Box 1200 Portland, Maine.

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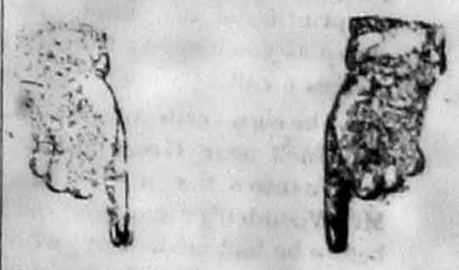

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GET THEM AT "THE TIMES."

JOB OFFICE,

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 26, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 34.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. Moore. *N. C. McNeil.*

Moore & McNeil,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pacahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

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Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no paines will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

I CURE FITS!

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,

a lifelong study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York

FOR MEN ONLY!

TOM'S WIFE.

Uncle Trotcombe came driving up to Miss Medbury's employment office in an irritable frame of mind. He had not had any previous experience in engaging help, but as his wife was laid up with the rheumatism, and there was no one to look after farm, kitchen or house work, the case became one of necessities to look for a hired girl.

The women, young and old, waiting for employment, were none of them anxious to accompany Uncle Trotcombe home, because a farm was so lonely in winter, and a girl would die for want of society in such a place.

Miss Medbury was about to announce to the old man that it would be impossible for him to get suited that day, when a pale, lady-like looking girl whispered a few words in her ear. The speaker was willing to work on the farm, and though Uncle Trotcombe vowed she looked too delicate for hard work and too much of a lady for the position, he engaged her.

So Mary Linn went out to the old one storied farm house, with the huge butternut trees standing above and the little cataract roaring down the glen behind, and strange to say Uncle Timothy Trotcombe's "old lady" fell in love with the pale, sweet stranger at first sigh.

"I made sure you wouldn't like her," said Uncle Timothy.

"That shows just how much a man's judgment is worth," said Aunt Betsy.

"To be sure she hasn't had much experience doing housework, but she is quick to learn, and handy in the kitchen, and, I declare, her hands are that soft and her ways that gentle and coaxing, it's a pleasure to have her to wait upon one!"

And by degrees Aunt Betsy wiled this stranger's sad story from her with womanly sympathy and artifice.

"Poor lamb! She's got a husband somewhere, but she don't exactly know where." said Mrs. Trotcombe there was meddlin' friends, and he was jealous without a reason.

"Or with one," said Unble Timothy, shrewdly.

"Don't tell me," said Aunt Betsy. "And she ran away to her own folks; and they was dead, and she was too proud to go back and tell her husband of all she suffered; and finally she fell sick and nearly died in a hospital. And when she came back to life, as it were, she saw everything in such a different light; and she begged and worked her way back to her husband's house; and when she got there—lo and behold the house was shut up and he was gone to Europe. And she wrote to him, and she never got no answer; and now poor lamb, she's supporting herself as best she can, I wish you could a seed her cry, with her head on my lap. I cried too."

"I'll venture you did," said Uncle Timothy.

"Well, nobody could a helped it. And then I told her the story of our nephew, Tom, as we brought up just like a child of our own, and how he went west and married the play-actin' beauty, and how she ran off and left him, and broke his heart; and how he was wanderin' around now in Switzerland and Vienna, and them furrin parts tryin' to forget her. And Mary looked up at me with her big eyes, and, says she, 'Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Trotcombe, don't judge the poor girl too hardly. Look at me and think what she too, may, have suffered.' And I declare to you, Timothy, I felt as if I could jump out of my skin when she mentioned the name of Tom, for I thought of the letter I had got from him, and I thought how he loved you, and how you had loved him, and how you had parted, and I thought of the two sides to that question too."

"Humph!" said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe, and he took snuff. "Did you tell her as Tom was comin' back this week?'

"No," said Aunt Betsy. "Why should I?'

"Did it ever strike you as possible that he might come to-day?"

"No." Aunt Betsy answered wondering more and more.

Uncle Timothy wheeled the old lady's invalid chair a step or two forward so that it was on a range with the window, and then he pointed out toward the garden gate, where the crimson honeysuckels were just bursting into bud and a white lilac waved its crest of bloom back and forth in the soft spring wind. A tall figure bronzed in the face, and bearded as to the chin was striding through.

"It's Tom!" said Aunt Betsy spasmodically.

"Yes, it's Tom," said Uncle Timothy. Hush!"

For at that instant a slight figure which had been stooping over Aunt Betsy's white lillies, rose into the bland May sunshine, and the two young people stood face to face.

"Tom, oh Tom!"

"My Mary!"

And the next moment they were clasped in each others arms.

Uncle Timothy and Aunt Betsy stared at one another.

"Old lady,' said Uncle Timothy "did you ever suspect this?"

"Never!" cried the old wife, with a mist fast gathering on her spectacle glasses.

"I did," said Uncle Timothy; "long ago. Well, it's all right now. Pull down the shade, old lady. It ain't hardly fair for old folks like you and me to be peeping. And Tom will think of us now.

"Well," said Aunt Betsy, huskily, "I'm glad of it. For I always liked that girl."

"So did I," said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe.

THE CIRCUS DID IT.

Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Tennessee to a hillside constituent, according to the Arkansas Traveller.

"Yes, sir; captured the best looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You know her, I reckon."

"Yes; I thought she was engaged to Sam Parker.

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circus-rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mighty downcast for I thought there wasn't no use in buckin' agin him. Well the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us come to town to see the weddin', for Rose 'lowed that she wanted to be married in town, then take the cars for home thereby gettin' a ten-mile bridal tower. When we got to town lo and behold there was a circus with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a stick at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin my religin. Stay here 'till *I* go and git the license.' Rose's under jaw drapped. When Sam was gone, I says, says *I*, 'Rose wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

"Yes, but Sam won't take me.'

"That's bad; they've got a world of horses.'

"Then she turned up and began to cry.'

"Rose', say's I, "if you marry Sam you can't go to the show, but if you marry me you can go to the show, and I'll take you.'

"Then her face shone like a star and she says she, 'An' let me stay to the concert airter the big show's over?

"'Yes.'

"'An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?'

"'Tibby sho."

"'An' won't pull an' haul when I get interested?'

"'No, sw'ar I won't.'

"'An' when the show's over you let me look at the monkey agin?'

"'Yes.'

"'Nath,' said she putting her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arn. 'I'm yourn.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels togath er, an, in less'n half an hour we were dun married an' a lookin' at the monkeys.'

MAKING IT PLEASANT.

Owing to a confusion in the names of stations, I got off at the wrong one in Tennessee, and as there was no public house in the hamlet, the station agent said I could go home with him. His house was a humble one, as seen in the darkness, and as we reached the gate he halted and said:

"Stranger, perhaps I ought to tell you——"

"What?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"Well, never mind. Come along in.'

He took me into the front room, which did not seem to be much used by the family. As we entered there came a loud yell from an adjoining room, and he explained:

"It's only my wife boxing the oldest gal's ears for sassing her. Let me take your hat.

He had scarcely taken it when a boy was heard whooping, and he explained:

"It's only wife pulling young Tim's hair for not bringing in the night wood.

The whoop was followed by a yelp and a howl, and my host calmly explained:

"One o' the dogs got in the way, you see, and she lifted him.'

I was trying to make his position a little less embarrassing, when there were two yells in quick succession, followed by a scramble, and he crossed his legs and remarked:

"The twins was proably hooking vitles off the table and got caught at it."

Half a minute later, just as I had got ready to ask about the crops in that locality, the door was banged open and a woman, who had a fork in one hand and a baby on her shoulder, bounced in and shouted out:

"You onery, lazy Jim Murdock, if you don't help take keer of those brats I'll——!"

She saw me and stopped and retreated, and when she had gone the husband explained:

"That's what I was going to tell ye at the gate—that ye'd have to take chances on her being in a tantrum. She's got one, and if you don't mind being called squint-eyed, bald-headed, gander shanked, and hump backed, and if you can kick the dogs off, when she sets 'em on and put up with the children climbing over you, I'll try to make it pleasant otherwise."

"Did you ever see anything like that?" asked a young lady to her escort at a church fair where raffling was in progress.

"Only once."

"When was that?"

—It was when a bunco man in New York steered me into a little game of faro, and I was robbed of $75."

After all, next to absence of body, there is nothing so desirable in moments of danger as presence of mind.

THAT BLESSED BABY.

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins," said a young Madison avenue mother, as one of her husband's bachelor friends arose to say good evening, "you must see baby before you go."

"I should be obliged," he answered rather meakly, "but isn't it too late?" he inquired, looking about for his hat.

"Not a bit," she insisted, and after a moment's absence the fond mother returned with a bundle of dainty wraps and lace, and presented an infant countenance for inspection.

"You never saw a dearer baby in your life," she declared, putting the mite of humanity into her guest's unwilling arms.

"I'm not up on babies," he ventured feebly, holding the infant as if it would explode, "but I should say it was—was beautiful."

"*I* knew you would think so," said the pleased mother.

"I hope it hasn't a fever," he rashly added.

"Fever?"

"Yes, looks flushed you know."

"Nonsense," said the mother indignantly, "all babies are pink, and besides Mr. Wilkins," she continued coldly; "you keep saying, 'it.' My baby is a boy."

"I beg your parden," stammered the unhappy bachelor, the prespiration beginning to stand out on his brow, "there wasn't any thing in the—the attire to indicate—but then," he blundered, "I might have known it was a boy because it—he is bald.

A look of horrified amazement came on the young mother's face.

"Don't let me detain you, Mr. Wilkins," she said, quickly relieving him of the burden, "and when you get home if you will read up on babies you will find," she added a significant glance, "that red faces and bald heads are mostly confined to middle-aged bachelors.

She—Mr. Jones, look at that impudent man on the other side of the street. He has been following us for the last ten blocks.

Jones—Why didn't you tell me so before. I'll teach the impudent puppy a lesson.

Walking boldly across the street Jones says to the man: Look here, Snip, I am very sorry I've not got the money to pay you for that last suit, but you ought not to follow me up and dun me when I'm trying to capture that girl. She has got lots of money, and if I succeed you will not only get your money but also an order for a wedding suit."

Snip goes off satisfied.

Returning to the yong lady Jones says: "I am glad you called my attention to that cowardly scounarel. I don't think he will ever stare at you again. I had great difficulty in restaining myself."

She—Dearest Frank, if I were to suppose for a moment that you were going to marry me for money, I should in despair put an end to my wretched existence.

"Calm yourself, dearest; let us get married as soon as possible, and you shall see what efforts I'll make to get rid of your money."

Stern Parent—Hello, you young reprobate! Where are you going with that fishing pole on Sunday morning? My pole, too!

Erring Son—Going' to do as you and Solomon told me.

S. P.—The mischief you are!

E. S.—Yessir. Didn't you say that Solomon said that if a man didn't let his boy have the rod he'd spoil der kid?

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 26, 1891.

The German legislative news will assume a new interest if Bismarck becomes the leader of the opposition in the Reichstag.

U. S. Treasurer Huston thinks this country presents greater opportunities than Russia for the political dynamiter, therefore he refuses to accept the Russian mission. He thinks probably that his proper mission is to prevent the nomination of Benjamin Harrison again.

The newspaper scrapping match between those sharp tongued republicans, ex Senator Ingalls and Murat Halstead, is growing interesting. They can say nothing about each other so bad that the people of the country will not endorse it.

The election of Gen. John M. Palmer to the United States Senate by the Illinois legislature was worth all the patient waiting through the apparently endless deadlock. Patience, persistence and popularity are valuable aids in "getting there", and don't you let it slip from your mind.

The British steamship Utopia, from Italian ports, bound to New York with 700 Italian emigrants aboard, collided with the British ironclad Rooney, anchored in Gibralter Bay, and sank soon afterward off Ragged Staff. A southwest gale was blowing at the time of the collision. Many women and children were drowned. A large number, clinging to the rigging, have been rescued by boats from the channel squadron.

The Italian government has protested and Mr. Harrison has forwarded a communication to the Governer of Louisiana calling his attention to the treaty obligations which compel us to protect citizens of foreign countries. Mr. Blain now has an opertunity. Let him show the world the why and wherefore of this unfortunate occurrence, and give the citizens of New Orleans the hearing they are entitled to.

The son of the late Senator Hearst will, it is said, shortly begin the publication of a great daily newspaper in the city of New York. As the young man has just inherited $20,000,000 he will not be hampered by lack of capital, and if his paper shall be as sound politically as the San Francisco Examiner, the paper he now owns and edits, it will be a decided acquisition to the democratic party.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison is looming up in the republican mind as the next candidate of his party. That suits us to a dot. It would hardly be possible for the republican party to put up a weaker man than Harrison, unless it took Tom Reed. Were for Harrison, tooth and toe nail, because we know that we can lick him out of his boots, and because we will enjoy "downing" him more than any other man, because of the accident that placed

The negroes who foolishly went to Oklahoma expecting such great things are many of them actually starving while all of them are suffering from one or another cause. The negroes, in large bodies can never thrive and prosper in any place where the climatic conditions are widely different from those of the Southern States, and they will find no place in any of the other states where it is possible to live with as little work as they can in the South, which is their natural home, and to which the sensible members of that race will stick.

A terible riot occured in New Orleans on the 14th inst. in which thirteen Italians were shot and killed. These parties had been on trial for the assassination of David C. Hennessey, a policeman, which occurred some time ago. The proof against them was strong and convincing, but through the influence of money which was used to corrupt the jurors in the case, they were acquitted and would have been released on that day. This manifest attempt to defeat the ends of justce provoked the deepest indignation among the best people of the city, and in a few minutes a large crowd of representative citizens collected and proceeded to the city prison. They forced an entrance and the work of death soon began. When all was over they dispersed and went quietly to their homes. The action of the mob seems to have been jutifiable.

Lynch law is always to be deprecated, even though the course of justice be sometimes turned aside by or through corrupt methods, but there are mitigating circumstances in the case of the citizens of New Orleans who recently lynched twelve members of "Mafia", an outlawed society organized for plunder and murder. These men had been acquitted by the intimidation and bribery of the jury, in the face of evidence of the most positive and convincing kind of the guilt of a number of them of having been in a conspiracy which resulted in the cold blooded murder of the chief of police of that city. The mob which lynched these prisoners was composed of the leading citizens of New Orleans, many of whom carried in their pockets the "death warnings" issued by the "Mafia", and who deemed it a question of life or death, whether they or the "Mafia" should be extdrminated. Before condemning the action of these threatened citizens who have for months been compelled to take every precaution to prevent their own assassination it is well to read the opinions of those great commercial bodies, the Board of Trade, the Sugar Exchange and the Stock Exchange, of New Orleans, as expressed in the following preamble and reslution unanimously adopted by all on the afternoon of the day the lynching took place:

"Whereas the deplorable administration of criminal justice in this city, and the frightful extent to which the bribery of juries had been carried, has rendered it necessary for the citizens of New Orleans to vindicate out raged justice.

Be it resolved, That, while we deplore at all times the resort to violence, we consider the action taken by the citizens this morning to be proper and justifiable"

The Fert Young Man.

See that half grown man? He never will know as much again as he does now at the ripe age of 20.

When he gets to be 50, when his hair is grizzled and his hopes are like the dead leaves that cling to November trees, he will look back upon these years of rare wisdom and colossal effrontery and blush a little, perhaps, at the recollection.

Now he has no reverence for a woman or for God. He sneers at good in a world whose threshold he child might stand in the doorway of his nursery and denounce what was going on in the drawing room. Most of the scathing things that are said about domestic felicity, and the sneers that are bestowed on love, and the gibes that are flung at purity, and the scoffs that are launched at established religions; all the jokes at the expense of noble womanhood and the witticisms that are lavished upon the old fashioned virtues, spring from the gigantic brain of the youth of the period. —Ex.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of of Enoch H. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891,

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 366 acres, and one tract of 50 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd.

These lands are worthy the attention of investers, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the suit aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal installment with legal interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale. The purchasers or purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. McALISTER,
Commissioner.

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. McAllister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

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I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situated on Elk, about 5 miles from Edary. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

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Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN,
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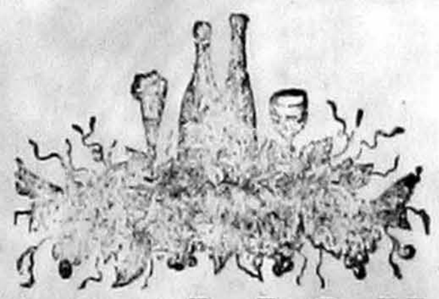

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Advice to Mothers.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891. M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Couty Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS
GOSSIP

—Next Sunday is Easter.

—Mess. Loury & Doyle are building a new barn.

—We are haveing some beautiful spring weather now.

—Don't forget that April 6th is Circuit Court day.

—Several new subscribers since our last issue.

—Advertise your spring goods in THE TIMES, it will pay you.

—Lewisburg, has a total population of 949.

—The bridge abutments across Knapp's creek near this place, will soon be finished.

—Attorney N. C. McNeil, spent a few days at his home at Buckeye, last week.

—We hope some one from every post office in the county will send us the news from their locality.

—Richard Beard, Esq. of Academy, was in town last week, also F. W. McCoy of same place.

—Wise Herald, Esq., of near Frost, and brother Bedford were in town last week.

—Rev. I G Michael, of the Baltimore Conference was sent to the Huntersville Circuit.

—Rev. W. H. Ballengee and wife passed through town Tuesday, on their return home to Green Bank from conference.

—J. K. Campbell Esq., dentist is in town to remain but a short time. Parties wishing dental work done will do well to call on him at once.

—C. L. Austin, of Green Bank, who has been visiting in Florida, for several weeks, passed through Huntersville, last week on his return home.

—G. F Eakle Esq. of Ballar Va. was in our city last week, selling stock for the Charlestown Building and Improvement Co.

—Read the Auction Sale ad. this week, of Mr. Jno. A. McNeel, to take place at the Seebert farm on Knapp's creek on the 31st inst.

—In the Supreme Court, the case of Hull's adm'r vs. Hull's heirs, et al., from this county, opinion by Brannan; decree of Circuit Court reversed and cause remanded.

—There are three prisoners in jail at this place, for trial at the April Court: One for murder, one for incendiary, and the other for breaking into a meat house.

—Monday night a young man registered at one of the hotels at this place by the name of J. Simmons of Peachtree, Cal. He claimed to be a min ralogist and from everywhere except here and when one of the clever and accommodating proprietors, J. H. Doyle, Esq., went to collect his bill, he found that he was also from here.

—The U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue is ascertaining the names of farmers who are likely to produce 500 or more pounds of maple sugar, as there is a provision in the law passed Oct. 1st, 1890, allowing a bounty of two cents per pound to those who produce this amount. Farmers who intend producing this quantity of maple sugar [illegible]

—Mr. Jno. Hatton, of Huttonsville, was in the city last week.

—The work on the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern railroad is progressing very rapidly. It will be completed to Sutton, Braxton Co., by the first of May. From there at will be pushed as rapidly as possible to the month of William's river, then up William's river and across to this place. We expect it to reach this place at the longest calculation in a year and a half.

—Why is a newspaper like a pretty girl? To be perfect it must be embodied in many types; it is chased through it is inclined to be giddy; it enjoys a good press, and the more rapid the better; it has a weakness for gossip; talks a great deal; it can stand much praise and is awfully proud of a new dress. But the greatest resemblance is, it can't be kept in a good humor without cash. Delinquent subscribers will make a note of this, and call and settle their accounts when they come to Court April the 6th.

—Huntersvill seems to be on a boom. Several valuable farms lying near that place were recently sold for big prices and it is proposed to lay them off into town lots. It is said that a number of industries and companies will be located there with a view to the development of many valuable resources of that section of the state.—Tucker Democrat.

You're right brother Democrat. Old Hunnersville is going to be among the foremost of W. Va. towns some of these days.

NOTICE.

I will be in Pocahontas Co. the first of April for the purpose of castrating horses and spaying cows and calves in the latest style.

G. B. WALLACE

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Edray, on the 19th of March and remain 4 days; Mill Point on the 25th 3 days; Levels (Frank Harpers) 28th 3 days; Huntersvill April 1st and remain 4 days Frost April 6th 5 days; Dunmore April 13th 4 days; Green Bank April 18th 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

Green Bank Items.

Dr. C. L. Austin, returned home from Florida, several days ago.

Will Gladwell had the misfortune last week to cut his hand very badly while cutting feed for his horse.

Mrs. James Curry and Enos Tallman, are on the sick list.

J. P. Wooddell, will start his truck wagon to Monterey, to bring in supplies for the people soon.

A. M. Oliver will leave today for Virginia, where he will boss a lot of hands on the railroad.

Why don't our TIMES come on Thursdays as it used to do. [Because we have got no postmaster at this place. We hope it will be all right after a while again.—ED.]

We have plenty of rain and mud but not much bacon and flour.

We hope to see Tom Sawyer's railroad soon puffing down our valley.

Keep watch on your corn cribs and meat houses, if it is only a waterberry

L. Bartlett is painting J. H. Ralston's house.

Judy.

Dunmore Doings

Soap boiling is the order of the day, and a little sugar occasionally.

Some plowing is being done and more ought to be done.

Miss Cora Jones was called home from her school, owing to the illness of one of her brothers.

Quite a lot of our people went to Frost this week to buy store goods.

Quite a number of our people are going to Basin city to build up with the town.

very able sermon for us last Sunday night. He will preach again the 2nd Sunday night in April.

Mess. Jno. A. Noal and Morgan Wakeman are off in the interests of their Patents.

Swecker will blow his horn on Knapp's creek the 28th inst.

Miss Minnie McElwee and brother Howard have gone to their home at Driscol.

Y. J.

The Wheeling Register has the following to say of the Rev. J. G. Armstrong, a noted minister, who died recently at his home in Atlanta, Ga.:

Rev. J. G. Armstrong was for years a paster of this city, and was remarkable for his resemblance to J. Wilkes Booth; many people maintaining to this day that he was Booth. There certainly was a strong resemblance, even to a gun shot wound in the leg and a scar on the neck. When confronted with the stories here he always declined to talk on the subject, and all efforts to trace his past history were futile. He refused to talk of Lincoln's assassination."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., M'ch 20th—Mr. Blaine made a bad brake in the injudicious and undiplomatic language he used in the telgram which Baron Fava, the Italian minister, stampeded him into sending to Governor Nichols, of Louisiana, in relation to the unfortunate lynching bee at New Orleans that as soon as he realized his error, he took to his room and it was given out that he was unwell, and he has peen invisible to callers ever since. Members of the diplomatic corps say that Mr. Blaine's telegram will give the Italian government all the ground it needs to demand a heavy indemnity if it can be proven that any of the men killed were its subjects. But demanding and getting are two things. No democrat in Congress is likely to pass an appropriation to pay indemnity for the killing of a lot of thugs and murderers who had made murder their chief occupation even if they were killed outside of the law. But it is not believed that the Italian government will desire to take any further action when it is fully informed of the "Mafia" acts which led up to the massacre, as it has had some experience with the "Mafia".

I was told today by an eminent republican who is friendly to neither Harrison nor Blaine that the deluge of Harrison talk which has recently emanated from republican Senators and Representatives in the colums of republican newspapers in all sections of the country is the direct result of a bargain between Harrison and Blaine, whereby the latter agrees to give the former a chance to get himself renominated if he can, and the former agrees that in the event of its becoming impossible for him to get the nomination he will withdraw in favor of Mr. Blaine. I cannot vouch for the truthfulness of this story, but circumstancial evidence is strong in its favor. It is not at all probable however that Mr. Blaine would have made such a bargain if there was any probability of the election of the republican nominee.

Representatives Springer and Spinola, who have been dangerously ill in this city are both convalescing.

General Joseph E. Johnson, whose erect figure has been familar in Washington for some years is a very sick man, owing to his extreme age—nearly 83—his physicians haven't much hope of his recovering. He was a pall bearer at the funeral of the late Gen. Sherman and at that time was in good health but a few days afterward he contracted a cold which resulted in his present illness, which is aggravated by a heart trouble from which he has suffered more or less for years.

The administration has struck a dangerous snag in the negotiations for reciprocity with Cuba. The Spanish minister will hear of nothing that does not include the free admission of Cuban tobacco, which is a concession that is beyond the power of Mr. Blaine to grant. Not having any confidence in the ability of Gen. E. Bird Grubb, of New Jersey, the present minister to Spain, who is ignorant of the Spanish language and without a diplomatic experience, ex-Minister J. W. Foster has been sent to Spain with the ultimation of Mr. Harrison, in the shape of a threat to retain the present duty on Cuban sugar if reciprocity is not agreed to by the Spanish government. The outcome of this matter is looked forward to with considerable interest, as the sugar schedule of the tariff law will go into effect April 1, and Cuban sugar will be admitted free just the same as sugar from Brazil and other countries, unless Mr. Harrison shall take advantage of the power conferred upon him by the tariff act and order the present duty continued.

Although it has been nearly three weeks since Congress adjourned it is still impossible to get a correct idea of all the pernicious legislation enacted into laws or of the exact amount of money carried by the appropriations tucked away in corners of bills of all sorts. Every day something is discovered showing a new and unexpected appropriation or a new piece of unexplainable botch legislation. Secretary Noble has discovered what he considers a $3,000,000 steal in connection with one of the Indian bills, and he says the money shall never be paid if it is in his power to prevent it, but owing to the fact that several prominent republicans are to get a big slice of the money in the shape of attorney's fees, it is doubtful wether any remonstrance on the part of Mr. Noble will prevent the steal being consummated.

It is not believed that Mr. Harrison proposes taking any action upon the cangressional reports of the investigations of either the Civil Service Commission or the Pension office, notwithstanding the public verdict against Raum, of the Pension office, and Lyman, of the Civil Service Committee.

The two Indiana "H's", Harrison and Huston have it is said, made friends and that off' offered resignation has again been withdrawn.

The spring business boom has started all over the South, and the season promises to be one of unexampled prosperity in the States south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Auction.

I will sell at Public Sale on Tuesday, March 31st, 1891, at the Seebert farm on Knapp's creek, all my personal property, consisting of Household and Kitchen furniture, Farming utensils, 17 Cows, 7 yearlings, 5 two-year-olds, 1 thorough bred Bull, 3 horses, &c.

TERMS made known on day of sale.

I will also offer to rent at Public Auction, on Monday, the 6th day of April, first day of Cir. Ct., my entire grazing lands on William's river.

Respectfully,
JOHN A. McNEEL.

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Franklin Square, New York City.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889 and on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c. vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891,

the following tracts of valuable lands: to-wit: a tract containing 2545 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2392 acres situate on Buckley Mountain and a tract of 161½ acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale: said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

mar 12-4t Printer's fee $9.95

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Lizzie Lightner,
vs.
Wm. J. McGlaughlin's heirs, &c.
IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County that on the 19th day of March, 1891, at the law office of F. J. Snyder in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas Co., W. Va., the undersigned Commissioner of said Court acting under a decretal order in said suit made on the 21st day of October, 1890 will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account, viz:

1st. A statement of the accounts of L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore as administrators of Wm. J. McGlaughlin, dec'd:

2nd. An account showing the distributive interest of each of the heirs of said Wm. J. McGlaughlin in the personal estate of the intestate;

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

F. J. SNYDER, Com'r Cir. C't P. C.

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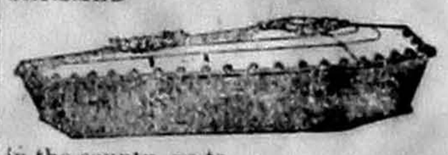

in the county, go to

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AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, Va

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at Rasonable prices.

At a County Court continued and held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court house thereof, on the 4th day of March, 1891.

On the coming in of a petition signed by John W. Weiford and more than twenty other voters, of Edray district praying that a polling place be established at the store house of R. E. Overholt & Sons' at Buckeye in said district the said polling place is hereby established according to the prayer of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to have notice published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in accordance with Chapter 3, Section 5, of the Code of West Virginia.

A Copy Teste:
S. L. BROWN, Cl'k.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 26, 1891.

A FEW YEARS HENCE.

He was sitting before a great fire at the club, with eyes half closed, when a friend roused him.

"Dreaming, old man?" asked the friend.

"Half dreaming, half musing," was the reply as the young fellow stretched himself. "My grandfather has been telling of the hardships of early days, and I was wandering what I'd tell my grandchildren in that line."

"Couldn't think of much, could you?"

"Well, I don't know. Hardship is hardship only by comparison with luxury. The luxury of one age is the hardship of the next. Now I conjured up a picture of my grandchild sitting on my knee asking me for a story.

Several men had gathered around the armchair and one asked:

"Did you tell a story?"

"Oh yes," replied the dreamer. I rememer I told him that about 1890 I had a brother in New York. One day I received a dispatch that he was dying. I took the limited, and for twenty-six hours I was in an agony of doubt, fearful lest he should die before I arrived. I dilated a little on the terible susspense and then how my appetite seemed to have left me."

"And what did the boys say?" asked one of the party.

"The boy? O, he wouldn't believe it at first; wanted to know if it was possible that there was an accident that delayed me, and if there was, why it delayed me so long. He figured it out, too. He said:

"'Regular time from here to New York, two hours. O, they couldn't have delayed you twenty four hours, grandpa.'

"And when I told him that twenty-six hours was the regular time he looked sorry for me and said:

"'Poor grandpa. You must have had an awful hard time. And how slow you were in those days. Ate on the train, too! Dear me, I can go from here to San Francisco without getting hungry! Didn't the pneumatic tube work well?'

"And then?" was the query as the dreamer paused.

"Then I explained that the pneumatic tube route wasn't in operation at that time, and drew out a little more sympathy by telling him about an exorbitant gas bill that I had received and had to pay, because if I didn't the company would cut off the supply. O, but he was surprised!

"'Gas! he exclaimed, What did you want of gas?'

"I explained that we used to light our houses with gas, and the boy couldn't pity me enough. Said it must have been awful to have to depend on gas for light.

"But it was when I told him about going home one night when the electric light on Clark street went out that his heart kind of

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"But it was when I told him about going home one night when the electric light on Clark street

"'My boy,' I said,' we didn't have the comforts then that we have now, but those hardships are what made us the hardy race that we are.'"

Then the dreamer asked the crowd to leave him while he figured out another hard-luck tale for his grandson.

HE CARRIED IT.

Three or four of us had closed our umbrellas and gathered under a store awning at the lower end of Market street, Philadelphia, to wait for a grip car. Along came a colored man, carrying a faded and rent old umbrella, and we all noticed that he carried the shelter tipped forward at such an angle that his feet were protected at the expense of his back.

"Stop, sir!" shouted the man at my left, who had the look and bearing of a Judge.

"Yes, sah—what's wanted?" queried the colored man.

"I want to show you how to carry an umbrella. Your toes are dry, while your back is all wet. I don't believe that one person in fifty knows how to carry an umbrella so as to get the most protection out of it."

"It's an old one, sah."

"Yes; I see, but you don't grasp the handle right. Here—take mine."

"Yes, sah."

"Take the handle with your right hand, and carry it on a line with your right shoulder. There—that's better."

"Can't git along wid sich stiffness, sah."

"Yes, you can. Now walk up to the corner and back. Hold the handle on a line with your shoulder. That's it—go ahead."

The negro marched off at a steady pace, and while he was stepping off the gentleman turned to us with:

"It's a knack to shelter yourself under an umbrella, particularly if it rains hard, and the want of this knack provokes me when I see it."

We agreed with him, and the minutes passed by and a car came down.

"Why, where did the nigger go to?" asked the owner of the umbrella.

We looked up and down, but he had disappeared. The man ran up the street two squares, but there was no African carrying a fine silk umbrella with a gold handle—not as he could see. We started to rally him a bit as we went up on the car, but he checked us by saying:

"If any of you think I can't lick you in one round all you have to do is to step off the car! I won't detain you three minutes.

CONSIDERATE.

In a certain school the teacher always went to her pupils when they needed help, instead of having them come to her. This habit led one day to a rather amusing incident.

Little Tommy Page was being punished by "standing in the floor" while he got his spelling lesson. Finding a hard word he raised his hand, and the teacher at once came to his assistance. A moment later this was repeated, and soon his calls for the teacher became frequent.

But, by and by, Tommy's legs began to get tired and he longed for a seat. A little later he walked boldly up to the teacher's platform and calmly seated himself on its edge.

When asked by the surprised teacher what his strange conduct meant, he replied:

"Well, seems to me you're walking too much, and I thought I'd get nearer. I don't want you to get all tired out, same as I am."

little poker party—he had captured the entire "kitty"—in the Western addition about 2 a. m., the other night, when he observed that he was being followed by a couple of suspecious-looking characters who wore rubber shoes.

"Great Scott!" muttered Bigley, breaking into a cold prespiration.

"If they are footpads I'll be stood up and sandbagged, if they're policemen, and I run, I'll get shot sure."

But a successful poker player has loads of nerve, so Bigley struck an idea. He quietly made a pad of some letters in his pocket, slipped a pencil behind his ear and walked boldly up to the men.

"Can you gentlemen show me the house where the bank clerk suicided this evening?" he asked.

"Holy smoke!" said one of the highwaymen. Here we've been following a——journalist all this time."

And striking Bigley for a couple of cigarettes, the disgusted boodles pocketed their sand-bags and hurried off to lay for an assemblyman who had come down from Sacramento since the fire commissioners' bill passed, and was sure to be well fixed.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Swift was 59 when he published "Gulliver's Travels."

The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1520.

M. Eiffel, who built the tower, is seeking an election to the French senate.

When art is a day old it is a daub. When it is 200 years old it is a masterpiece.

The once mighty Indian population of the United States has dwindled to 244,075.

The population of London is greater than that of Norway and Sweden combined.

John Sturt Mill was 53 when his essay on "Liberty" was published, and 56 when he gave us that on "Unitarianism."

The difference between a man's mind being turned on politics and his mind being turned is not a very, very vast one.

Black slippers are worked with pink beads, lined with pink and have a fluted bow lined with the same rosy shade.

The French chouvinists rebel against the use of English word "yacht," and in deference to their feelings the word will probably be spelled "yaute."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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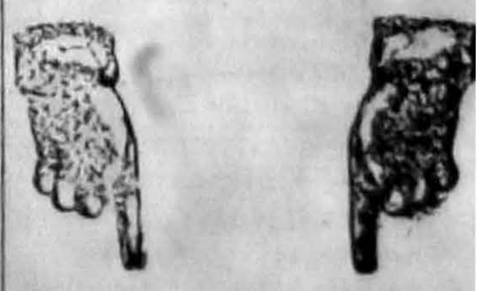

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, April 23, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 39.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. Moore. N. C. McNeil.

Moore & McNeil,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. REYNOLDS,

RESIDENT DENTIST.
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Has located at Edray. All calls promptly answered.

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HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

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Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

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IN THE NIGHT.

As I enter the shadowy portals of night,
To stray in her solitude vast,
Pale memory whispers a vanished delight
And summons a shade from the past.

Lo! my Marguerite plays: the sweet passion and skill
That we loved speak again in her art,
How the strains of her violin sound, at her will,
Like the chords of a human heart

It is only a dream, such as travelers say
Thirst gives in the lands of the sun;
And the sad, sweet face and the form pass away—
The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words,
If only one moment to stay;
But all that I hear is the twitter of birds
That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloudland of snow,
Are a lake, and a valley so fair,
And a sculptured stone, with its record of woe,
To tell she is sleeping there.

—W. Gow Gregor in Once a Week.

WAYLAID.

"Chip, you'd better start at once. Don't be on the road after dark with so much money about you."

The window was high from the ground, and the disreputable looking tramp who had entered the garden heard Mr. Stockwell's remark and came to a stop on the graveled walk.

Neither Mr. Stockwell nor his trusted clerk, Chip Ferris, saw him as he half crouched beneath the open window, from which place their tones were plainly audible.

Mr. Stockwell had the largest grocery in Lebanon, and Chip Ferris, though only 17 years old, was his right hand man.

He owned another grocery in Milldale, a thriving little village eight miles away, and Chip had just been directed by him to go over and collect the month's receipts from the man in charge.

"Tell Hanley I'll be in Milldale to see him just as soon as I can get out of the house," said Mr. Stockwell, who had been overcome by his old remedy, the rheumatism. "I've instructed him in the note to turn over the collections to you, and if any stock is needed he can let you know."

The man at the window did not wait to hear more, but went noiselessly to the gate, all thought of begging removed from his mind.

A companion, as ragged and vicious looking as himself, stood waiting for him some distance down the street.

"What kept you so long?" he growled. "Any luck?"

"I should say so," was the response.

"You didn't get any money, did you?"

"No, but we'll soon have plenty if we manage things right."

And he proceeded to confide what he had overheard, whereat the other worthy's eyes glistened.

"Well, that is luck, and no mistake," he said. "If he's only a boy it will be as easy as rolling off a log. There he comes now."

At that moment Chip Ferris was closing Mr. Stockwell's gate.

He walked down the street in the direction of the two men, giving them no more than a casual glance as he passed by, for tramps were no rarity in Lebanon.

"Those fellows are pretty rough looking customers," he thought. "It's a wonder the constable hasn't got them."

It was 3 o'clock then, and he went to the stable in the rear of the shop and harnessed the horse to a light vehicle.

The drive to Milldale was a pleasant one, and Chip enjoyed the prospect of it exceedingly.

About a mile from town, resting under a leafy tree by the roadside, were the two tramps he had seen some time before.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "There are those fellows again. I wonder what they're up to now."

He passed by in a cloud of dust, and, looking back, saw that an animated conversation had suddenly sprung up between the two.

Somehow Chip got it into his head that they were talking about him.

"They can't know about the money, of course," he said, uneasily. "Such men look evil enough to do anything."

When he reached Milldale he was disappointed to learn that Mr. Hanley had gone into the country to look at a colt that he thought of purchasing.

The money was locked up in the safe and he had the key with him, so that there was nothing for Chip to do but to wait for his return, which he did with a good deal of impatience.

It was nearly 6 o'clock and the sun was far down in the west when Mr. Hanley came back, and Chip lost no time in transacting with him the business on which he had come.

"Better stay with me to supper, Chip," said Mr. Hanley. "There'll be a moon at 8 to light you back."

"No, thank you," said Chip. "I don't want to be out late with this money. I'll just take some bread and cheese with

He bade Mr. Hanley good-by, and, giving his horse the reins, was soon going at a smart pace through Milldale, until the last of the straggling houses at its outskirts was left far behind.

The sun sank behind the distant blue hills and twilight came on.

"It won't be long now before it's dark," said Chip. "I hope I won't meet those tramps again. They'd stop me in a minute if they thought I had so much money about me."

As the light faded he grew more nervous, and, with an idea in his head, he reined in the horse to carry it out, first looking around to satisfy himself that no one was in sight.

In his pocket was a copy of the village paper, which he carefully tore into strips the size of bank notes.

He selected from the roll of notes Mr. Hanley had given him four of the least valuable and wrapped them around the strips, placing them in his pocketbook.

The money he hid in one of his shoes.

"Perhaps I'm over cautious," he told himself, with a smile. "Those men have likely enough taken another road, but if they should try to rob me this bogus roll may fool them."

He was half way home when he came to a large tract of woods, through which the road passed for some distance.

The thick foliage of the over arching trees shut out the light, and the road was so bad that Chip was obliged to let the horse walk.

There was an absurd story which had long been current of a headless horseman who appeared in these very woods, and Chip could not help recalling it with a shudder in spite of its utter improbability.

Suddenly the horse shied, and the startled boy caught sight of two dark figures lying in wait at the side of the road.

The horse gave a leap forward, but a hand seized the bridle and swerved the animal to one side, so that the vehicle was nearly overturned in the deep rut.

"No, you don't, youngster," a gruff voice said. "Just you give up that money you got at Milldale or it will go hard with you."

"How do you know I got any money?" asked Chip, with a fast beating heart, for he saw the gleam of a revolver that was in the man's hand.

"None of that," replied the ruffian angrily. "You just give it up, that's all. If you don't you'll never drive this wagon again."

Chip took his pocketbook out with trembling fingers, and the man greedily snatched it from him.

"You'll let me go now, won't you?" the boy pleaded.

"Not much," said the robber coolly. "Get out of that vehicle, and don't waste any time about it. Do you hear me?"

With shaking limbs Chip obeyed and submitted to a thorough search of his pockets, after which he was bound, with his arms behind him, to a tree.

"There, I fancy that'll do," said the man, with a chuckle. "Turn the vehicle round, Bill, and let's be off."

"Are you sure you've got all?" his companion asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "If we hadn't used up all the matches trying to get a light for our pipes I'd count what was in the pocketbook."

The two rogues jumped into the vehicle and drove off in the direction of Milldale, leaving Chip straining and tugging at the rope that bound him.

His fear that the robbers would return when they discovered the deception that had been practiced upon them made him almost frantic, but all his efforts to free himself were in vain.

Helpless and exhausted he awaited the outcome, turning pale at every noise that he heard in the woods.

He was as brave as any ordinary boy, but beads of perspiration were on his brow and his hair almost stood up on end when at length he heard the ominous sound of wheels drawing near.

"Good gracious!" he said in terror. "It's they; and they'll kill me."

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and then, as the vehicle passed by, there was a sudden transition from despair to hope.

"Stop!" cried Chip wildly. "Help, help!"

"Who is it?" a startled voice called back. "What are you doing there?"

"It's I—Chipman Ferris," said the boy. "Two men, who tried to rob me, have tied me to a tree."

He heard some one alight, and the next moment footsteps came crashing toward him.

Chip was overjoyed to recognize Mr. Bolton, a farmer well known to him.

"How did you come to get in such a fix, Chip?" he asked, as with a few cuts of his knife he released him from his uncomfortable position.

Chip explained to Mr. Bolton how he had been waylaid, and the farmer said indignantly:

"The villains! They must have taken the road to Milldale, for I didn't pass

Just as they were getting into the farmer's vehicle they heard the sound of angry voices from behind.

"Quick, Mr. Bolton!" cried Chip, excitedly. "They are armed, and they are coming back."

The farmer needed no urging, but gave his horse the whip.

As they flew on they still heard the desperate men venting their rage in angry threats, and they knew they were in hot pursuit.

They emerged into the open, and looking back in the light of the moon that had risen, Chip could see the men as they beat their jaded horse in their effort to overtake them.

The rascals shouted out for them to stop, and discharged their revolvers to intimidate them, but Mr. Bolton's horse was the fresher of the two, and they soon gave up the chase.

Chip was glad when he saw at length the lights of Lebanon shining out from ahead, and it was not long before everyone in the village knew of the attempted robbery.

The constable and several men at once started out to arrest the tramps and found the horse and vehicle abandoned by the roadside, the men having feared capture and taken to the woods.

But the telegraph is effective, and the very next day the robbers were arrested in another county and got the punishment they so richly deserved.—New York World.

He Didn't Purchase the Shoes.

It was nearly 6 o'clock one evening when a gentleman, apparently 60 years of age, entered one of our leading shoe stores. He wanted a pair of shoes, he said, and the clerk proceeded to supply his wants. The customer selected a pair of $3 shoes, and while the clerk, who was in a hurry to get home, was hastily doing them up the man hunted his pockets over and after much exertion pulled out thirty coupons in payment for the shoes. The clerk protested that the coupons were of no use, and the man insisted that they were. The clerk explained that the firm had published coupons in an evening paper with the announcement that they would deduct ten cents from each dollar purchased. The man had cut the coupons from thirty papers and saved them to secure a pair of shoes, and was deeply disgusted that he couldn't get them.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Charity in the Rockefeller Family.

John D. Rockefeller's method of disposing of charity is described by The Cleveland Plaindealer. It says that the great bulk of his mail is examined by his private secretary, and only the few appeals which impress the latter gentleman favorably are passed along to Mr. Rockefeller, who takes a stack of them to the breakfast table every morning and distributes them among his children. These members of his family are charged with the duty of opening the letters and consulting their contents. Then each child decides what shall be done with the application, and the decision is written on the envelope and the name signed for reference if need be.

After breakfast, Mr. Rockefeller gathers up the mail and personally inspects each application. He then weighs the case and then acts as his conscience dictates. This dictation is frequently contrary to the decision rendered by his child, but that doesn't end the matter; not at all. The father gathers his children about him and reviews the case, announcing his decisions, and when they conflict with those given by the children he explains the reason for the departure from the recommendation.

A Double Dog.

Tom Wyly, of Johnsonville, has a most remarkable freak of nature: it is a double female dog pup, about six months old. It has four well developed legs in the proper place. Aside from these there is another well developed leg protruding from near the root of the tail and has grown about half the distance to the ground, at which point two well developed feet began to form and have grown in perfect shape, and both feet now drag on the ground as she walks. She is in perfect health and is a well developed double female, each part of her organism performing in unison its separate functions.—Nashville American.

A Bargain in High Life.

Mr. Highup—You said that thing would not cost over $50.

Mrs. Highup—I gave exactly $50 for it; but then I paid the modiste $50 more for her promise to tell everybody that it cost a hundred.—New York Weekly.

The Old Woman and the Earthquake.

At Ischia they disinterred an old woman, unharmed. "God bless you!" she cried, as they helped her out. "But for pity's sake," she added impatiently, "dig a little deeper and save my"— "What! Is there any one else alive here?" they inquired astonishedly. "My hen!" continued

NATURE.

I know she loves me. Every day she fills
My soul with joy that only true love thrills;
So free, I cannot measure if I would
This love unspoken yet well understood.

'Tis never once the same, this tale of love,
For now 'tis written in the blue above;
And if the hand be hid, yet still I trace
The clearest limnings of her lovely face.

Or yet she breathes it in my raptured ear.
No sweeter romance can we mortals hear,
For when among the trees the south wind plays
Each little trembling leaf her love betrays.

Or now she drops, all loverlike, a flower,
As if to company some quiet hour;
Or yet the throat of some sweet singing bird
Repeats the tale, and all my soul is stirred.

So, like a courtier, everywhere I stray
She smiling meets me, as for holiday,
As if to draw me in her close embrace,
And, like a lover, woo me face to face.

Mary Woodward Weatherbee in Boston Transcript.

A Saved Man Cries for His Hat.

"Yes," said an old lake captain, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is merely a figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it true, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man. I would plunge in and rescue him just, let us say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he regains the least degree of strength, suddenly rise from his prostrate posture and stretch his arms toward his head, then, missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle), he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'Oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"But seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headlong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."—Detroit Free Press.

Who Originated the Upas Tree?

Perhaps the deftest artist in the department of fabrication was George Steevens, the Shakespearian commentator. Animated by an impish spirit of trickery, to which jealousy of rival antiquaries may have lent a spice of malice, he industriously devised cunning snares for their feet. He would, for example, disseminate fictitious illustrations of Shakespeare's text in order that Malone, who was his chief butt, might be entrapped into adopting them, and give him the gratification of correcting the blunder in his next edition. Under the pseudonyms of Collins and Amner he would insert paragraphs in the daily press purporting to be curious extracts from rare books, copies of which no one who wished to verify the passages ever succeeded in discovering.

Among these curiosities was the romantic story (that has found its way into Todd's "Life of Milton") of the poet having been seen asleep under a tree by a lady who became enamored of his beauty and placed in his hand some impassioned verses of Guarini, which, when he awoke, so fired his fancy that he made a journey to Italy in the hope of tracing her. Another was the story of the deadly upas tree of Java, which long obtained credit as one of the fairy tales of science.—Nineteenth Century.

Three Skulls.

There are three human crania in the Washington museum which were found in the gravel at Trenton, one several feet below the surface and the others near the surface. The skulls, which are of remarkable uniformity, are of small size and of oval shape, differing from all other skulls in the museum. In fact they are of a distinct type, and hence of the greatest importance. So far as they go they indicate that paleolithic man was exterminated, or has become lost by admixture with others during the many thousand years which have passed since he inhabited the Delaware valley.—Washington Letter.

Cream of tartar is the tartaric acid of grapes, and may be used in water with sugar as a substitute for grape juice. It is the substitution of mineral acid for those of fruits and vegetables that is so injurious to health: for instance, sulphuric acid in wine and vinegar for the natural fruit acid.

After fifty-nine years of labor Barthelemy Saint Hare has finished his translation of "Aristotle," a work in thirty-

Pocahontas Times.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

April 23, 1891.

Mr. Harrison is so afraid of Mr. Blaine that it would not be surprising if he telegraphed to Washington every morning to find out whether the boy Secretary of State had carried the White house off during the preceding night. Never mind, Benny, don't worry, your success or will be a good democrat and not a G. O. P.

Senator Morgan thinks it is not war but peace that Italy wants. It will be some time before she gets either from the United states. We are not in any condition to fight the Fifty-first Congress not only spent all the money there was in the Treasury but all that is expected to come in for a year or two. Perhaps if King Humbert knew this he would change his tactics.

Volumes have been written editorializing the administration for having the German embargo on American meats raised, but the unpleasant fact remains that the embargo is still in existence and that no American meats can to-day be sold in Germany. We do not pretend to say that the injustice to American meats will not eventually be righted by the German government, but it has not yet done it, therefore the eulogies of the administration are premature.

The newspapers seem a little off about the birth of a new nation being connected in the recent federation of the Australian colonies into one commonwealth. So far as can be seen the grip of England is just as strong upon the newly federated commonwealth as it was upon the several colonies, when each held independent relation with the mother country, and we know of no good reason for believing that the Australians wish it to be otherwise. We shall be glad when all countries become republics, but we think the Australian republic is a long way off.

Whither are we drifting? As if the acceptance of a free special train from the railroad magnates was not a sufficient insult to the great mass of the people, who believe that the President is entitled to the privilege of a plain every day American citizen, no more, no less, the front car of the special has been on which Mr. Harrison is making the political tour is embellished with big gold letters "The President's Special Train". Photographs of the royally equipped train should be distributed from one end of the country to the other, particularly among the people who have to work for a living and buy second class railroad tickets or walk, when they wish to go any where. The train upon which Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, took her recent tour would be to be compared, for splendorous, to that upon which Mr. Harrison is now traveling. Is it any wonder that the people clamor for a return to democratic simplicity, and every man pay his own way methinks?

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 17th.—Mr. Blaine has not been one of his old time cunning. He wishes to give the country the impression that he is running the Department of State entirely independent of Mr. Harrison, and to keep that up Along in January until after Mr. Harrison had gone on his grand vote hunting tour before he delivered a copy of the reply of this Government to the last dispatch of the Italian government to Marquis Imperiali, the Italian charge d'affaires in this city, for transmission to Rome, although, I have it on excellent authority, that reply had been entirely written, and approved by Mr. Harrison and the cabinet as long ago as last Saturday.

This reply is one of the longest and most elaborate documents ever sent by this Government to a foreign nation, and it informs the Italians in unmistakable language that the United States does not propose to interfere with the regularly constituted State Courts under any circumstances and that when it shall have been proven that any citizens of Italy were among the members of the "Mafia" lynched at New Orleans it is willing to take up the question of paying to his or their families a money indemnity. It is in short a thoroughly American letter. Mr. Blaine has many faults but lack of Americanism isn't one of them, thank heaven.

"Teddy" Roosevelt is the happiest man in Washington since he found out that his Civil Service Commission was to have added to the number of people over whom it tyrannizes about six hundred of employes of the Indian service, mostly is connected with the Indian schools. A non partisan service may be desirable, but it will never be accomplished as long as the agents and their employes—not under "Teddy's" supervision—are republican strikers, as they are now.

Another bogus reform is the alleged attempt of Secretary Tracy to clear the navy yards of the country politics. He has issued an order declaring the positions vacant after June 1, at the New York yard and after July 1, at the Norfolk yard of all foremen and master mechanics, and ordering an examining board of Naval officers to convene at these yards respectively May 11 and June 3, for the purpose of examining applicants for the vacancies. "Why", said a Naval officer, "this thing is a fraud on its face, and, in my opinion, is only gotten up to get rid of some men whose open discharge is not desirable. If there are incompetent foremen and master mechanics employed why not discharge them and, if it is the desire of the Secretary, have their places filled by competitive examination, but what sense is there in requiring men who have proven by years of successful work their competence to take part in competitive examinations in order to demonstrate their fitness for doing the work upon which they have been engaged, in some cases, for half a life time."

The workingmen are after Secretary Tracy with a sharp stick, because of what they claim to be a violation of the contract labor law by Commodore Folger of the Washington Navy Yard, in employing upon the recommendation of an English official, two foreigners as machinists, within a week after their arrival in this country. Secretary Foster will be asked to investigate the matter as soon as he comes back from New York, whither he has gone to brace up the Harrisons for tax.

The remains of the big hearted democratic veteran, Representative Spinola, who died here Tuesday morning, were taken to New York for interment Wednesday morning, accompanied by a Congressional committee and a delegation of New Yorkers. He will be missed in the House.

The true inwardness of the resignation of Senator Edmunds has leaked out. It is charged. There was a time when his word was law with his republican colleagues in the Senate, but at the last session his suggestions were not only ignored, but he was actually snubbed on several occasions by a majority of the republican Senators, and in such ways as to make it plain that his views over them was gone never to return. That was more than the old legislative tyrant could stand, so he resolved to go himself to escape further mortification.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election. May 19th, 1891. M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Couty Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—County Court met in special session Monday.

—Mr. Jno. Warwick, of Edray was in the city Tuesday.

—Now is a good time for working roads.

—Several wagons passed through this place this week for Millboro Depot.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic has been confined to his bed for 10 days with influenza.

—Mr. J. W. McAlpin, of Split Rock, passed through Huntersville, to day, on his way to Va.

—B. F. McElwee, of Dunmore, passed through town the first of the week, on his way to Ronceverte.

—Jas. W. Loury, Esq., of Brown's creek, was in town to day, and wants to come back, again, if possible, when it rains.

—WANTED, a few lbs. of nice, fresh butter at THE TIMES office. Will pay 20 cts per lb. for it if brought this week.

—Mr. Amos Barlow, merchant, of this place is in Northern cities, this week buying spring and summer goods.

—Geo. W. Wagner, Esq., proprietor of Hotel by Wagner left the first of the week for a two weeks trip to Pennsylvania.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson, Cl'k Cir. Ct., left the first of the week to spend a couple of weeks at his home at Green Bank.

—We understand the farmers of this County expect to put out large crops this year. This certainly is a move in the right direction, as grain is always saleable and at good prices.

—The foundation is being laid and the carpenter work commenced on the POCAHONTAS TIMES printing office, adjoining the Court House square and law office of Atty. McClintic.

—New and the latest improved presses have been added to THE TIMES job office, and we are prepared to furnish as neat and as cheap printing as can be bought elsewhere.

—Sheriff J. C. Arbogast and son Earl left Monday morning for the State penitentiary having in custody David Rader who was sentenced to one year at our last term of Court.

—Died, Mrs. Mary W. Sharp, at her home near Odessa, Mo., on the 15th inst. Mrs. Sharp, was formerly a few years ago, of Beaver creek, this County.

—Mr. Jno. Grogg has finished the bridge abutments across Knapp's creek near this place and the workmen will commence the bridge about May 1st.

—The city papers are all right if you want them, but it is the local paper that advertises your business, your schools, your churches, your numerous societies, sympathizes with you in your affliction and rejoice in your prosperity. In short, it is your local paper that mentions the thousand and one items in which you are interested during the year, and which you do not find in the city papers.

—We learn from our Edray correspondent that Dr. J. M. Cunningham is making a good start there as a physician. Also that Mr. J. F. Hull, who has been very ill is able to be out again, and is improving in general health. We hope he will continue to gain health until perfectly restored. Drs. McClintic and Cunningham have attended him faithfully.

—Should any of our subscribers fail to get their paper regularly they will please notify us by postal card, and as far as lies in our power we will cheerfully supply all missing numbers. Occasionly papers get lost in the mails, and without investigating the matter the subscriber jumps to the conclusion that his paper was with held by the publisher. Make your complaints direct to us and we will see that you get the paper regularly.

—If people could buy lots at anything like a reasonable price Huntersvile would inprove rapidly and a genuine boom would be upon us. We know of at least a half dozen families who would like to locate at once with us if they could get houses, or lots to build on. There are a few parties in our town, who own all the building property and wont sell it for three times the real worth of it. They seem to think our town will become a city some day, and they can become wealthy off of a few acres of real estate. How is a town to build up if you don't give it a start? Sell a few lots at something like a reasonable price and give the town a start, and your property will become valuable as the town grows.

Swago Siftings.

As Buckeye has some one to send you brevities, so Swago, must be emulous, and furnish some siftings.

This romantic stream retains its Indian name, and perhaps, means playful water. It rushes towards its home in the Greenbrier like a playful child to its mother.

The valley and its contiguous hills are occupied by a quiet and interesting people, bearing very worthy names, and much is to be expected of persons claiming such an ancestry.

Persons visiting Swago, have nothing but complimentory words for the people unles a buggy wheel comes off. Then prayers are ejaculated for the saving of the world and heavenly wrath invoded upon those having monkey wrenches.

The worthy and well known citizen Capt. Gratton Miller has not been well since the deep snow. His family are greatly bereaved by the recent decease of the dutiful son Hermit, his loss is irreparable to his aged parents, who have now five sons in their graves.

Solomon has said "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This person made a mistake, if some parents on Swago have done their full duty, as any one may see, who attends church.

If matters do not change, pious people like your correspondent, will be afraid to go to preaching for fear of being called before the grand jury to give evidence against friends and neighbors.

The penalties for such disturbances are very severe, and the present Judge seems determined to let the law take its full course in all cases come before his Court, hence it is a serious matter to be a witness these times.

The aged Mrs. Sadler, a pensioner as the widow of a soldier in the war of 1812, is quite infirm, at the home of her son William.

Yours truly,
CLARK TIDDYPOTS.

Mr. Harrison is getting a taste of Southern hospitality, but that does not indicate that he will get any Southern electoral votes next year, should he succeed in getting himself renominated.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. Andrew Price spent Sunday in our town. He was on his way to the depot after his mother. He was accompanied from this point by Miss Anette Ligon, who was leaving for Virginia to study stenography.

Mrs. Sallie Ligon and daughter Eva, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Lizzie McClintic.

Mr. E. I. Holt and wife left this morning—Mr. H. for Baltimore to buy his spring goods and Mrs. H. to visit at Hamlin W. Va. until his return.

Mr. Jas. Bright, of Lewisburg, and Willie Wade of this place, left last week for Harrisonburg with nine fine horses and two mules for sale for Mr. Wm. H. Overholt, of this place. Unfortunately one of them got water foundered at Huntersville and is now in a bad fix.

Mr. Wm. H. Overholt and son Clarence left this morning for Baltimore to buy goods.

A large wild cat has been visiting the grove on the east side of town and creating quite an excitement, the past few days.

Messrs. Mathews and Barnett, our candidates for County Supt. have been in town and vicinity the last few days electioneering.

Mrs. Phœbe Overholt, of Buckeye, spent last week in town visiting relatives.

Miss Minnie Shrader who has been attending the H. T. school returned to her home at Dilley's Mill, Monday.

Peach trees are in full bloom and apple trees in leaf. Spring has come again sure.

Stock of all kinds have been turned to pasture.

MAX.

Notice To Teachers

According to the decision of the State Supt. all applicants for first grade certificates will have to pass an examination in book keeping and civil government this year, and applicants for a second grade will have to pass an examination in civil government and applicants for third grade will not have to pass on either.

Will let the teachers know other changes soon as I receive them.

M. G. MATHEWS Co. Supt.

ROADS.

Public attention is invited to the action of the grand jury at the April term, 1891, of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in regard to violation of the law, in placing or allowing to be placed, on, in, or near any public road, any obstruction or nuisance, in the shape of wood pile, plank or rail pile, pig pens, hog troughs or anything else calculated to frighten horses, or impede public travel.

The attention of the jury was called to a number of cases of tresspass on public rights and would have made a number of indictments in this direction, as well as for placing fences, inside of 25 ft. from center of road, had it not after careful inquiry concluded that it would be the better way to give public notice that these things must abate, and the tresspassers have time to comply with an enforced statute, before action be taken in this direction. Subsequent grand juries will inquire diligently into this matter hereafter.

This is written at the request of the jury by

A MEMBER THEREOF.

Canadian recprocity is not even to be talked about by the administration until McKinley has had an opportunity to bamboozle the Ohio farmers by telling them of what they owe him for the clauses in his tariff act shutting out Canadian agricultural products. It remains to be seen whether the Ohio farmers will swallow this "taffy" to the extent of voting for McKinley for governor. We don't believe they will.

Hints To Correspondents.

Write on only one side of the paper.

Do not refer to people by their initials.

Be brief; do not abbreviate any words.

Avoid personal items as far as possible.

Write legible, especially all proper names.

Get the news, the whole news and nothing but the news.

Do not write an item that will be under stood by only a few of our readers.

Always sign your name, not necessarily for publication, but for the protection of the public.

Subscription Laws

Dr. Tuckerman, editor of The Workman, Cleveland, has taken some paines to collect and compile the decisions of the United States court on this subject, and gives to the Washington Post, as the result of his investigations, the following:

First—Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to renew their subscriptions.

Second—If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all the arrearages are paid.

Third—If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the post office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and order them discontinued.

Fourth—If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

Fifth—The courts have decided that refusing to take pesiodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Sixth—If subscribers paid in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of the time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until express notice, with payment of all arrearages, is sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid and then order it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused," and have a postal card sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine the same as for theft.

Should Italy and the United States go to war it would be a sort of eagle and monkey affair

There will be a corner in hay-seed if the Farmers Alliance continues to grow.

It pays to be a humbug, P. T. Barnum left an estate worth more than $5,000,000.

Will Senator Sherman's new barn be large enough to store the fall crop of Ohio Farmer's Alliance votes?

Ex-senator Ingalls may cover himself with hay-seed and talk about the crops, but it takes more than that to make a farmer.

Representative Belden, of New York, who was chairman of the republican Congressional Committee last year, aptly but in legantly expressed the present condition of the republican party when he said: "We republicans are all pretty well in the dump heap now".

There's a heap of work for the political fool killer this year, and he can't return from his long vacation too soon.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMS, LOOKING GLASSES AND THE FINEST TRIMMED

in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,

AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER.

Dunmore, W. Va

A. R. SMITH,
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UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at Rasonable prices.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARQUIS.

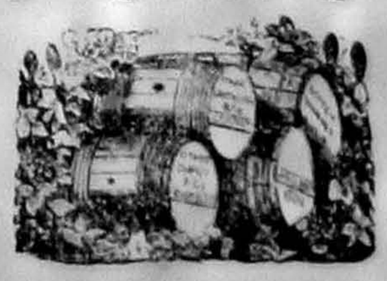
Monumental Architect

Staunton, Va.

G. C. COOPER, Agent,
Green Bank, W. Va.

Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest pices.

Are you Dry?



If so you can quench your thirst at M. O'Farrell's on old Kentuckey bourbon.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR and STRENGTH Per LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write Them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed sealed free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

April 23, 1891.

UNCONQUERED.

High o'er the city's roofs a storm blown gull,
Driven landward from the sea,
Battles against the winds without a lull,
Yet inland farther, ever back
Helpless is tossed with flying rack;
But, messenger of constancy to me,
I joy to see him facing ocean still,
As beaten souls through storm and night
May changeless face the hidden light
By heaven sent power and strength of steadfast will.

—M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jr., in Youth's Companion.

CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round here continual, for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in; no use talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wuss."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will, and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty, brown haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was better, far better for her, for even after her going there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll hev to, too; ef you don't there be awful fusses, so you'd jes better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left the kitchen she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing as she began softly, "There is some one in Fode I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here to"—"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott grimly as he stepped quietly into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard lined mouth. Seating himself on off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table, and, turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to 'em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak. "I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city fellers a follerin' you; an' ef I ketch yer aunt Kate makin' matches fur you I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady down there an' set you workin'."

Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain drawn lips, murmuring, "Never mind, mother dear, I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin' wuss and wuss."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman: "My Dear Niece—Your father needs managing, and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens."

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding, however, he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl could be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met she trusted to his unequaled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed drawing room the night of the arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin'. She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and"——

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a sneer.

"There is a young man in town who I know admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement.

The old man was interested. "Rich?" he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on.

"Of course it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and"——

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "ef I like that young man I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme, and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match making. "There's Jennie," he will say. "She'd hev picked up with some empty noddled city chap if I hadn't just took her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind, an' they'll git along."

They would not deceive him for anything—the happy young couple; but when he boasts they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.—Frances Burton Claire in Drake's Magazine.

Horses That Like Human Flesh.

There appeared in the papers some time ago a story of a horse which, standing in a Toronto street, mistook for new mown hay the blonde hair of a young lady on the sidewalk, seized it in its watering mouth and was rewarded by a blow between the eyes which could have been possible only in the days of roomy garments. One of the beauties of that story was that it was rigidly true, although the name of the horse's owner was withheld. But since then either the same animal or a full brother by the same sire and out of the same dam has been making a name for himself as a luncher off melton coat sleeves, sealskin caps, bearskin boas and tweed capotes.

He is a pretty little roan beast, owned by Larry Cosgrave, and a very snapping turtle in harness. He stood hitched to a little cutter in front of the Bank of Commerce and had five minutes of solid enjoyment, during which time he nearly pulled the arm out of an advertising agent. The arm looks as if it had been vaccinated. But Larry Cosgrave's horse is not the only one in the city that has fallen into evil ways. It is a common thing to see these ferocious animals sprawled half way across the sidewalk, seeking whom they may devour.—Toronto News.

Effect of Plenty of Air.

A marked improvement is at once noticeable in those who, having previously existed in small, air tight rooms, timely avail themselves of an abundance of nature's most generous gift. Pure air will not only prevent disease, but effectually overcome feelings of languor and faintness. It will brighten the intellect, and make new creatures of the old wrecks, who by their very presence will exalt, ennoble and glorify the general conditions of mankind.—Hall's Journal.

A Matter of Charity.

Teacher—Why does Great Britain support royalty?

Pupil—Because royalty cannot support itself.—Epoch.

Cutting.

Ethel—Why, are you so foolish as to be afraid of the dark? I am not in the least.

Mabel—You forget that the dark is not so kind to me as to you.—West Shore.

A Plea for Indifference.

A little indifference to one's self, to one's food, one's personal appearance, clothes, and even one's mental and moral condition, is a wonderful aid in life. When I refer to indifference to one's moral condition I do not, of course, wish to be an advocate of license; but I do protest that it is well, having done one's duty to the best of one's ability, to await the issue with tranquility.—All the Year Round.

The Earliest Lens.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke.—St. Louis Republic.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to supply a lady or gentleman of good character, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, from home, the business of representing and introducing to the trade my specialties. Salary $3000 a year and expenses, paid each week, when the business is established, which we can prove will be within a short time, if the agent is industrious and honest, a profitable one. Address, with stamp, MANUFACTURER, Box 820, Augusta, Maine.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakens "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for* **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bot'le). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING AT "7-17-70" PHOTOGRAVURE PANEL SIZE. Mailed for 4 cts. (coppers or stamps). J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS MO.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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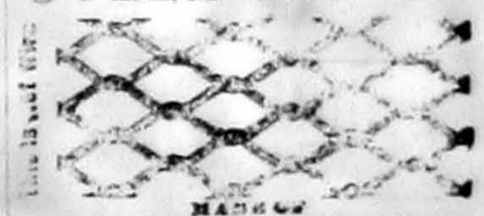

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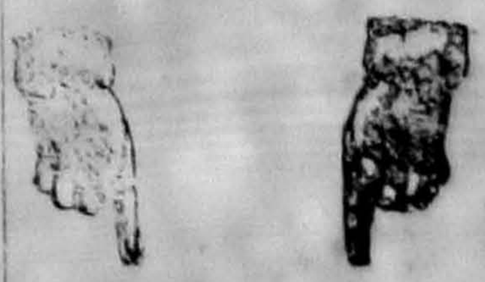

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HOW I SAID YES.

My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism called me "Olive," and they lived to be heartily ashamed of themselves for it, for never was there a child with a more mistaken name. A belligerent state was my normal condition. I do not remember my nurses, but I have grace enough to pity them. The mildest of my teachers considered me "unruly," and you can ask Geoffrey what he thought of me a year ago. Now it is different. I have found my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him, and three times I had said "No" in the most decided manner. But that never made the least difference to him. He only laughed, and said I would know my own mind better next time.

"I suppose," I said, "you mean to ask me once a quarter?"

"Is that enough?"

"Too often, a great deal, sir."

"Well, then, we will say once in six months, Miss Olive."

And then he walked smilingly away, and began some nonsensical talk with father about Dr. Koch and his bewildering theories.

The last asking was just at the beginning of warm weather, and father, who thought Geoffrey's opinion infallible, asked him where he would advise us to go for the summer.

I had made up my mind to go to Long Branch, and I said so very distinctly, but Geoffrey proposed some out of the way place in the Virginia mountains. Then he painted it in such glowing colors that nothing would satisfy father but a personal investigation. It was all Geoffrey's doing, and I told him so at the railway station.

"It is your doing, sir," I said, "and I shall remember you for it."

"Thanks, Olive," he replied; "there is nothing I fear but forgetfulness."

I wanted to speak unmistakably to him, but the train moved, and I felt that it would be only waste of material.

At the end of the second day we got to our destination. It was a pretty place, I must acknowledge that. Nature had done all she could for it, but art and civilization had passed it by. The men were simply "frigids," and the women were—well, none too good for the men. The houses were log cabins, through which daylight peeped and the wind blew as it listed. But there was of course a big white hotel—there always is. I have no doubt if we had gone to Stanley falls or Guthrie we should have found a hotel and a proprietor—the institution is ubiquitary. We procured rooms, and my trunks were with some difficulty got up the hill and the flight of wooden steps into the hall.

"I suppose," I said, with a resigned look at father, "there is no use in taking them upstairs. I can have no use for my dresses here."

"As you like, Olive," he replied, in one of his meek and mild ways, "as you like, dear; that gray thing you have on looks pretty well, and it does not show the dirt."

After this remark of course I had every trunk, bonnet box and sachel taken upstairs; and the noise and confusion, and even the occasional bad word their size and weight called forth, were quite grateful to me.

"It is not my fault," I explained. "If people will build stairs like corkscrews I am not responsible."

In this amiable mood we took possession, and I think, if Geoffrey had known what I was thinking about it, as I did up my hair and put on my white evening dress, he would have lost a trifle of his self complacency—that is, if men ever do make a loss of that kind. The first thing that pleased me was the supper. It really was good, particularly the berries and cream, which are a specialty with me.

"But, sir," I inquired, "are there any Christians here besides ourselves?"

"It is to be hoped so, Olive. I saw a little church in the valley."

"Pshaw, father! I did not mean church Christians, I mean society Christians."

"Ah, they are different, are they? Well, what do you think of Augusta Pennington for a Christian?"

"Augusta Pennington! Is she here?" I asked, amazed.

"No, she is not, but her brother lives within two miles, and he has a daughter about the same age as yourself. Mrs. Pennington wrote them we should be here today; they will doubtless call in the morning."

Well, I did not care if they did. The dresses in my trunks were sufficient to inspire any woman with comfortable assurance. The next morning I made a beautiful toilet, but neither Mr. nor Miss Lacelles called. Just after supper I heard a little stir and bustle on the stairs, a rippling laugh, the rustle of silken robes, and, leaning on her father's a fair white lily.

We soon struck up a friendship—a girl's friendship, I mean. Some one has said that there is no friendship between the sexes, and some one is mistaken, I think, for the world holds no safer friend for a woman than an honorable man. A woman's friendship is very likely to be the result of convenience, contiguity, or of being, as my father rather sneeringly remarked, "the only Christian within hail of each other." Mary showed me all her dresses and told me her secrets, and I returned the compliment, mindful of Burns' advice to still "keep something to mysel' I wadna tell to ony."

Life settled down into an unexciting but endurable routine. Mary and I visited each other and arranged our next winter's campaign, for I had invited her to pass the cold weather with me in New York. One day, in the middle of one of these pleasant chats, a servant came in and handed me a card. The name on it roused at once all the antagonism in my nature. It was:

GEOFFREY GARDNER.

Now, it so happened that the existence of this gentleman was the one thing I had kept back in my confidences with Mary. So I had now to explain who and what he was. I wanted her to come into the parlor with me; but no, she would go home first and dress; but she promised to be back to tea.

I disliked Geoffrey, yet I was glad to see him. My mental faculties were rusting for want of attrition. Father would not quarrel with me, and Mary was my only face card. I could not throw her away. Besides, I liked to see his great, handsome figure in the room. He was so full of life that he seemed to vitalize even the chairs and stools; they tumbled about and got out of the way in the strangest manner. I told him about Mary Lacelles, and warned him that he would lose his heart. He gravely told me he had none to lose.

Imagine six feet two inches of manhood without a heart!

We waited tea for Mary, but she did not come till quite dark, and we had begun tea. She said she had been detained by company, but I knew better than that. She was dressed with reference to candle light effect, and would not lose its influence on her first appearance. I never saw her look so lovely. Her rose colored dress, with its broad shimmering bands of white silk, wonderfully enhanced her charms. Geoffrey looked delighted, and she gave him the full benefit of both her upward and downward glances.

When tea was over I left the room a few minutes, and when I came back found Geoffrey and Mary sitting opposite each other, with the chessboard between them as an excuse for flirtation. The move had been so rapid that I was astonished, and a little angry, too; and father did not improve matters by whispering as I passed his chair:

"Checkmated, Olive!"

It was not a pleasant evening to me, and it was the beginning of many unpleasant ones.

"How it came let doctors tell," but I began to like Geoffery just as soon as he began to like Mary. I called up pride to the rescue, but it did not help me much, and I suffered a good deal in watching Geoffrey's attentions to Mary and listening to her prattle about him. I thought her supremely silly, and I told her so. She was astonished at my petulance, but I don't think the suspected the truth. Only father did that, and he looked so "Serve you right, miss," that I longed for him to be a woman for an hour or so, that I might talk back to him.

One day, after Geoffrey had been a month with us, a riding party was proposed to the top of the mountain. Father and I, Geoffrey and Mary—that would be the order, of course, and I was prepared for that: but there is a last straw in every burden, and my last straw was this incident: They were mounted and waiting for me, when Mary dropped her glove. From my window I saw Geoffrey pick it up, put it on the hand laid so confidingly in his, and then kiss it. After that I was not going to ride for king nor kaiser. I sent a positive refusal to all entreaties, and as soon as they were out of sight indulged in a good, refreshing cry. I cried myself to sleep, and woke about dusk with a new born purpose in my heart which comforted me wonderfully, the keynote of which was, "She stoops to conquer." Yet I did not dress again. I knew they were to take tea at Mr. Lacelles', so I threw my dressing gown around me, and taking a novel in my hand, I ordered a cup of strong tea and went into the sitting room. As I walked in at one door, Geoffrey walked in at the other.

"Time to take you to Mr. Lacelles', Olive," he said.

"How do you propose doing it, sir? For unless you bind me hand and foot, I cannot go."

"I could carry you myself."

"Could you. I don't think you would enjoy the journey."

"Will you dare me to do it?"

"Not to-night. I should like to insure my life first."

"Olive, you have been crying."

"I have not, sir," indignantly. "And if I have, what is that to you?" reproachfully.

"A great deal. Oh Olive, you teasing, provoking, bewitching little mortal! How often must I tell you I love you? How often must I ask you to marry me?"

"It is not six months since the last time, Geoffrey."

"I don't care; it seems like six years. And, oh, Olive, you know that you love me."

"I do not."

"You have loved me ever since you were 8 years old."

"I have not."

"Now you must take me forever or leave me forever to-night. I have asked you three times before."

"Four times, sir."

"Well, four times, then. Odd numbers are lucky; here is the fifth time. You know what I want, Olive—your promise to be mine. Is it to be? Now or never!"

I suppose every one has a good angel. Mine must have been at its post just then, for a strange feeling of humility and gentleness came over me. I glanced up at the handsome face all aglow with love's divine light; at the eyes full of gracious entreaty; at the arms half stretched out to embrace me. Yet pride struggled hard with love. I stood up silent and trembling, quite unable to acknowledge myself vanquished until I saw him turn away grieved and sorrowful. Then I said:

"Geoffrey, come back; it is now."

"That is the way I said "Yes," and I have never been sorry for it. If I live to be as old as Methuselah I shall never be a meek woman; but still I suit Geoffrey, and I take more kindly to his authority than I ever did to paternal rule. Father laughs with sly triumph at Geoffrey's victory, and he sent me as a wedding present a handsome copy of "The Taming of the Shrew."—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

THE BLACK RIBBON.

The gentlemen of Cove house sat upon the piazza, smoking and looking at the scene as it tumbled in, when the evening coach, laden with piled up baggage and passengers, came rattling down the turnpike and made the sweep which led up to the hotel. This in itself was matter enough for attention, but when, in the wake of the yellow old coach, just beyond its clouds of dust, a glittering little pony carriage rolled swiftly on, a dozen pair of lazy eyes grew interested and expectant.

The coach drew up with a scientific flourish, and the sweating horses stood panting with the tug through the heavy sand, while the driver leaped down, and with much tumbling and crashing of trunks the old stage was unladened. Meanwhile the pony carriage, holding two girls, rolled smoothly up to a side door, and three waiters were instantly in attendance upon them.

The ladies alighted, and the two disappeared at the private door of the Cove house.

"Who are they?" asked Paul Hanover, withdrawing his cigar from his mouth and turning his handsome blue eyes on the friend at his elbow.

Fane King, who was looking thoughtfully out at sea, replied quietly that he did not know.

"It's Miss Payson, of New York," said Will McKenzie, who knew everybody. "At any rate, that's her turnout."

"Which one?"

"The blonde, I suppose. I never met her, but she was at Newport with my sister last season. Nice, ain't she?"

"Who is the other one?"

"I don't know. Poor cousin, I presume."

Hanover and King relapse to their cigars; but everybody was thinking more or less of Miss Payson.

The ladies appeared at supper. There were only five of their party—the old gentleman, the two young ladies and an invalid child of 10 with her nurse. It was soon remarked that they appeared sufficient for themselves, and neither sought nor received acquaintances. The face of the blonde girl was as pure without the jockey hat as with it, but the profile of her companion only was to be seen. A broad black ribbon bound around the chin and nearly concealing a wealth of rich brown hair revealed only the side view of a set of regular features and one smooth, fresh cheek.

"What can be the matter?" questioned the ladies each of the other.

So, without the least possible information on the subject, Alice Payson was other one.

I cannot say that either appeared much affected by the regard of those around them. Certainly they spoke to no one for at least three weeks. People became discouraged about making their acquaintance, and few more attempts were tried.

But things inevitably changed. One evening when all Cove house was in the surf a scream arose. The scream was followed by a frantic cry:

"Alice! Oh, Alice! She is drowning! Save her! save her! save her!"

"Who can swim?" was the cry.

Long before it was answered Fane King was seen striking out boldly for the spot.

But he had some forty rods to swim, and it was probable that Alice Payson had sunk for the second time while the strong tide swelled against the rocks.

"Swim, man, swim!" shouted the old uncle upon the beach.

"Save her, oh, for God's sake!" cried Maud, wringing her hands.

But within a few strokes of Fane King's outstretched arms Alice disappeared.

There was already death upon her closed eyes and pallid forehead. He thought it was a corpse he clasped as he dropped beneath the surface and caught her sinking figure.

It was with difficulty he arose to the surface. Thrice the great billows rolled over his head before he appeared. He could only hold himself and his burden off the cruel rocks. Already his arm was lacerated with their sharp teeth.

They had put out a boat, and it at last came to his relief. As they lifted the senseless girl into the wherry they saw that the black ribbon had been torn from her face, and a large, dull red, discolored mark appeared. It showed more plainly in the otherwise deadly pallor of her sweet face, for sweet it was, and pure as a child's. They covered face and figure reverently, thinking her quite dead, and rowed back while Fane found his way up the rocks to have his hand wrung speechlessly by the agonized old man.

"I don't think she is dead, Mr. Payson," said Fane, remembering with a thrill the silken hair which had washed against his lips. "She cannot be dead!"

She was not dead. In three days she appeared among them again, fairer, gentler, sweeter than ever, and frankly grateful for the interest everybody betrayed in her. And then it came out that there had been a mistake. It was Alice who was the heiress and Maud the poor cousin, though as beautiful, as radiant and perfect as a Hebe.

Miss Alice Payson, with the black ribbon replaced, tried to thank Fane King on the first day of her reappearance, but her brown eyes filled and she only said:

"You are young; life is sweet to you; it was noble in you to risk yours for me, Mr. King."

Fane's heart swelled so that he hardly knew what was the matter with him. But, somehow, the friendly clasp of Alice Payson's light hand and the gaze of her sweet eyes affected him as no hand or eyes had ever affected him before.

The ice once broken, a bevy of gentlemen strove for the attention of the cousins. Paul Hanover was foremost.

He was very handsome, fair, brilliant, graceful. He was not poor either. Fane remembered that bitterly as he saw him strolling with Alice on the beach or driving for her the little pony carriage. His own peace and comfort seemed suddenly gone. Miss Payson's gentle friendliness only made him worse.

He was startled one day as if shot by Hanover remarking:

"If you're not altogether gone with the blues, Fane, I'd like you to congratulate a fellow."

"Have you won your bet on the trotting match?"

"Pshaw! hang trotting matches! Don't be stupid, Fane. Haven't I been riding with Miss Payson?"

"Well?"

"Well it is," pirouetting around the room and snapping his fingers like castanets. "I'm the fond betrothed of a lovely girl, after the latest novel. Now, what have you to say, my respectable, moping friend?"

Fane tried hard to command himself and not betray his secret.

"Alice Payson is too good for you, Paul," he answered, with an attempt at being sage and composed, in which he succeeded but tolerably.

"I dare say, but is she? Isn't her, Fane."

"'Taint her?"—looking electrified.

"Certainly not. The money's very well, but that defect of hers—it's a delicate subject, but I really couldn't marry a girl with a disfigurement like that."

"You mean that you are engaged to Maud?" asked Fane, hardly believing his ears.

"Exactly."

"Why, I congratulate you, with all

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
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Huntersville, W. Va.

April 30, 1891.

In a Nutshell.

Here is the tariff question in a nut shell. The New York Sun a high protectionist newspaper, says: One of the benefits of the protective tariff is that it enables millions of men whose sole stock of goods is their days labor to sell that stock at an advanced price.

This is the protectionist's claim. Suppose it to be well founded in regard to manufacturing goods what is the result? The laborers who sell their labor consume most of what they manufacture and pay a larger price for the products of their own labor than they would pay if prices were not artificially advanced. At the same time they make it impossible for what they produce to be sold in other countries and thereby greatly limit the possible production of manufactured goods in this country. It is asserted by the advocates of lower tariff rates that the labores would be benefitted and the prosperity and groth of the country enhanced by abandoning the attempt to maintain the prices of all exportable goods at a higher rate than they are sold for in the markets of the world.

But it appears that a prohibitory tariff does not really maintain the higher wages that the tariff protectionists claim for it. The united silk workers of North America have held during the present week their quarterly convention in Paterson, N. J., and here are the resolutions which they adopted:

WHEREAS, The silk industry of the United States, despite the high protective tariff, is at present in a most deplorable condition, wages being so low that skilled operatives are seeking other occupations and in view of the fact that since 1889 the wages of ribbon weavers have been reduced 58 per cent, be it

Resolved, That the representatives of the United Silk workers of North America, now in session appeal to the friends of American labor not to purchase silk fabrics of foreign manufactures which are actually inferior to those made here and be it further

Resolved, That in our opinion neither protection nor free trade benefits the workingmen, and we therefore call upon all silk workers who are unorganized to band themselves together in the national body. And it is our further opinion that the only protection workingmen will ever receive will be that they give themselves.

In as much as the experiment of free trade has never been tried in this country and no one proposes at present to try it the expression of opinion concerning its benefits to workingmen need not be considered. But there is an oportunity here for the New York Sun and all the high protectionist newspapers to explain on what grounds they

weolen clothing they wear and a multitude of other things which they have to buy? We are glad they are studdying the tariff question. —National Democrat.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 24th—The news of the snubbing given Mr. Harrison by the National Republican League convention at Cincinati caused no surprise here, where every one who is at all posted on political matters knows the contempt felt for the present occupant of the White House by the leaders of the republican party, chief of whom is Mr. Blaine, who in now believed to have intentionally deceived Mr. Harrison when he promised him that he would not oppose his nomination. It is now conceded that Blane may have or dictate the republican nomination next year, and if he allows Mr. Harrison to be nominated it will be simply because he will have become convinced of the impossibility of electing a republican

A gentleman who is a warm personal friend of Mr. Harrison tells me that he is not the dupe of Mr. Blaine to the extent imagined by that gentleman and his friends, and that if after a careful observation of the political field he does not think he can be re-elected he will refuse to allow his name to go before the next republican convention. That may be Mr. Harrison's intention, but it would be impossible for a man with his overwhelming egotism to believe that he could possible be defeated. So that it may be put down as certain that he will gladly take the nomination, if Blane will let him have it. That's where the uncertainty comes in. Will Blaine let him have it?

The effect of the legislation of the billion dollar congress is beginning to be felt at the Treasury department, and already Secratary Foster has began to scheme as to how h can get the $39,000,000 that must be paid on the 1st of July for pensioners. He has decided to utilize the $18,000,000 in silver half dollars now in the Treasury by dispositing it in the National banks, thus making them available for the Government's current expenses.

Another item, aside from the Congressional appropriations becoming payable after July 1, that is taxing Mr. Foster's ingenuity to provide for is the $50,000,000 of 4½ per cent bonds that will mature in September. Although it has for some weeks been given out that all of these bonds would be taken up at or before maturity. I have it on good authority that it is the present intention of Mr. Foster to allow these in the hands of the National banks to remain outstanding at a reduced rate of interest, if the banks will consent to it. Whether he can legally do this without the passage of a special funding out of Congress is a debatable question.

Nobody has ever had much confidence in the honesty of Secratary Tracy's alleged reform in the employment of the foreman and master mechanics of the navy yard of the country, and now that it has been endorsed by Senator Chadler there isnt an atom of confidence left in it.

If Jerry Simpson isn't careful somebody will charge him with being in the pay of the Washington agents lobby. He made a speech here this week in favor of the Government's paying the Union soldiers or their heirs the difference between the value of the greenbacks paid them during the war and of gold. He says it will only take $3,000,000 to do it. Only!

It has leaked out through the State department that the administ

for a coaling station on the island for the United States. It fears, however, to dismiss him now lest it may effect the negro votes in next years convention.

The remnants of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment, of which Lieut. Gov. Jones of New York was commander when it was attacked by the mob in the streets of Baltimore in April 1861, visited Wanhington this week and was royally entertained. They left for home this morning.

The Senate Finance committee has designated as a sub-committee to investigate the working of the McKinley tariff law, under the resolution adopted by the Senate at the last session. Senators Allison, Aldrich, Hitchcock, Carlisle and Harris. The sub-committee begins work next week, and it is already apparent that an attempt is to be made to make republican camaign thunder, but the two wide awake democrats—Messrs. Carlisle and Harris—will see that their end is held up.

Thomas Garfield the only brother of the late President, who has lived on a farm in Jamestown township, Ottawa county, Mich., for the last twenty five years, is slowly dying. He is 68 years old and all his life has been a hard-working farmer.

The Pennsylvania World's Fair Bill provides an appropriation of $300,000, and makes the Governor and Lieutenant Governor ex officio members of the commission.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

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BY a timely use of **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

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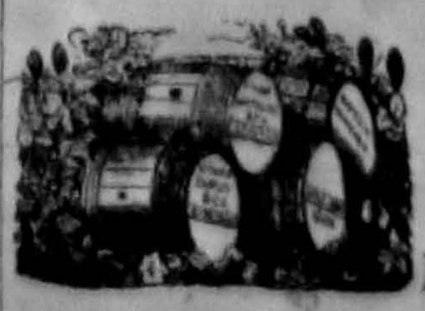

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.

M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Couty Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Drummers are plentiful.

—Mr. R. V. Hill, of Academy, was in town to day.

—Jas. Stretch Esq., has moved with his family in the Hogsett house at this place.

—C. B. Swecker sells the best big plows made. They are manufactured at Ronceverte.

—Mess. R. C. Blair, of Mowcow, Va., and J. C. Baxter, of Mt. Solon, were in town Monday.

—Large droves of cattle are daily passing through town for the Elk pastures.

—Mr. M. G. Mathews our genial Co. Supt., was in the city to day and made us a paying call.

—Rev. I. G. Michael, will preach at Edray, next Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

—Mr. Henry Grose, is going to build a new house this summer. As is also Beckly McComb, Esq.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, has been at Clifton Forge for several days past.

—We are sorry to note that Attorney L. M. McClintic isn't able to be out yet.

—William Muscoe, alias William F. Jourdan who murdered police man Seal in Charlottsville Va. a couple of years ago was hanged in that place Tuesday 21st inst.

—A competitive examination for an appointment of a cadet at West Point will be held at Charleston, May 15th. We understand one or more young gentlemen of this county have applied for the appointment.

—Mr. Amos Barlow returned last week from Baltimore and New York where he had been buying his spring and summer goods. He is now on the sick list.

—The price of THE TIMES has not increased on account of the McKinley bill, but we wish to correct the misapprehension of sum of our subscribers who appear to think it was placed on the free list.

—About a dozen wagons from near this place hauling for Mr. Amos Barlow, and from Edray, hauling for Barlow and Moore passed through this place this week for Millboro Depot.

—George Ervine Esq., the cedar oil man has quit the vendition of his oil and gone to plowing, and we understand he says he will plow 3 acres or die in the furrow.

—We have it from good authority that the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern and the C. & O. railway companies met in Baltimore last week and came to the determination following: That the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern Company build their road up William's river and across to Marlinton, 6 miles west of this place and the C. & O. Company build their road to the State line 7 miles east of here, and then the two Companies are to unite and build the 13 mile between, by way of this place. We understand that the former Company are surveying up Wil Lam's river now, and the latter have been surveying and locating their road to the state line for several [illegible]

—Some of our farmers are planting corn.

—A move is being made to build a Southern Methodist parsonage at this place. A parsonage has been needed for a long time and we hope to see it up before long.

—Extensive forest fires have been raging around the town for several days, endangering the fences of many of our surburban residents.

—The Governor has appointed Att'y C. F. Moore, of this place, agent to represent this State in all matters partaining to the Southern Inter States Exposition to be held at Raleigh, N. C., October first to December first 1891.

News From Dunmore.

What has become of Tom Sawyer and his railroad?

Garden making and corn planting seems to be all the go.

We had two big frosts this week, and fear the fruit is killed.

Rumor says there will be about three wedings this summer, here.

Some improvements going on.

Robt EcGlaughlin has built himself a splendid barn.

Rev. Lautenschlager will preach at Dunmore, Sunday night, May 10th.

Mr. B. F. McElwee and wife and W. H. Cackley and wife are visiting at Ronceverte.

Miss Kittie Lakin has returned home.

The Misses Ligo, of Clover Lick, spent Sunday at Dunmore.

Lee Nottingham has moved his stock of goods to the Swecker store house.

Several wagon's are off for Staunton this week.

Your correspondent last week struck the nail on the head in regard to obstructing public roads.

Overseers of roads should have all hands out now with plows and scrapers, putting them in good order.

Auctioneer Swecker is going to attend the Circuit Court at Beverly.

The Sunday schools at Dunmore and Cross Roads are in a flourishing condition.

Singing at Cross Roads, Sunday, May 10th, at 2 p. m. All come and bring your books.

Hon. H. A. Yeager is moving to Marlinton.

Andrew Geiger is off for New York, to lay in his spring goods.

The road around Snake den is done.

Let every body subscribe for THE TIMES. It is the only paper that gives you your County news.

TRAVELER.

A Bureau A Poor Bank

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., April 25. —The residence of Asa Sutton aged 80, living near Cassville, was entered by a body of masked men Wednesday night, revolvers placed at the heads of Sutton and his wife, and the bureau robbed of $1,500 in cash and notes. They got a substantial lunch and partook of the same before leaving. Sutton was thought by his neighbors to be in the habit of keeping considerable money in the house, and several parties are under suspition, although no arrests have been made.

Lively Lincoln.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., April 24. —A sensational affair was enacted in Lincoln county a few weeks ago, when two Mormon elders, who have been preaching their doctrines over in the fastnesses of that county, were visited at night by sixty-two armed horsemen and forced at the points of their guns to leave the county. The elders had been in the county over a year and had been quietly at work preaching their doctrines and proselying among country peoeple. They were well-educated, shrewd fellows who were al- subjects, and by their superior education and sophistry usually managed to outargue their opponents.

They were succeeding in getting quite a following of disciples but in so doing they only gained the hatred of others, who determined the Mormons must go. The constitutional guarantee of religeous liberty could not prevent the detirmened band of sturdy mountaineers from ridding their county of the polygamous Mormons, who were trying to lead into their hideous practices the wives and daughters of the Lincon farmers. Accoringly, a few nights since, sixty two mounted men appeared about midnight at the house were the elders were staying and told them to leave. They left and have not been heard of since, and the people over there hope they never may.

Mr. Blaines Reply.

Mr. Blaine's elaborate and careful reply to the latest representation of the Italian Government on the New Orleans affair will scarcely prove satisfactory to the Marquis di Rudini, and it will please him the less because it will not be easy for him to answer it. From the American point of view, Mr. Blaine's position appears impregnable. After showing distinctly that the United States had never acknowledged, as the Italian Minister assumed, an existing obligation to indemnify "those Italian subjects who may have been wronged by a violation of the rights secured to them under the treaty," Mr. Balaine goes on to a minute consideration of what those rights are and whether the treaty has been violated.

He finds a precedent exactly to his hand in the attack upon the Spanish residents of New Orleans by a mob in 1851, and in the successful contention of Mr. Webster at that time that while an official resident, like the Spanish Consul, may claim special indemnity, the subjects of a foreign State "who have come into the country to mingle with our own citizens and here to pursue their private business and objects" have no such claim, but are simply entitled to be "protected by the same laws and the same administration of law as native-born citizens of this country." This is almost precisely the language of the treaty between the United States and Italy, which guarantees to the citizens of the contracting powers in the teritory of each equal treatment and free access to the Courts of justice. "Foreign residents," says Mr. Blaine, "are not made a favored class," although they have one advantage over native citizens in that they have access for redress of grievance not only to the State Courts, but also to the Federal tribunals of the district.

The Secratary of State does not, however, dismiss the subject here as of no further concern to the Government of the United States. The President, he says, has instructed the District Attorney at New Orleans to make full inquiry into the facts and to ascertain whether any action lies with the Federal authorities. It is understood meanwhile that the State tribunals are investigating the matter; and while it is possible that they may accomplish nothing, it cannot be assumed that such will be the case. It will be only when the ordinary administration of the law has failed to do justice to Italian subjects that the United States can be called upon to consider whether some other form of redress may be asked.

What are the conditions under which such a duty might be recognized Mr. Blaine defines in terms of precise trat the Italian Government will have to make out a much clearer and stronger case than has yet been presented, to command consideration. If it should appear, he says, that among those killed at dent or domiciled in that city agreeably to our treaty with Italy and not in violation of our immigration laws, and who were abiding in the peace of the United States and obeying the laws thereof and of the State of Louisiana," and that the public officers connived at the work of the mob, or on proper notice failed to take any steps for the preservat on of the peace and afterwards to bring the guilty to trial, "the President would, under such circumstances, feel that a case was established that should be submitted to the consideration of Congress."

As these are conditions that did not exist, or that certainly cannot be made to appear, the concluding paragraph of Mr. Blaine's letter comes as near as possible to a diplomatic disavowel of responsibility. And yet it is logically supported by all the facts and arguments that have preceded it, so that it throws upon Italy the burden of beginning anew to prepare and present a case for consideration. And the letter is all the stronger because, with the utmost courtesy of expression, it yet practically convicts the Italian Government of ill considered bluster if not of actual misrepresention and juggling with quotations. Possibly it may provoke Rudini to an angry rejoinder, but if harm should come of that we cannot feel that the United States would be to blame.—Phila. Times.

To make an intelligent test of this, try the following method: Hang a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking, and leave it there for a day or a month. Take it out and hang it up to dry and examine its condition carefully. We recommend ladies to make a similar test with French Dressing, and gentlemen with any liquid solution of Paste Blacking, or with liquid blacking that comes in stone jugs.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes any kind of leather

WATERPROOF, SOFT, AND DURABLE.

Its beautiful, rich, GLOSSY POLISH is unequaled. Saves labor and manpower.

A Polish Lasts a Month for Women, and A Week for Men, and on Harness Leather even Four Months without renovating.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, and Dealers.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR and STRENGTH. For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Testimonials from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write for Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

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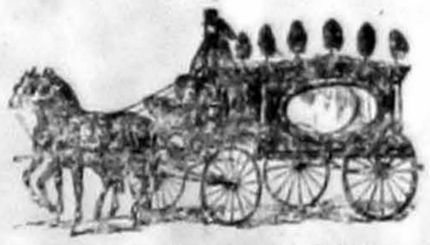

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ALL KINDS OF WIRE FENCING.

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Pocahontas Times

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

April 30, 1891.

Continued from 1st page.

Fane went down upon the plazza where the ladies sat, unreasonably happy.

The ladies were standing upon the piazza, in the early sunlight, when he approached Alice Payson to say good-by. Paul was talking to Maud, saucy and beautiful in her jockey hat as Fane found his way to Alice's side.

"Good-by, Mr. King. You will come and see us, with your friend?" she said.

There was no one very near. He answered:

"No; I love you, and so I must say good-by forever, Alice."

He saw the delicate features pale. At that instant old Mr. Payson came hurrying out, followed by a porter with a large valise in each hand.

"Ready, girls?" he called. "Come, hurry, or we'll miss the train."

Alice, with downcast face, gathered up her gray trailing skirt. He thought she was going without a word, but suddenly she looked up into his eyes.

"No. Come," she said. And then in a moment she was gone, the dainty carriage glittering down the beach.

A week later he waited for her in the costly splendor of her drawing room. She came down, giving him her soft hands, nor resisting his embrace.

"I love you so!" he murmured.

"Do you, really—with this disfigured face?"

"I never think of it, Alice."

She laughed then and slipped off the black ribbon, and there was one smooth cheek as fair and perfect as the other.

"I had blistered my face for the toothache. It was nothing lasting, you see."

When Fane told Hanover his happiness, or as much of it as can be expressed in words, he looked as if there was something unsaid upon his mind, but when he beheld Alice under her bridal veil he seemed suddenly enlightened.

"If I hadn't been afraid of a black ribbon," he murmured, "I might have been fifty thousand dollars richer."

Perhaps.—E. E. in New York News.

THE BARBER'S MANIA.

John Rhett, the handsomest young man in the county, he of the raven locks and with the beautiful black mustache that the women adored—John Rhett walked into the barber shop in Yorkville for a shave.

It was a cold day and there were three or four of his friends, besides several tonsorial artists, standing around the stove at the time, but the man who always did his work being idle he walked directly over and threw himself into the comfortable chair.

The barber was a tall, well built young fellow by the name of Henry Casey, whom Rhett had known for a long time. The usual preparatory process was gone through with and then he sharpened his razor and went to work, but he started off in a manner that made Rhett uncomfortable from the first. This was due to the unusual and seemingly reckless way in which he handled the razor. There was entirely too much flourish about it to make one feel easy. He would whirl it round in one or two circles before it touched the face, and then take it off again in the same artistic style. This may have looked very pretty to a spectator, but to the person who formed the center of these concentric circles, Rhett thought it was anything but pleasant. At first he was inclined to think the fellow was drinking. But he soon dismissed this idea, for the work was being done well and skillfully and as no drunken man could do it. Finally he told Casey that he didn't like any such flourishes around his head, and to stop it.

But the only reply he received was the press of the barber's finger against his throat, and a short hissing "keep still."

This made Rhett mad, and he started to rise himself very forcibly, but when he looked up at the man who stood drawing the sharp razor over his face his anger gave way to a far more funeral feeling. The words died on his lips and a sudden chill crept over his body.

"Now, Mr. Rhett, if you move or say a word or even if you breathe I'm afraid my hand will slip and I'm afraid if I do I'll cut your throat," came again in a suppressed whisper, as that sharp, cunning face bent near to his.

"Do you know," said the barber as he kept on with the work; "do you know that this will be your last shave—that I intend to kill you with this same razor the moment I have finished?

"I have long wanted to make the experiment," he continued as he went rapidly on, "just to see how quickly it could be done. Perhaps you think I am crazy, but you are wrong. I only want to do this work in the interest of science. I believe it will prove to be the most painless and quickest of all deaths. If I succeed today, as I expect to do, my method may become the public mode of execution in this country, supplanting the gallows. You see what an honor it will be to have started such a reform in capital punishment. My name will become immortal. There will be none of the suspense attending executions now; none of the terrible scenes at the gallows. You simply take the condemned man in for a shave and before he knows it he is in eternity."

He kept on talking in this rapid, excited way, and kept on shaving.

Rhett heard his friends conversing on the other side of the room, and he turned his head to see if he could tell them of his danger. But it was quickly jerked back in position, and the barber told him if he did that again or tried to get out of the chair it would be the signal for his death. And the wicked gleam of his eye more than his words showed that he was in terrible earnest. Under the circumstances the intended victim thought it best not to move again, and so he laid there as still as death.

But his brain was not idle. It was working with the rapidity of lightning, and well it might.

Rhett had always been regarded as a cool and brave young man; he had proved it on more than one trying occasion. And he determined in this last extremity to be himself and to meet the sharp cunning of the maniac with an equal cunning.

Then commenced a fierce and hidden game between those two—a game in which one knew the prize for him was life, and, if he lost, the profit death.

"Henry," said the young man, and he smiled, though his heart was beating fast, "you shouldn't try to frighten a good customer in that way. You know you wouldn't kill an old friend like me."

"I'll show you, Mr. Rhett," half shrieked the barber, and the gleaming eye grew fiercer and the voice trembled with passion.

Rhett saw that this had only added fuel to the flame, and he began to despair of conciliating the madman.

"Yes," said Casey, and his wild hand grew wilder and the razor pressed harder upon his victim's face; "yes, you must die this very hour for the sake of science. Why, it will be a noble death. You ought to feel honored to perish in such a cause."

The young man was now thoroughly frightened, and he watched for an opportunity to spring from the chair and escape. But he looked in vain. Though the barber occasionally relaxed the stern grip upon his throat, yet he still held him with his glittering eye.

"You see, the criminal will not know that his hour is at hand. The barber will be taken into the jail to give him a shave, and without a fear or tremor, without a single thought of death, he will be hurled into another world. Talk about executing by electricity, but my method will not only be quicker, but more painless."

"Just a stroke like this, and it's all over," and Rhett's heart gave a wild leap, for he thought his end had come.

Casey, however, had only drawn the back of the razor across his throat, but with such force and rapidity that it burned like fire.

The situation was growing desperate. In a minute the barber would be through with his work. With one hand he had Rhett by the hair and with the other was finishing up the job, while his lips kept muttering and his body swayed with excitement. Rhett knew with the next sweep of that infuriated arm he would meet his doom. Whatever he did must be done instantly.

"Well, Henry," he said, as lightly as he could, "sharpen up your razor well before you start, for I don't want any bungling job." For he thought when the barber turned to do this he could leap from the chair and get away.

"It's sharp enough for you, Mr. Rhett," and the madman grew madder as he spoke; "it's sharp enough for you, sir."

He had already finished shaving. Rhett's heart almost stood still.

"Now we'll see if it needs to be sharpened," said Casey with a demoniac laugh, and Rhett felt a sharp sting as the keen blade cut the skin on his throat.

"But, Henry," he rapidly ejaculated, "I want you to make a success of this, for it will be a blessing to the world—but if you go on now I tell you it will be a failure."

The razor stopped.

"Why?" asked Casey.

The maniac was interested. Rhett saw that he had gained a point and he knew his life depended upon how he used it. He had touched upon the man's pet mania. It seemed strange to him now that he had not thought of it before.

"Why, certainly, Henry, if you think it will look better."

On went the lather, and in another minute the beautiful silken strands were no more than the withered leaves of the forest.

"Now, Mr. Rhett, if you had your hair clipped you would look splendid. Don't you want me to take it off?"

"Of course, Henry, clip it," came from those anguished lips. He was willing to say or do anything to get that razor back into its case.

So the clippers were brought out and in less than two minutes he was slicker than a new born rat.

But if his head was light his heart was too, when he arose from the chair, and never in all his life did he feel so willing and happy to pay for a shave and hair cut.

Of course everybody laughed at him when he went out on the street, and the wind blew cold about his head. To his friends, when they gathered around him, he told his harrowing experience, and he was still as pale as a ghost.

A committee forthwith waited on the barber, but they did not find anything in his words or actions to denote insanity. So some believed the story and some didn't—and the barber kept on shaving.

But never again did he put his razor upon the face of John Rhett.—W. M. Hobby in Atlanta Constitution.

Well to Know.

Not all may know that a hot iron—poker, if nothing better—run around window glass will loosen the putty, when it may be easily scraped and the broken pane removed. The new pane may be inserted, putty neatly and carefully laid on, and the work is done. This may be convenient to know when one becomes the family "handy man," or only's own, as is sometimes the case.—Good Housekeeping.

HUMAN NATURE.

If life were not a vale of tears,
Who then could think of being merry!
If God's will would bear altering,
His plans we should not try to vary!
Were we once free from pain and care,
We straight would seek some cross to bear!

If upon love a seal were set,
How many seals would then be broken!
If gentle speech were hard to get,
How many kind words would be spoken!
If heaven were once denied us all,
How we should then to heaven call!
—Mary A. Mason in Youth's Companion.

THE WISE MAN.

What is the good man and the wise?
Oftimes a pearl which none doth prize;

Or jewel rare, which men account
A common pebble, and despise.

Set forth upon the world's bazar,
It mildly gleams, but no one buys;

Till it in anger heaven withdraws
From the world's undiscerning eyes;

And in its shell the pearl again,
And in its mine the jewel lies.
—Richard Chevenix Trench.

Hard work is not so apt to injure a horse as the failure to receive proper attention after the work.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakens "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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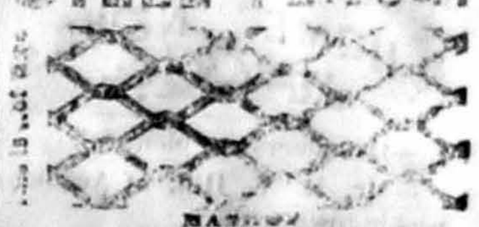

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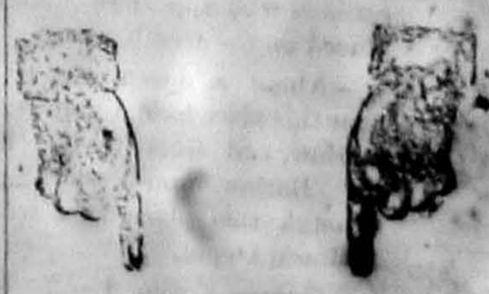

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Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
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Going To Leave The Farm.

The work of the farm house was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a center table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was a silence in the kitchen save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big, eight-day clock in the corner and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harewood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load which you must share, Eli; I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is a great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he replied at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harewood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had enough of farm life, and intended to leave, and if we refused our consent to it he would run away, and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. I'll be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I have to tie him down."

"Why dont you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister in law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day.

"The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush; and the sooner its done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have overheard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once lately, yesterday I heard him say that he worked from dawn to dark and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Blythe, who is in a grocery store in the city gets $12 a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be shure, but all he actually owns is that collie dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had fit for the saddle. And George was extraordinarily fond of Vixen."

"It seemed a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get who would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do his share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway. And it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister in law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you're more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," and Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went up-stairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?"

When she went down stairs at 6 o'clock George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two full pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cherry "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it," asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Why, you ought to get a good man indifferently. "Its the best piece of land you have."

"But I have'nt sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference and staring at his father as if he thought he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deed it over, every inch of it to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little. "I am going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have and to hold as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father!"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I were able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and the three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty-acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days a week to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work and if you choose to break that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems too much sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you my boy."

"Vixen!" The words came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms around her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

In fact, Eli Harewood was wont to say occasionly in confidence to his wife, that he had reasons to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortunes.

MIND READING IN CHICAGO.

P. Alexander Johnstone, the wonderful young mind-reader, gave an exhibition of his powers on an Indiana avenue horse-car that resulted in the complete demoralization of a prominent South Side business man, and furnished infinite amusement to several of his friends. The business man is very fond of his wife, whom he affectionately calls Jennie, and is exceptionately proud of his three interesting children, the eldest of whom is an auburn haired miss of 15. When he seated himself beside Johnstone, facing his friends, he ventured a remark that led up to an animated conversation. Mind reading was finally broached, when Johnstone, concealing his identity, said he could duplicate the mind reader's work. The business man's incredulity was expressed in his ejaculation, "Rats!"

"Take one of those letters you "and think intently of the signature." The man complied, and in an instant Johnstone repeated the name at the bottom of the epistle. The man looked a little surprised, but presently, glancing at the envelope, saw the signer's card on the upper left corner. "That's only a trick," he said, "now tell me the signature to this," holding out a dainty missive.

Johnsone took the man's wrist, closed his eyes, and after thinking a moment, asked if he really wanted the full signature mentioned. "Why, yes," said the man, doubtfully, and betoken by a certain apprehension.

"Your loving little sweetheart, Edith," Johnstone replied.

The business man looked at Johnstone in wild-eyed amazement, and then hastily left the car, followed by the uproarious laughter of his friends. "It's a good thing for Ned that Jennie isn't here," commented one of the friends.

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Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Gloucester, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. S. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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May 7, 1891.

Brass bands in the Italian army are to be abolished. It would perhaps be well to abolish that one used so disastrously by Premier Rudini not long since.

The new republican cry "Tin, tin, American tin", probably refered to the "tin" that the protected manufactures are expected to put up next year.

Yes cheap sugar is good and desirable to have it; but why isn't it just as good and desirable to have cheap clothing, blankets and farm impliments?

Mr. Harrison may be having a glorious good time on his royal special train, but the indications are that the other fellow will control the nominating convention.

According to a census bulletin the real estate mortgage debt of citizens of Alabama was on January 1, 1890 $39,027,983; and at the same period the same class of debt in Iowa footed up $199,034,956.

Republican editors are not saying anything about the deficit in the Treasury now staring the country in the face. They have so often said that it could not come that they hate to acckowledge that it will soon be at hand.

France has been trying a high protective tariff, *a la* McKinley, and the result is, an uprising of the people, which threatens to become revolutionary unless the duties are lowered. The question is now under discussion in the French Parliment, and its decision will be watched with interest by the people on this side of the Atlantic.

Gen. B. F. Butler, who was recently ejected from a court room by order of Judge Carpenter of Rhode Island, who was temporary sitting in the U. S. Court at Boston, has requested thata contemplated indignation meeting of citizens at Faneuel Hall be not held, as it is his purpose to obtain redress in the Courts.

The hardest blow yet struck the much vaunted (by republicans) tin plate clause of the McKinley tariff act, which goes into effect July 1, next, was given by Hon. David A. Wells, who says that the Standard Oil Monopoly will thereby be benefitted to the extent of $1,500,000 a year in draw backs, on the tin used in its export packages Mr. Wells, who says that the notice was served on Mr. McKinley and his republican associates by the Standard oil people that unless their interests were taken care of by the insertion of a provision allowing a draw back on imported tin plate used in the exportation of domestic products they would defeat the bill. The provision was inserted, and under it this

Dr. Talmage has cut off his whiskers. It is now in order that the whiskers should be cut off some of his sermons sent out as new.

The growth of the democratic clubs of the country is phenomenal when one comes to consider the fact that the demacrats have no favored class to draw upon for funds to be used in pushing their organization or adding to their membership, as their republican opponents have, in the protected manufacture. The democratic clubs have been up to this time entirely self supporting, a spontaneous uprising of the people, as it were. They are doing a great and good work for the party and all members so situated that they cannot take an active part in club work should aid them by becoming contributing members. Remember that Clarkson, Duly and company are "in the saddle" on the other side well supplied with audacity and "boodle."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1st—Mr Blaine will, I am informed, shortly remove himself from the danger of being struck by Presidential lightning by writing a letter declining to allow his name to be considered in connection with the nomination next year, and announcing his fealty to Mr. Harrison and his desire to see him nominated, but there is another danger that he either lacks the courage or inclination to remove himself from, and which may prove as disastrous to him as the anchors he once cast to windward by the advice of "burn this letter" Fisher.

This danger arises from his desire to protect the financial interest of his friend Stephen B. Elkins, who is a leading member of the syndicate that now has the government sealing privilege in Behring sea. But for this desire all the trouble might have been avoided for the coming season in Alaskan waters, as it is known that the British minister was ready to pledge his government to stop all British vessels from capturing seals for one year if Mr. Blaine would make the same pledge for American vessels. Last year, before Elkins became interested in the sealing industry, that was what Mr. Blaine was asking for, but now he doesn't wish to stop the sealing, because his friend hopes this season to take an enormous number—a courageous Treasury agent blocked the game last season by stopping the catch, but a more accomodating agent in the person of J. Stanlep Brown, once the private secretary of President Garfield, and now the husband of Mollie Garfield, has been selected for duty with the sealers this season, and Mr. Elkins and his partners anticipate no trouble in taking all the seals they can catch, if Mr. Blaine can only maintain the status quo until the fall.

Secretary Foster appears to be getting what the boys call "rattled" over the condition of the Treasury, to quiet the alarm created by the announcement that he intended to extend the outstanding 4½ per cent bonds at 2 per cent instead of redeeming them when they mature September the first, next, he had his Director of the Mint furnish a statement to the press which made it appear that the enormous sum of $258,000,000 was available to pay any debts or appropriations. This was so absurd that Mr. Foster had himself interviewed in order that he might say that he did not altogether endorse that statement. He then proceeds to figure out an available cash surplus of $70,000,000 and to naively inform the country that he also considers the $100,000,000 in gold which has always been in it comes to a pinch. Notwithstanding these statements the daily balance sheet of the Treasury for yesterday shows a surplus of less than $12,000,000.

The evident Harrison stamped which has set in among the big republicans is exciting the curiosity of political observers. Even Quay, Clarkson and Dudley have announced their allegiance to "Little Benny", and their determination to see him nominated. The only reason that I can see for it is that no other man wants the dubious honor of leading the republican forlorn hope next year.

Representative McMillin, of Tennessee, who is a candidate for speaker of the House, and several of his friends held a conference this week. Mr. McMillian, has been traveling in the Eastern States and the presumption is that he has been doing a little quiet missionary work for himself. He declines to talk about his prospects further than to say that he is in the fight until the Speaker is elected.

"Called Back" is now applicable to ex Senator Blair, who the Chinese Emperor declines to receive as U. S. Minister. Some other diplomatic position is to be found for Mr. Blair who has been ordered to report to the Department of State.

The joint committee of Senate and House that has been trying to locate the waste of money in the printing and distribution of public documents has adjourned until June. Its members have found out enough to make it certain that that from 15 to 25 per cent. of the money now paid out may easily be saved. The same thing could be done in every branch of Government if the attempt was made by men unhampered and in earnest.

The report of the investigation made into the antecedents of the Italians lynched at New Orleans by the U. S. District Attorney of that place has been received by the Attorney General and turned over to Mr. Blaine who will decide whether it shall be made public.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MONEY

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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GEO. A. REVERCOMB, Attorney at-Law. C. D. LAM. C. H. REVERCOMB.

Revercomb Lam & Co.,
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Handles all kinds of real estate, stocks &c., also agents for the sale of stock in the Covington Improvement Co. This stock is sold at $100.00 par value, 10 per cent. paid down, balance in monthly installments of 10 per cent. The Company will receive this stock at $150.00 per share in payment on lots.

Correspondence solicited.

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Mt. Grove, - - Va

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All brands of
LIQUORS,
At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general Mercandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Good Morning!
You Are Hoarse!

Lightning Cough Drops

are something new in the way of a throat and lung balsam, are safe, certain and prompt in their action, and are a sure cure for CROUP. PRICE, 25 and 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Lightning Vegetable Liver Pills

are a sure cure for Sick Headache, Billiousness, Costiveness, Piles and Inactivity of the Liver, 25 CENTS A BOX. Sugar Coated. One pill a dose. Don't gripe or make you sick.

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A panacea for external and internal use. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Lameness, Burns, Cramps, Colic and all pains and aches. A sure cure for Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint and Flux. 25 and 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Keep them in the House, they will often Save Doctor Bills.

If you feel no relief after using two-thirds the contents of a bottle of these medicines return the remainder to the dealer from whom you bought it and he will refund the price paid for the entire bottle.

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HERB MEDICINE CO., - Weston, W. Va.

FINE WHISKIES,
AT

M. O'Farrell's,
At the foot of the Alleghany mountain, on the Warm Springs and Huntersville turnpike. Post office Address,
Mountain Grove, Va.

THE DIFFERENT BRANDS ARE
Monticella, six years old; Ky. Bourbon, four

didate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891. M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, was in town one day last week.

—A few cases before Justice Grose lately.

—The forest fires have all died out in this vicinity.

—Several wagons are out to the railroad this week.

—Preaching next Sunday at Bethel 10 a. m.; at Sunset 3 p. m.

—Rev. Jacob Cohn, of Baltimore, was in town this week.

—We have had a good run of job printing the past few weeks.

—We done a lot of printing for Mr. U. S. McNeel, who opened a store at Marlinton last week.

—Everybody subscribe for THE TIMES and get your county news.

—Read the advertisement of Mr. M. W. Beard's, found in another column.

—Mr. Levi Gay, of Marlinton, called to see us Tuesday.

—The contractors have come on to put the bridge on the abutments at this place.

—Mess. B. M. Yeager and Jacob Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose were in town today.

—Capt McCormick and Chas. E. Steinmeyer, Esq., were in town a few days last week and this.

—The big frosts we have had in the last week have killed most of the fruit.

—The thermometer hovered closely around freezing Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

—Messrs. W. C. Hull and son J. F. and Patterson Poage, Geo. S. Taylor, A. C. Woddell and others of Edray were in the city last Saturday.

—License to marry were issued to Jas. W. Philips and Miss Florida Sheets, and S. F. Hevener to Miss Maggie F. Wanless last week.

—E. A. Friel, Esq., who has been running a steam saw mill near Green Bank for two months past visited his home near this place this week.

—Work on THE TIMES' new printing office is going ahead. We want to have it ready to move in by the middle of June. When finished, for convenience and appearance it will be equaled by but few in the State.

Elk Item.

As I notice nothing in your valuable paper from this section of the County, I deem it a pleasure to give you a few items that will likely be of interest to some of your readers.

Quite a number of cattle have been driven to the Elk pastures in the last two weeks.

C. W. Callison is moveing his cherry lumber to the banks of the Greenbrier river preparatory to rafting to Rosecrerte.

A very large eagle measuring 7½ feet from tip to tip was killed on Samuel Varner's place. He had a trap fastened to him.

It is high time the good people were organizing a Sunday school

The fruit was mostly killed by the big frosts last week, and the briers are all burned up by the forest fires, so that fruit of all kinds will be scarce here this year.

Last Thursday fire broke out from where C. W. Slaven was burning brush, and the flames swept through the fallen timber and tree tops to a lot of lumber belonging to Mess. F. B. Scott, of Beverly and R. B. Kerr, of this place, and burned two or three thousand dollars worth.

Married, Mr. Squire Hevener and Miss Maggie Wanless, on 29th April, by Rev. C. B. Collins, at the home of the bride's parents. Also Mr. Moses Phillips to Miss Florida Sheets, on April 30th, by same at the residence of the bride's parents.

Messrs. B. M. and H. A. Yeager have just completed the sale of the Seebert lands on the head waters of Greenbrier river, to Jno. T. McGraw for $16,000.

Mrs. Keller is seriously sick with pneumonia.

NOW AND THEN.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. S. J. Payne, of Frankford, spent Sat. and Sun. in town.

Lovers Repose has gotten to be quite a fashionable Sunday evening summer resort. If any one wishes to find more pretty girls and handsome young men to the square foot than can be found anywhere else in the State let them go up there some balmy Sunday evening, between 4 and 6 o'clock.

Mr. C. L. Stulting, the Hillsboro brass band instructor left Monday morning for his home in Virginia. The band advanced rapidly under his instruction and can play better now than some bands with a long practice. Mr. S. also taught an excellent writing school while with us.

Mr. Wallace Moore of Kansas has been visiting his brother E. H. Moore, of this place the past week. He expects to spend some time in this county visiting relatives.

Rev. Absalom Sydenstricker, missionary to China left this week for the Lexington Presbytery.

The merchants are receiving their spring goods and are kept right busy.

The members of the Methodist church are preparing to build a new church this summer. Some of the members are in favor of a new site for it and some still wish it on the old site on the hill.

Mr Wm. Wysong lost a fine milch cow this week by getting her foundered.

Farmers are all through planting corn several days ago. We have a fine prospect for fruit if it doesn't freeze, and it feels very much like it to-night.

A number of people have been suffering from grip lately.

MAX.

No queerer convention has ever been held than that of the Republican League at Cincinnati; after deliberately insulting Mr. Harrison and yelling itself hoarse for Blaine it elected a man president, who had, in a long letter read to the convention, slurred at Mr. Blaine and reciprocity and declared himself in favor of making the Force bill the issue next year. It was the advice of this same man—J. S. Clarkson—that led the republicans into waterloo of last November; we are pleased that he was elected president of the league, and we hope that he will be allowed to run the republican end of the campaign next year.

It will not be Senator Mills this year, the governor of Texas having

Virginia and Pittsburg

Will be Built to Potts Creek Within a Year.

The following is from the Charleston Gazette of the 2nd inst:

"Ex U. S. Senator Camden was in the city yesterday in conference with Judges Snyder and Holt of the Supreme Court of the State, and the Messrs. Thayer and Savage of Charleston, and Judge Harmon and Mr. Paxton of Cincinnati and others, members of the Potts Creek Iron Ore Syndicate.

A Gazette reporter saw Senator Camden who talked freely of the consumation of the purchase of the iron ore district, and railroads to be built for its development. He spoke enthusiastically of the iron ore on Potts Creek and of its early development by railroads; that the present object is to complete the titles to the property and to commence the development of it at once; that the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad Company now has surveyors in the field locating the line from Gauly to a connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio road, and that the railroad would be built up Potts Creek and in operation within twelve to 15 months. The West Virginia and Pittsburg road will form a direct line from the iron ore regions of Virginia through the center of West Virginia to Pittsburg, and with its arrangements with the Chesapeake & Ohio road will make this iron ore development one of the largest and most productive in this section. The length of road in West Virginia, from Morgantown to the Virgania State line, will be about two hundred miles, passing through the largest undeveloped coal and timber region of the State.

There is to be expended in West Virginia about five million dollars, which has all been raised, and one hundred and thirty miles of the road constructed and in operation, the road now being completed to Braxton Court House and under contract to the Gauly river.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of April:

A deed from Mary J. Seebert and others to H. M. Lockridge, for 324 acres of land on Douthard's creek.

From Geo. W. Shin and wife to Wm. A. Parsons, 270 acres of land.

From Mary M. Pullen and husband to Jno. F. Cutlip for land on Droop mt.

From J. C. Curtis to C. L. Curtis, for land on Back Alleghany mt.

From Sabina Kertner and husband to Peter Hill for land on west side of Droop mt.

From Alice McGlaughlin to Mary A. McClintic for land near Marlinton.

From H. A Yeager and wife to Samuel Cooper for house and lot in Green Bank.

From H. A. Yeager and wife to S. E. and P. L. Williams for land on west side of Alleghany mt.

From Sarah E. Johnson to F. J. Allen for land near Edray.

From Jas. W. Hughes and wife to Maggie L. Ervine for land on Buffalo mt.

From Wm. A. to Jas. H. Gum for lands on Back Alleghany mt.

From R. B. Kerr &c. to Wm. A. Philips &c. for land on Buffalo mt.

From Wm. Skeen and wife to the heirs of Margaret Brolly (nee Hill) for lands on Droop mt.

From Cynthia E. Cardwell and

From A. P. McGlaughlin and wife to Wallace H McGlaughlin, for interest in 60 acres of land on Brown's creek.

From Thos Barnett and wife to W. H. McClintic, for land on Greenbrier river.

From T. W. Hogsett and others to Jno. T. McGraw for land on Alder Lick run.

From A. R. Smith and wife to Wm. C. McClune for land in Hillsboro.

From David Grogg and wife to Preston C. Ervine for interest in land on Dunkins run.

From Levi Waugh to trustees of M. E. Church South, for church lot near Mt. Pleasant school house.

From F. K. Moore to Jno. Driscol for lumber on 250 acres of land on Back Alleghany mt.

From W. H. Grose and wife to H. M. Lockridge for land adjoining Huntersville.

From Jno. B. McCutcheon and wife to David Smith for land on Thomas creek.

From M. M. Burkett and wife to Abraham Burkett for land on Buffalo mt.

From Wm. A. Philips and wife to John S. Girffin for land on Deer creek.

From Levi Wanless to John F. Wanless for interest in land on Thorney creek.

From Jane Ratcliff to Susan J. Londermilk for land on Dry Fork of Swago creek.

From Geo. W. Beverage and wife to same for land on Spruce Flat.

From D. F. Wilfong and husband to Louisa C. Pullen for land on west side of Alleghany mt.

From Jno. W. Warwick, com'r of School lands to R. S. Turk for two tracts, aggregating 1156 acres on Thorney creek.

From M. Wallace to D. A. McNeel for lands on Swago creek.

From Wise Herold and wife to Andrew Herold for land eastern slope of Alleghany mt.

From Andrew Herold and wife to H. M. Lockridge for land on western slope of Alleghany mt.

From Andrew Herold and wife to H. M. Lockridge for land on western slope of Alleghany mt.

From F. K. Moore to Thomas J. Moore for land Back Alleghany mt.

From Chas. W. Beard and wife to Geo. R. Curry for land near Hillsboro.

Auction Sale,

At the home place of M. W. Beard, on Beaver Creek.

I will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidders on

FRIDAY, MAY 15,

18 head of good two year old cattle—three heifers and 15 steers, One fine Horse, Two fresh milch Cows, Hogs, Farming impliments, such as Mower, Rake, Plows, Wagon, Buggy, Road Scraper, &c., &c. Also Household and Kitchen furniture.

TERMS: All over $10,00, a credit of 6 months will be allowed, with good approved personal security.

M. W. BEARD.

A CARD.—The successful results of the treatment of horses by H. Williams is evidence that he understands his business.

TO WEAK MEN

ford to be without it. It always makes friends wherever it goes.

Mailed to any address in the United States, securely wrapped, 13 weeks for $1.00.

Send Five Cents for sample copy.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Rn Square, New York

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES AND THE FINEST RIMMED

in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,

AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,

Dunmore, W. Va

A. R. SMITH,
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UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at Rasonable prices.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARQUIS.

Monumental Architect

Staunton, Va.

G. C. COOPER, Agent,
Green Bank, W. Va.

Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest pices.

CENTRAL W. VA. MARBLE WORKS

Manufacturers of

HEAD TONES and ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTAL WORK, and also Dealers in

A[illegible] WIRE FENCING.

Lewisburg, W. Va.

E. H. MOORE, Agent,
Academy, W. Va.

PATENTS.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free.

Address,
C. A. [illegible] W. & Co.
Washington, D. C.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because it is recognized as the Hypophosphites emulsion. It is as palatable as milk. It is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Broncitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 7, 1891.

VICTORS.

Not to the brave belongs the battlefield
Alone the palms of victory belong;
Nor only to the great of earth the song
Of praise and pean should the singer yield.
Greater the souls that, single handed, wield
The battlax against the hosts of wrong,
Unknown, unnoted in life's restless throng,
And only in God's day to stand revealed.
How many souls, in patient, humble guise,
Resume as walk their brief appointed way
Solely endeavoring worthiest to shine
As fixed stars in Fame's eternal skies
For these, for us, I reverently lay
On their dear dust this little leaf of mine.

—Overland Monthly

THE CARLYON TRAGEDY.

Just the two men composed the family at Carlyon Hall, and a gay, wild life they led. Not that they were much together, or that good will inclined them to the same course. Truth to tell, there was little sympathetic feeling lost between the two Carlyons.

The elder man gave his select dinners and champagne suppers to his clique, while Ralph, his son, scoured the country for a score of miles about with choice spirits of his own.

The Hall itself was a patched up pile of ruinous masonry. The Carlyons for three generations back had proved a spendthrift race, and their once ample patrimony had dwindled down to a few barren acres, with a village of miserable houses, which yielded the sole income of the present proprietor. Still he could boast a long descent, and we all know how far an illustrious pedigree will go toward propping up a falling house.

This was the state of affairs when Mrs. Mondeville came down from town with a half dozen servants at her back, and pretty Bertha Mondeville, her very reluctant companion.

Bertha was the lady's youngest daughter, and, besides the generous portion of Mondeville property destined to fall to her share, had good prospects of an inheritance from a certain wealthy, eccentric old woman who had stood godmother to her at her christening, eighteen years before.

With such expectations, and possessed of natural attractions which drew hosts of sighing lovers to her feet, it was certainly reprehensible to her to give preference to one far beneath her in the social scale. At least so reasoned her lady mother. But Bertha was wilful, and maternal restrictions went for naught. She had given her heart and promised her hand to Henry Bernard, the struggling artist, who as yet was quite unknown to both fame and fortune. He was sanguine, though, and Bertha no less so. She reposed the utmost confidence in his genius and ultimate success, and he toiled with renewed energy for the triumphal wreath, knowing that her peace was involved in the result of his effort.

Here Mrs. Mondeville interposed. Wrath fell harmlessly upon her daughter's perverse head, until angered by her threats, she had recourse to extreme measures to break off the proposed marriage. Henry Bernard was forbidden the house, and Bertha was placed under strict espionage for the time.

The young were distant relatives of the family, and Mrs. Mondeville fixed upon Carlyon Hall as a secure and retired asylum for her wayward child. So hither she had come, fast upon the track of the courteous little note of warning that announced them.

The rooms had been put in hurried order for the reception of the ladies. The remnants of grandeur were daily polished; the frayed silk and fine linen (evidences of decayed gentility) taken from the drawers where long years ago they closed his domicile of bachelorhood, and met them with the courtesy which distinguishes the gentleman no matter how much weighted down by adverse circumstances. Ralph, who was in the habit of being absent for days together, knew nothing of the proposed advent, and surprised himself and pleased his father by coming home to find such an unexpected party established.

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regretted the necessary suspension of their reckless pleasures. Not that either reformed, even temporarily, but the hall could no longer be thrown open to boon comrades and nightly orgies. They clung to their customary habits, but unused to the trouble of concealment, chafed against the bondage which common courtesy imposed upon them.

This state of things did not continue long, however. Bertha's cheery young presence brought a flood of sunshine into the dreary old house, such as it had not known for years. The grim, dark rooms held attractions for their inmates which they had not hitherto possessed.

Certainly, in removing her daughter from the influence of one lover, Mrs. Mondeville had not meant to subject her to the importunities of two. Carlyon, drawn perhaps by visions of the ample dowry destined for, and Ralph—blase as he was—actually touched with an approximation to noble sentiment, were both soon numbered among her devotees.

Bertha's position was becoming extremely unpleasant. A note smuggled out despite the watchfulness of the maid brought no response from Henry Bernard. Her mother remained unmoved by her urgent entreaties for a speedy return, and meantime the two Carlyons urged their individual suits with persistent ardor.

Ralp, impulsive and passionate, could wait to take no politic moves in prosecuting his wooing. His very earnestness would have pleaded powerfully for him had not the girl's heart and hand been filled with other love and other thoughts. He came in upon her suddenly one afternoon when he knew her to be alone.

"It's the old, old story, Bertha, that I want to tell you," he said. "I suppose I am not worthy of you, for I've been a wild blade in my time, but I will make myself better when you give me the dear assurance I am waiting for. Bertha, love, come to me."

His dark face, handsome despite the lines dissipation had left upon it, grew tender. His eyes looked down in hers with eager, impassioned light. Bertha's heart throbbed pityingly as she realized the pain her words must inflict upon him.

"Oh, Ralph, I had hoped you might not subject me to this test! It would be cruel to give you false hope, for I can never be more than your earnest friend. Forget that you have ever cared for me, and bestow your love on some one who will make you happier than I ever could."

"Bertha! Bertha! You can't mean to leave me in utter despair? I will wait and work, and prove myself a better man than I have yet been. Only tell me that there is a chance of winning you at last!"

"It never can be, Ralph! Because—because I love another!"

The still, white rage which settled down upon his face frightened her more than if he had broken out in angry words.

"I shall not give you up, nevertheless," he said, with quiet intensity. "Give me a little hope and an equal chance, and I will try for your love by fair means; but by measures foul or fair, no other man shall ever ever take you from me!"

With that he returned, leaving her abruptly as he had come, and his quick steps gave back a sharp ring from the paved walk without. At a little distance he encountered the elder Carlyon, who accosted him, timing his leisurely pace to the other's hasty strides.

"Easy, my son! I have some information which it may be best to impart at once. I happened to overhear your conversation of a moment ago—by the way, you should never make love near open windows—and am gratified to know that Bertha holds such an important place in your estimation."

"Ah!" Ralph waited, knowing that something more lay behind that suave address.

"Yes, but I must warn you against your own impetuous nature, which may lead you to extremes. As she said, it is quite impossible for her to regard your suit with favor."

"May I ask why?"

"Simply because I intend to marry her myself!"

"By heaven, you shall not!"

The elder Carlyon drooped his eyelids, a trick of his when angered.

"Did you ever know me to relinquish a purpose?"

"Or me to fail in making good my words? I would kill any man ere he should thwart me or brave me by flaunting her preference."

Each read indomitable resolution in the other's face. The gauntlet was cast between them, and hereafter only bitter enmity could mark their mutual relation.

A week wore heavily away. Then Ralph disappeared, went no one knew whither, and Bertha awoke to a consciousness that she was no better than a prisoner in the old hall. The maid had been bribed to cooperate with the elder Carlyon, and he himself announced his purpose with a quiet steadiness of manner which would admit of no gainsaying.

With his ruthless will crushing down

best judgment, but the clergyman was waiting at the church, and Bertha, worn to a shadow of her former cheery self, with her face scarce less white than the bridal robes she wore, went tremblingly down the worm eaten stairs to go and be wedded to the man she both hated and feared. Carlyon met her with a triumphant smile upon his face, but the words of gratulation he was about to offer never left his lips.

A man, with haggard face, bloodless lips drawn away from his glittering teeth, and dishevelled hair streaming about his neck, rushed up the length of the passage and grappled with him. It was Ralph, who had been confined all this time in one of the vault like cellars beneath the old hall, and had escaped now to wreak intense fury upon his jealous jailer. There was an inherent madness in the Carlyon blood, and these weeks of solitude and mental torture had brought the curse upon the younger man.

A struggle ensued that was fearful to witness. Bertha crouched upon the stairs, with rigid, blanched face, and eyes never wavering from the horrible spectacle. Servants ran screaming, all was chaos for a moment, and then awful quietude fell upon the hall.

There was a crushed, bleeding, senseless mass upon the floor; and the madman, his rage appeased, unresistingly submitted to the bonds which were placed upon him. The elder Carlyon went to answer for his sins before an eternal tribunal; his son drags out a living death in a lunatic asylum.

But Bertha, sorely tried, found peace at last. Shocked beyond measure by the frightful tragedy which had been enacted, and appalled by the peril her daughter had passed, Mrs. Mondeville recalled Henry Bernard from the fruitless quest he was pursuing. It is needless to say that Bertha's letter never reached him, and that Mrs. Mondeville had sent him as far as possible from the actual track. But the young people could freely forgive all past injuries in the happiness which was theirs at last.—New York World.

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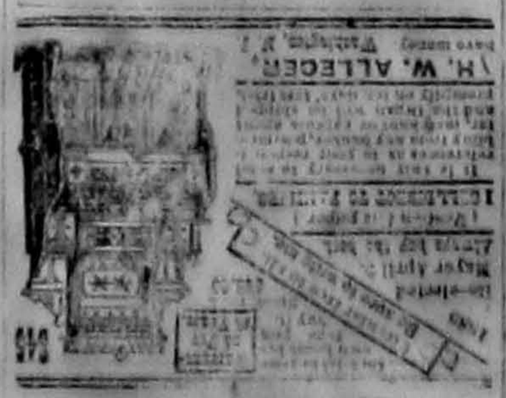

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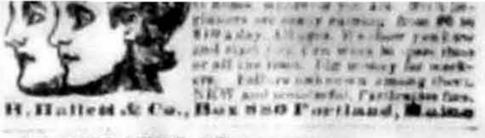

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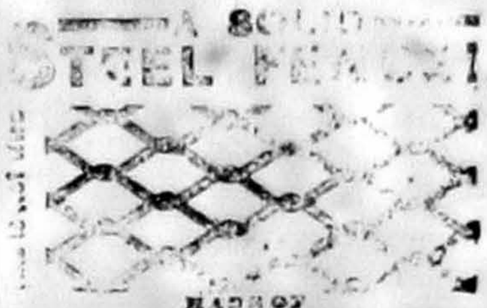

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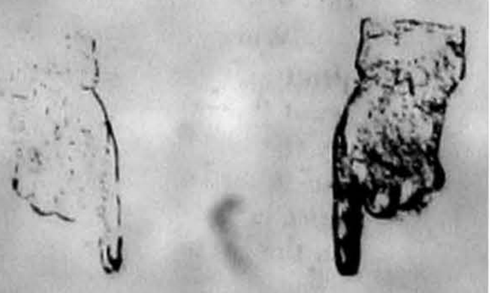

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cial Directory of Pocahontas County

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ff, J. C. Arbogast.
ty Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
ssor, C. O. Arbogast.
Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
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THE COURTS.

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unty Court convenes on the 1st day in January, March, October second Tuesday in July. July is term.

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e exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

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Beverly, W. Va.
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CURE FITS!
EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,

MISS PARKER GREY.

BY NANNIE S. BARKER.

Jack Melton was Lady Crofton's only brother, and her great wish was to see him happily married, but to a wife who should keep up the Melton establishments in their former splendor. Lord Melton was not wealthy; but his title dated from the Norman Conquest, spread for him by maneuvering mammas.

But for the past eight years he had been attentive, in a lazy, half-indifferent way, to a certain Mrs. Mortimer, one of the beauties. It was to the influence of this bewitching young widow that Lady Crofton attributed her brother's continued state of single-blessedness, and she disliked her accordingly.

Six months before the opening of this story, Lady Crofton and her husband had traveled in California for the benefit of the latter's health, and had there become acquainted with Parker Grey, a Western heiress. Miss Grey lived with her brother, and was chaperoned by a Mrs. Braxton, an English widow, who had formaly been her governess, and to whom she owed her English accent and modulated voice. But in every other respect she was thoroughly American.

Lady Crofton became very fond of the girl, and on hearing that she and a party of friends were to sail in April, to travel through Europe for a year, she invited her to come a month sooner, spend May at Crofton, and then join her friends on their arrival in London.

At first, Lady Crofton feared that her potegee had not made a favorable impression upon her fatidious brother. In fact he told her very frankly that he considered her friend the most free tnd easy young person he had ever had the pleasure of meeting.

"I don't think her conversation style is what one would term elegant. As a sample, I was quoting a French proverb this morning, and she politely asked me to 'come off of that, and talk United States.' Now she may be very beautiful; I don't deny it; but she isn't exactly the style I admire."

"How easily taken in you are, Jack!" laughed his sister. "Parker told me about that, and said she only did it to horrify you. I'll tell her she succeeded. She uses all that dreadful slang for your especial benefit; and as for French, she speakes it as well as you do."

In spite of Miss Grey's collection of slang and typical American manners, Lord Melton became aware that he liked the "wild Indian" more and more every day, until he confessed to himself that she was "exactly the style he admired," there being no other guests at Crofton during Miss Grey's visit, she and Lord Melton naturally saw a great deal of each other's society. Each being a very attractive young person, it was not surprising that the outcome of numerous tete a tete walks and rides, and duets in the softly lighted drawing room after dinner, should be an exceedingly warm friendship, which promised to develope into something more.

So the last two weeks of October drifted happily and swiftily by, and then the climax was reached.

Miss Gray's departure was drawing nigh, and Lord Melton had decided that life would be a blank without her, and that he would be happy if she would share his coronet. So he had ridden over to Crofton Park that morning to tell his sister of his intention to propose to Miss Grey that evening, and to request her to be kind to the girl for his sake.

Lady Crofton was quite willing to be kind to her brother's betrothed wife, for she had grown very fond of her during her visit, and she felt that no one else could make her brother half as happy as this girl could. So she promised, and then they had gone together to the drawing-room to tell Miss Grey the news.

Lady Crofton had left them together shortly after their entrance, and Lord Melton had poured his story into his willing ears, and had been accepted and petted and caressed, and had in return kissed the sweet lips and the soft cheeks of his betrothed over and over again, and had then sat down beside her and taken her hand in his while they talked over their future together.

Lord Melton was the first to speak of the future of which each of them dreamed, and he had spoken of his sister's kindness in regard to his choice, and had asked Parker if she had been, too, kind to her brother, and she had hesitated a little before she had answered that she had been very fond of him.

"I think he was very fond of you," he had said, "for he has been very unhappy since he heard that you were engaged to me, and he has been very good to me in spite of it."

Then he had asked her if she had been very unhappy, too, and she had said that she had been very miserable, but that she had thought that he was happy with his wife, and that she had tried to be glad for his sake.

"But, my darling," he had said, "you must have known that I was free, for I told you that I had been waiting for the woman I could love."

One afternoon about dusk, when the only light in the drawing-room was from the open fire, Miss Grey entered, and, sitting at the piano, let her fingers wonder idly over the keys. Evidently she was in a melancholy frame of mind, for she began to sing softly and plaintively:

"I know not why I love thee, thou
dost not care for me,
And yet my heart will wander, forever back to the,
For—"

Here the song came to an abrupt end, for an arm encircled Miss Grey's slender waist, and a low voice said passionately:

"But I do love you, my darling. Surely you know it. Will you make me happy, sweetheart? Be my wife."

With a quick exclamation, Miss Grey attempted to rise and to remove the detaining arm, but Lord Melton clasped her trembling hand in his and held it captive. She sank back opon the music-stool, and with averted face, remained silent.

"Tell me, my darling, that you love me," pleaded the voice which had become as music to her ears. But she made no reply. As he waited for her to speak, he could hear distinctly the beating of her heart.

"Answer me," he said at last rather sternly. "My love deserves at least an answer, and this coquetry is unworthy of you, Parker!"

Then slowly she turned her downcast, blushing face, until the fire light shone full upon it, and raising reproachful, loving eyes to his, let him read in them the secret which her lips refused to confess.

But there was one power which had not been consulted in this alliance of England and America, and that power was Mrs. Horatio Mortimer. If men would only realize the wisdom of "being off with the old love before they are on with the new," how many complications might be avoided.

When this lady heard of Lord Melton's engagement to the American heiress, she spent several unhappy days, and then becoming calm, but with a dangerous light in her blue eyes, read over some of his Lordship's recent letters to herself. Lord Melton never wrote on both sides of the paper, and selecting the first page of a certain letter, she carefully cut it in two pieces. The first half read as follows:

CROFTON, Oct. 1st, 1886.

"DEAREST EDNA: Just a few lines to tell you of the arrival of Harriet's protegee, the heiress, whose American gold, metaphorically speaking, is to regild my tarnished fortune. The whole affair is cut and dried. I am to have no rivals while she stays at Crofton, so Harriet, with wisdon which would do the serpent credit, has invited no other guests. She says it will be my own fault if I do not succeed, for she is quite sure Miss Grey will be only too glad to marry an English nobleman. Charming programe, isn't not?"

The second half quite altered the meaning of the first.

"And yet I have flatly and positively refused to follow it. Harriet however, being generously endowed with that most estimable of qualities, perseverance, hopes that by throwing me daily within range of Miss Grey's manifold charms, that young lady may finally bring me to her feet. I think I will let her try, for I am tired of all this, and want to be free to love some one else. There is a lady here whom I could love if she would let me, but she is married, and so I suppose I must be good and keep my place. I think this will answer very nicely," said Mrs. Mortimer to herself, and putting the second half, away among the papers in her desk, inclosed the first in a fresh envelope and addressed it to her successful but unconscious rival.

To a causal observer Miss Grey appeared to be a dejected heap of silk and lace, as she sat curled up in an arm-chair before the open fire of her boudoir. Lord Melton had been obliged to run up to London on business, to be gone several days, and his financee found that time hung very heavily on her hands. Leaning back with half closed eyes, she thought of her absent lover.

Her reverie was soon interupted by a knock at the door, and a maid entering handed her two letters—one from Lord Melton and the other, addressed in a woman's hand right, she did not recognize. On the principle of keeying the best to the last, she opened the note of her feminine correspondent.

"'Dearest Edna'—and no signature! There must be some mistake." And then she recognized Lord Melton's handwriting. Carefully comparing the letter with the address on the envelope she had just received from him, Parker Grey knew the same hand had written both. Then it flashed upon her that some woman whom she did not know had purposely sent her one of Lord Melton's letters to read. She felt the safest and wisest thing for her to do would be to return it to him unread.

"But have I not the right?" she argued. "Perhaps it is something I ought to know."

He who hesitates is lost, and so Miss Grey with beating heart, read the severed letter.

When she had finished it she buried her face in the cushioned back of the chair and broke into a passion of sobs. After while she became calmer, and tried to realize the blow she had received.

She could not doubt that the man she had loved and respected had written the heartless, mercenary letter she had just read. There was no possible room for doubt. Nothing Lord Melton could say would alter the fact that he himself had confessed to this woman "Edna" his intention of marrying her for her money. Each phrase of his letter seemed burned into her brain. She particularly resented his saying: "She will be only too glad to marry an English nobleman."

"Does he imagine that I, like himself, am feigning love, but in reality buying his title? Thank Heaven that I have found this out in time to prove that if he does not respect me, I respect myself."

She bathed her eyes in rose-water until all traces of tears had been removed. Ringing for her maid, she ordered her to pack at once. Then going to Lady Crofton's room, she tapped lightly at the door.

"Come in!" cried her ladyship.

"I have come to tell you," said Parker, entering, "that I have just received letters which oblige me to meet my friends in London tonight. I am very sorry to leave so abrubtly, and want to thank you for all your kindness; and you have been kind to me, very kind, in many ways."

"But surely you intend to come back dearest Lady Crofton, I shall be lonely without you."

"But, my my dear child, you look positively ill!" you look as pale as a ghost!"

"I have a bad headache—that is all. I think I will go now and write to Lord Melton. If it is quite convenient, I will leave to night by the seven o'clock train."

Parker Grey had intended to frankly tell Lady Crofton the reason of her hurried departure, but when the time came, felt unequal to the scene she knew it would create, no decided to let Lord Melton be the one to enlighten his sister on the subject.

Seating herself at the desk, she quickly dashed off the following note to him:

"I write to break our engagement, and to request, if a meeting is unavoidable, that we meet as strangers. Do not attempt to see me, to offer any explanation; and if you write to me, I shall return your letters unopened. The note I inclose makes further comment from unnecessary.

"PARKER GREY."

Putting this and Mrs. Mortimer's note in the same envelope, she addressed it to Lord Melton at his London club. Calling a footman, she told him to take it to the station and mail it at once' But Lord Melton, wishing to give his ladylove a pleasant surprise, had telegraphed that morning to James to meet him with the dog cart at 6 o'clock, but to say nothing about it to any of the family. So it came to pass that Miss Grey's note did not reach Lord Melton at his club, but was handed him that evening on his arrival at the station.

Opening it at once, he read the two notes, and with a muttered imprecation he sprang into the dog-cart, and seizing the reins, put the handsome roan he drove to his fastest pace.

While Lord Melton was being whirled home, Miss Grey unconcious of his approach, was waiting in the dressing room, reay ddressed for her journey.

She was alone, her hostess having just left the room to write her a list of addresses which would be of use in her London shopping.

Hearing the sound of wheels, she supposed the carriage had come to take her to the station. As she went toward the door leading into the hall, it was suddenly opened from the outside, and Lord Melton entered, looking pale and haggard. Before she had time to speak, he took her hands in his and began hurredly.

"Parker—my darling—you do not, you cannot, believe that letter was written seriously? The part that woman cut off completely altered the meaning. I would never marry for anything but love, and heaven knows I love you my darling! Surely you must know it. Do not let a jealous, unprincipal woman ruin our lives! Can you not trust me, Parker? Will you not believe me?"

"No!" said Miss Grey coldly wrenching her hands free, "although you act your part most excellently."

At first, when Lord Melton entered so unexpectedly, she was taken off her guard, but as he went on speaking, she regained her self-possession.

"I had hoped she continued, "that I should have been spared your explanations of what is unexplainable. I condemn you from your own words.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
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Huntersville, W. Va.
July 9, 1891.

Travelers Repose Items.

Not seeing any news from this part of the county for some time, I will endeavor to give you a few items.

We are having very warm weather.

Crops are looking well in this section.

Mr. R. M. Yeager ret urned home from Grafton Sunday, accompained by Messrs. Jno. T. McGraw of Grafton and T. S. Riley of Wheeling.

Messrs. J. I. Arbogast and W. J. Yeager of this place returned from Highland Co., Monday.

Misses Daisy and Gertie Yeager attended the picnic on the river five miles below Dunmore on the 4th. They report a very enjoyable time. Also Mr. Guy Burner attended the picnic at Dunmore.

Several persons of this place spent the fourth at Cheat Bridge.

PEAK SISTER.

Dunmore Doings.

The 4th of July came and lots of people to the picnic, and everything thing went off quietly except a few fights. Fortunately no one was hurt.

A party from this place went fishing to the river the 4th inst., and had quite a nice time, catching fine bass.

Mrs. S. G. Ligon of Clover Lick and Mrs. C. P. Dorr, of Addison are visiting at this place.

Messrs. J. J. Coyner and Jacob Hill, of Basic City are out on a visit.

Mr. H. M. Moore is off on a business trip to Highland Co.

Jacob K. Taylor is off for Staunton Va.

Revs. J. A. Taylor and W. H. Ballengee are at Staunton this week getting a few points from Sam Jones.

Auctioneer Swecker will blow his horn at Edray the 17th and 18th.

Our new mail carriers are making good time.

TOM SAWYER.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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B—

S. L. Brown is ordered by the County Court to receive bids on the painting of the bridge and handrailing thereto. It is to be painted a solid white, with oil and white lead, and to be completed by Nov 1st, 1891. Bids will be opened and contract awarded at the Levy term, Court commencing the 2nd Tuesday in July. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

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Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always [illegible]

State of West Va. County of Pocahontas, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in July, 1891.

Edwin T. Dudley, Rodney H. Dudley, Alexander P. Dudley, Earnest M. Dudley, Geo. W. McDonnald, Aurelius Gilkeson, Andrew G. Crawford and wm. A. Crawford.

against

Felix H. Hull, L. H. Huff and Lillie E. Huff, his wife, Edgar P. Hull, R. S. Turk, Adm'r of Elizabeth M. Turk, dec'd, J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas County, and as such Adm'r *de bonis non* of F. H. Hull, dec'd, Benjamin F. Jackson, Levi Gay, late Sheriff of Pocahontas County, and as such Adm'r of Andrew G. Mathews, dec'd, Wm. H. McClintic and Mary Ann his wife, John W. Warwick, Jesse F. Bright, Adm'r of Kyle Bright dec'd James W. Johnston, Sheriff of Greenbrier County and as such Adm'r *de bonis non* of Joseph McClung, dec'd S. W. N. Feamster and Annie E. his wife, Warwick W. McClung, E. G. Brownlee and Mary E. his wife, Sherman H. Clark, L. H. Stephenson, Wm. Skeen, D. C. McClung, Adm'r of James M Seig dec'd, Samuel A. Wilson, John C. Price, Wm. Gibson and James H. Renick.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to convene the creditors of Felix H. Hull, dec'd subrogate the plaintiffs and other purchasers of the land in the case of Hull's Adm'r and widow vs. Hull's Heirs and others in the Circuit Court to the rights of said creditors, and enforce the payment of said debts by sale of the lands of said Felix H. Hull, dec'd, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defenants Felix H. Hull, L. H. Huff and Lillie E. Huff, his wife, Edgar P. Hull, L. H. Stephenson Wm. Skeen, Samuel A. Wilson, E. G. Brownlee and Mary E. his wife are non-residents of this State, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
J. B. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

Robert L. Parish, } pq.
John W. Stephenson, }
July 9-4t. Printer's fee $14.98.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas, to wit:

At rhies held in the Clere's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county on thefirst Monday of July 1891.

Wm. M. McAllister
vs.
Sam'l C. Tardy Sr. and Sam'l C. Tardy Jr.

The object of this suit is to inforce the payment of the proportion of certain judgment due by said defendants, recovered by Frank Barrett against the plaintiff and defendants, the said judgment now being the property of said plaintiff; and in satisfaction of the same to sell the interest of the defendants in 2197 acres of land lying in the "Old field fork" of Elk river in Pocahontas county, west virginir, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant Samuel C. Tardy, Sr. and Samuel C. Tardy Jr., are non-residents of this State, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
J. B. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

Charles P. Jones, pq.
July 9-4t. Printer's fee $8.94

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in the county, go to
C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va

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Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
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LIQUORS,
At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general Mercandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

FINE WHISKIES.
AT
M. O'Farrell's,

At the foot of the Alleghany mountain, on the Warm Springs and Huntersville turnpike. Post office Address,
Mountain Grove, Va.

THE DIFFERENT BRANDS ARE Monticella, six years old; Ky. Bourbon, four years old; L. D. Myerly, three years old and all kinds of Whiskeyes cheap, at from two to four dollars per gallon.

AUCTION! WHAT

I will sell at Public Auction on Friday and Saturday, July 17 & 18,
—AT—
EDRAY,

All of my entire stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, a large line of Ladies Dress Goods, Notions &c., &c. I will also offer for sale my Horse and Wagon.

These Goods Must positively go, at some price, as I am going to quit peddling and leave the County.

Also all parties owing me must positively settle their accounts be-

SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
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Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

CENTRAL W. VA. MARBLE WORKS

Manufacturers of
HEADSTONES and ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTAL WORK, and in
Dealers in
ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN AND

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Henry Yeager, of Marlinton, was in town Tuesday.

—Rev. I. W. Michael has moved in the Skiles house at Marlinton.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, of Buena Vista, Va., is in town.

—R. M. Yeager, of Traveler's Repose was in town Tuesday evening.

—Several drummers have been here lately.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson, Cl'k Cr. Ct., has returned from visiting his home at Green Bank.

—The Pocahontas County Farmers Alliance, will meet at this place, next Friday, the 10th inst.

—Capt. C. B. Swecker and Maj. J. C. Arbogast, were in town last week.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall and Mr. Sam Holt, of Mingo Flats, were in town the first of this week.

—Mr. A. M. McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Levy term of the County Court convenes next Tuesday.

—We want everybody who comes to Court next Tuesday to call and see us.

—Wm. H Grose, Esq., took a business trip to the "booming" towns of Va.; last week.

—Geo. Foutz, Esq., of Buena Vista, Va., and Dr. Lockridge of Knapp's creek, called to see us to day.

—We notice from the Buena Vista Advocate that Miss Minnia Patterson, of Green Bank, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Warwick, at that place.

—Rev. J. A. Lautenschlager will preach in the Presbyterian church in Huntersville, the 4th Sunday of this month at 10:30 o'clock.

—Josiuat Taylor, an old colored lunatic of near Academy, was brought to this place last Monday and confined in the County jail to await removal to the asylum.

—Mr. J. W. D. McCarty, and Jesse Curry, Esq., of Academy, was in the city over night Tuesday. Jesse was on his way to Green Bank, with a load of corn, which, he informed us, would bring him $1.25 a bushel.

—Messrs. Albert and Gilbert Sharp and Geo. Buzzard, who have just completed our handsome new printing office, started to Elk to build Mrs. Susan E. McGlaughlin a dwelling house.

—Wheat harvesting is progressing rapidly, and we are informed that there will be an average crop, notwithstanding the late frosts in May.

—Mess. Jno T. McGraw, of Grafton, and T. S. Riley, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, of Wheeling, were in our city Tuesday.

—On account of the plastering of the lower part of our office last week we were unable to run our presses, consequently were unable to get out any paper.

—The picnic at Mt. Grove the 4th inst. passed off, we understand, with an exception of one little fight, which nobody knew anything about except the participents, very quietly.

—Mr. Henry McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, who has been at Hampden Sydney college, for the past two sessions, has returned home for the summer. He will go back next session. Mr. McGlaughlin's high standing in his class speaks well for his intelligence and ambition.

—Enos Sharp, ex-convict and who now stands indicted in several cases for illicit retailing of liquor, was lodged in jail at this place last week on an indictment for forgery, committed before he was sentenced to the penitentiary for horse steal-

—It is announced that General Jubal A. Early will be the orator at the unveiling of the Jackson monument at Lexington, July 21. His subject will be the military achievements and character of General Jackson.

—Died, on the 5th inst., Miss Fannie Hogsett, of consumption, at the home of her parents Mr. W. T. Hogsett's on Brown's creek, aged about 40 years. She was burried near Huntersville the following evening. The sorrowing parents have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

—Mr. John. A. McNeel, formerly of Pocahontas county, but now of Lexington, Va., arrived in Union last Tuesday. We learn Mr. McNeel anticipates purchasing a farm and locating in Monroe county.—Monroe Watchman.

—Mr. O. K. Lapham, of Staunton recently purchased 7,000 acres of timber land in Pocahontas county, W. Va. The deal was made principally for the bark on the timber, but the land is worth the money when the bark has been peeled. We have no doubt, coal and iron will also be found on the tract.—Valley Virginian.

—Died at her residence on the 6th inst., 12 m. Mrs. Naomi Dilley, aged 72 years and 23 days. She had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church for 54 years. Her illness was brief, but bourn with great patience and christian forfitude and her last moments were calm and peaceful.

—We received a communication from Dr. Jno. Ligon, of Clover Lick last week, which we got misplaced in some way. It was in answer to a communication, which appeared in THE TIMES a few weeks ago from Edray, in regard to the question of building a bridge near Clover Lick. Dr. Ligon thinks a bridge should not be built until the route of the W. Va. Central railroad is deffinitly determined, as no doubt it will be in the near future, and then, probably a more convenient place would appear. We think the argument of Dr. Ligon is very logical.

—The Staunton correspondent of the Valley Virginian says: The sermons of Sam Jones on Sunday and Monday were the topics of discussion throughout Staunton, on Monday. From the expressioes we heard we conclude that Mr. Jones has stirred up a hornet's nest and and was provoking the evil in men to find utterance at the mouth. Several very angry controversies, between parties who heard some of his sermons were had on the streets and anything but a christian spirit manifested—Mr. Jones, himself, set the example, as he pitched into anybody and everybody, and denounced indiscriminately, respecting neither persons nor community. We are afraid he has encountered a people who are incorrigible from his standpoint.

Preaching Notice.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville, second Sabbath of July (12). Preparatory services Friday and Saturday evenings. The assistance of Rev. B. A. Pendleton, is promised.

Providence permitting there will be an all-day meeting at McGlaughlin Church, 1st Sabbath of August, to be conducted by W. T. Price, and perhaps others.

Preaching Saturday afternoon before at 3.30.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

DEATH

COMES IN A HORRIBLE FORM

To The Passengers on a Crowded Excursion Train.

But One Passenger on the Train Escaped Injury.

The Death List Numbers 15, The Injured 50 or More.

Awful Scenes of Suffering Among The Injured.

Charleston Gazette of the 4th inst.

The Dead.

The following is a list of the dead:

Col. W. E. Fife, of Buffalo, W. Va.

T. N. Wilson, late city editor of the Bulletin, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Charles Huffman, Blue Creek, W. Va.

Jasper Daughterty, New Martinsville, W. Va.

Walter Wilcher, Elk City, W. Va.

Miss Ella O'Leary, Mason City, W. Va.

Amos Coulter, Elk City, W. Va.

Orville Robinson, Midway, W. Va.

Thomas Thornton, Conductor, K. & M. Railroad, Middleport, O.

Mary Sullivan, Hampten, W. Va.

L. L. Rose, Blue Creek, W. Va.

Jud White, Middleport, O.

Mrs. Mary Walker Elk City, W. Va.

J. D. Jones, Charleston, W. Va.

There were fifty-two wounded, of whom mostly were of this State.

Never before have the citizens of Charleston been called upon to mourn so serious an accident as befell the Kanawa & Michigan passenger train No. 1 yesterday morning near Farm station, eight miles from here, and it is to be sincerely hoped that never again will there be a repetition of any thing so horrible that will appeal to such an extent to the sympathies of the people.

The day dawned bright and clear and with the elaborate programme prepared for the celebration of the Forth of July, a day of the greatest pleasure was anticipated by all, none for an instant dreaming of the terrible tidings so soon to be flashed over the wires that were to bring sorrow to so many homes.

The order of United American work-men had arranged to spend the day at Poca and with their wives and friends were on board the ill fated train. A good many of the K. & M. employese who are working here and live elsewhere along the line of the road were among the passengers and it was found larer, were among the killed and injured. The excursion rates offered by the road had drawn out a good many people and it is known that there must have been 75 or 80 persons aboard the train by the time it reached the place where the wreck occurred.

Among the passengers was John E. Norvell, of the Charleston National Bank, who was on his way to Gallipolis to spend the day with his wife. He had carried a bucket along with him, and finding that postal clerk Hayes, whom he knew was in the mail car, went in there to talk with him a few minutes and get a string with which to tie his card on the bucket. This was all that saved him, he being the only passenger in that train load who escaped injury. He had been in the mail car but a few minutes when it began to rock and shake. Mr. Norvell says he voluntarily grabbed the post put in the mail car for the purpose, while Mr. Haps stiffened himself up and seized another one. The car jumped the track; they could feel it jolting over the ties. Suddenly it regaided the rails when with a sudden jerk and jar the coaches broke loose and left the track. The postal car though it kept the rails was so jolted and jerked that the windows and doors were jarred out. The crashing of the coaches on the earth beneath mingled with the shreaks of the unfortunate victims in the terrible confusion.

The trestle where the accident occurred is probably 60 feet high in the center and about 300 feet long. About in the center of the trestle fire had in some manner broken out and had burned some of the ties. These gave way under the weight of the heavy train. The engine and baggage car passed over safely, but the ties gave way under the coaches derailing them. They jolted along some 50 feet over the ties, shaking the passengers up and giving them the first warning of their fate, then left the trestle, carrying their load to of human lives death. The forward car rolled over the bank of the approach to the trestle, some ten or fifteen feet, turning completely over and stopping upright beneath the trrck. The rear coach tumbled over the right side of the trestle and rested upside down a few feet from the side of the trestle and parallel with the track. The fall was perpendicular and must have been 20 feet. This was probably the cause for all the killed and so many of the injured being cut and mashed about the head. When the car turned over they fell head first to the top of the car and received their cuts on the head.

Immediately after the fall of the cars, these who were able started nobly to the resque. Engineer Pat O'Connor, fireman W. S. Wyatt, postal clerk Hayes and John Norvell, who alone remained on the track, went to the cars, burst open the windows and removed the debris sufficiently to let those who were uninjured to escape. A number of the injured assisted in getting out those who were worse hurt, and persons from the neighboring farm houses also arrived and assisted in the work.

Mrs. Thomas at the poor farm, supplied a number of sheets and clothes for bandages, which were used as best could be by the inexperienced hands who were there. It was awful work. Pulling the living and the dead out from the cars, bandaging up the injured, caring for the dead, quieting the disconsolate and doing all they could to relieve the suffering and prolong life, they spent an hour or more before the first relief train arrived from St. Albans bearing Doctors Lee and Clark. It was not long till the first train got in from Charleston with Doctors Thomas, Barber, Putney, Houston, Tompkins and Campe, half a dozen railroad officials, John B. White, John O'Conner and Jesse McLain, all of whom rendered valuable assistance. With the arrival of the physicians the work began to be easier and better care was rendered the wounded. Several of those who were taken out of the cars badly wounded died soon afterwards. A dozen were dead when the train bearing them started back to Charleston and Mary Sullivan died on the way up.

J. D. Jones and Mrs. Mary Wall died before night, making 15 deaths.

About 11o'clock another relief train was sent down with cots and blankets. A gruesome sight met the gaze of those who went down on it. A long row of corpses was lying in a field awaiting the arrival of the train, while in every direction the injured were scattered. They were gotten on the train as repidly as possible and the ghastly load was brought back to the city, where the dead were put in charge of the undertakers, and the injured were taken to their homes or placed under the care of physicians by the railroad company.

Many horrowing scenes are related by those who were first on the ground. The force with which the ponderous trucks crashed down on the inverted car carried the bottom down with it and the people inside were squeezed in tight between the roof and the floor of the car. Some of the least injured managed to crawl to an opening in the wreck and make their escape, but many of them had to be literally dragged out of their places. One of the bodies in this part of the car was found with the head missing from the mouth up. It was the body of Jasper Daugherty. Some hours later in rummaging through the debris, a gentleman found what he thought was another body. Examination proved it to be the missing head of Mr. Daugherty. The face was mangled beyond recognition and the brains were scattered among the dirt and rubbish of the car. The head was wrapped in a piece of linen and carried to the cot where the body lay.

Most of the bodies of the other dead were terribly cut. Each of them had a cut or bruise in the head. In some ones fingers might have been placed with ease.

About the saddest sight in the whole affair was the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Welcher. The little thing is a beautiful child of about a year, with great blue eyes. It was piced up out of the wreck, slighely bruised, and cut with its little fingers missing from one hand. The little thing seemed to understand what was going on. It never uttered a cry while the surgeons dressed its wounds, nor did a tear drop from its bright eyes. It was placed beside the dead bodies of its parents and tenderly ran its little hand across their blood-stained faces. The little orphan was taken is charge by kind friends and will be given to the relatives of the deceased.

The homeward journey of the funeral train was a sad one. In one car lay nine dead bodies and two injured. In every other car lay from four to eight injured or dead. The news of the wreck spread like a flash and at every station curious crowds were out to catch a glimpse of the train and in some cases to inquire after friends. One woman came up to the train at Glen Elk and inquired for Walter Welcher. "Dead," was the answer. "And his wife?" she asked breathlessly. "Dead, too." "How about Mrs. Wall?" "Badly injured." The woman turned away in tears. Every friend she had on the train was dead or injured. Throughout Charleston and Elk City homes are in sadness. Scores of persons are lying on beds of pain, some of whom will probably never leave them again. Although it was the saddest holiday ever witnessed in Charleston.

The railway company has done everything in its power to allevate the sufferings of the unfortunate victims. Every physician who could be secured in Charleston or St. Albans was sent at once to the wreck; cots and blankets were provided; relatives were given information and permitted to go on the relief train to the scenes of the wreck. Division Superintendent Dawson got up fron a sick bed to personally supervise the work, and every official of the road did all he could. Some criticism was made for not having a track walker out. A Gazette reporter called at one of the K. & M. offices and was informed that every section of the road is gone over from one end to the other every day, but that the burnt trestle was at the end of a section and the walker started from the other end and had not reached it when the train same along. The accident seems to have been unavoidable but is none the less to be deplored,

TIN SPOUTING.

A. W. Arbogast, of Monterey Va., will be in the County for several months spouting houses. Parties wishing work of this kind done can do no better than to get him to do it.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 9, 1891.

(*Continued from 1st page.*)

not reflect credit upon you, and of which neither of the contracting parties can well be proud. You have fallen into the error of thinking *I* cared to buy your title; allow me to inform you that I do not! I believe now we have both said all that is necessary."

"I, at least, have not said all," broke forth Lord Melton, hotly. "Do you suppose I intend to calmly lose the only woman I have ever loved, through a horrible mistake? Never! And if you had loved me, Parker, as well as I love you, you would not have been so ready to doubt me; for there is nothing, no matter how conclusive, which could make me attribute a base motive to an action of yours."

She felt herself weakining, and in desperation took advantage of of the cue he had unconsciously given her. So, in a voice that trembled slightly as she uttered the falsehood said defiantly:

"Perhaps you are right, and the reason I doubted you so quickly was because I did not love you."

"Great God, do you mean that?"

"I mean it," repeated Miss Grey, steadily, but not looking at him. had she done so, she might have been convinced that Jack Melton was no hypocrite, for never were grief and despair more genuine than those expressed in every line of his face.

There was a pause before he replied:

"Then, of course, I release you. I will ask you once again to believe I love you, and that I always shall. Goodbye."

Before she was aware of his intention she was in his arms, and felt his hot, despairing kisses on her lips, her cheeks, her eyes. Then suddenly releasing her, he strode into the library and closed the door behind him.

Five minutes later Miss Grey was being rapidly driven to the station. That night she joined her American friends, and traveled with them a year through Europe before returning to America.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10th, 1890.

"MY DEAR MABLE: At last I have a few minutes to spare, and I shall tell you something about the wedding. I suppose you have seen by the papers it took place Tuesday. Parker made a beautiful bride and Jack was joy personified. You know they were engaged in England, three years ago, but that horrid Mrs. Mortimer, who used to drag Jack around after her, broke the match off. She told Parker that Jack was only marrying her for her money, and her story seemed so straight and so true that Parker believed it. After that her fortune was a barrier between them; but six months ago, when she lost every cent, Jack came right over, and was able to prove it was not his money he cared for.

"Of course, when he was comparatively poor, I wanted him to marry a rich woman; but since he has come into a fortune of his own, I could not have chosen him a sweeter or more charming wife than Parker; and now that everything has turned out so happily, Jack who has been looking wretchedly ever since their first engagement was broken, is quite his old self again. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Parker's

ry to leave, but I sail the first of next month, to get Melton House in order by the time Jack and Parker arrive. So I shall see you before very long.

"Hoping you and the dear children are quite well, Your affectionate cousin,

"HARRIET CROFTON.

"P. S. Parker's presents were superb."

Barbara's Test.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he is brave."

"And you never learned that he is not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gun smith?"

"He's as placid as goats milk."

"There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you surely?"

"He is no bigger than a bantom cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

That night Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"I want to test you."

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mould. They say Redmond, the murderer was burried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grand father died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed tonight."

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all?" *I* will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Good night, then, I will send a lad to show you the chamber," said imperious Miss Barbara.

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be good enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the keeping room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands from his grasp when he would have kissed. "I have a test to put you through before I give you my answer. There is a corpse lying in house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened you need never look me in the face again."

"Ill take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind Barbara?" he asked.

"No, and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you Barbara."

"I have a little proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step blithly away to his task. It was then nearly 12 o'clock and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well.

The face in the coffin gleaned whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise as if something was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approaced him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer pressing him into the corner.

"The d——l take you!" cried Barey, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while he pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice say:

"Take one of your size Big Barney!"

and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap,' said he turning over in the coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.—Sheffield Telegraph.

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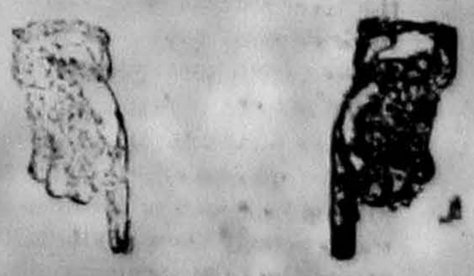

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Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. R. { C E. Beard. S B. Hausah. G. M Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

TALES OF A GREAT CITY.

STUB'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

It wasn't much to boast of, Stub's sleeping place.

If there had been six feet of Stub instead of only four, there is no knowing what he would have done with his toes.

Stub's sleeping place wasn't mentioned in the city directory. Stub's eyes would have grown as large as his appetite if you had ever suggested looking him up in a book—unless it was the big book at the Harrison street police station.

Stub's sleeping place was in an alley. It had once been rather a respectable box, but teamsters had bunted their truck wheels against it, and janitors had swept filthy water upon it, until its gentility had departed.

Stub had had ideas of his own about art, and he recorded them on the walls of his box. When he had newspapers he couldn't sell, he cut out the pictures and pasted them on the walls of his sleeping chamber. As he changed the pictures every day, his apartment became a humble panorama of passing events.

He allowed only one picture to remain unmolested. At the foot of his bed of papers, where his eyes rested first in the morning, the roughly sketched but motherly and pleasant faced portrait of a woman looked down from the pine wall.

Stub used to think that if he ever had a mother she would look just as the portrait looked.

So you see that even little heathen Stub, who would have thought nothing of stealing your bundle, and who never neglected an opportunity of giving the wrong change or making impish faces behind your back—even little heathenish Stub possessed the mothersome instinct to be observed in the young of all forms of animal life.

II.

There wasn't very much room in Stub's box so he wasn't often annoyed with lodgers. He liked to be alone, and he wasn't afraid of the dark. To be sure it was never very dark in the alley, and never very still, but many boys only ten years old would have cried themselves to sleep there. Stub didn't. He only kept out of the way of the policemen.

When Stub got home that Saturday night he discovered a ragged little urchin curled up in his box. Stub had had a bad day's business, and had been nagged into a fight down on State street, so he wasn't in good humor.

He had fought many a battle for the possession of his box, and was preparing to fight another, when he saw how small the intruder was, and how white and pinched his face looked. So he decided not to attack him, but just to civilly turn him out.

"Come, Cully," he said, giving the box a terrific shaking with his strong little hand, "you sherry your nibs. This is my bed."

The intruder rubbed his eyes and began to cry.

"Come," said Stub, "none o' that. Get out. Home's the place for cry babies."

Instead of getting out, the urchin cried harder than ever, so Stub crawled in on his hands and knees and sat down.

"Why don't you go home," he demanded, "and not be around sneakin' into folks' rooms?"

"I ... away from home," the boy who had a home could voluntarily run away from it, so he sat and stared at the intruder in open-eyed wonder.

"I'll bet," he said, rattling the pennies in his pocket, "that you don't know how to do anything."

The intruder shook his head and rubbed harder than ever at his eyes. Then Stub tried him on another tack.

"I'll bet," he said, rattling his money again ostentatiously, "that you hain't had nothin' to eat."

No; the intruded had had nothing to eat that day. Stub had part of his supper and most of his breakfast in his pocket, and the intruder was soon devouring it, much as a hungry animal would have done.

"Where did you come from?"

"Away out in the country."

"Well," said Stub, almost out of breath with astonishment, "you're a bloomin' bloke to cut away from the country. Can you roll on the grass out there, an' wade in the brooks?"

"Lots."

"Then you go back. Mebbe I'll give you a nickel in the mornin' to ride out on the grip."

And the boys nestled together for the purpose of increased warmth and went to sleep.

III.

The fire must have been burning a long time before the glare and the noise disturbed the occupants of Stub's sleeping apartments.

When Stub sat up and looked about him the buildings on both sides of the alley were a-blaze, and firemen and policemen were helping people out of high windows with long ladders. The air was hot with the breath of the flames and thick and black with smoke. In the distance he heard the thunder of falling walls and the hoarse cries of excited people. His companion started up in terror, but Stub held him back.

"Can't you see the alley is all afire, you little fool," he said. "You wound roast out there in a minute Wait 'till they put the fire out. I'll bet number six will swipe it when she comes. You ought to see number six play on a fire."

The air in the box was stifling. The boys gasped for breath. Walls were falling on all sides. A great iron beam lodged in a low window rent and protected the box for the time being.

"Now, said Stub, after another mighty crash, "there's a place under that wall to get out. No; not that way. There, where the bricks have lodged. You're so little, mebbe you can get through if you skip it lively. I'll go after you; but if you don't see me again; just you get for them brooks where you can wade. Mebbe the gripman'll give you a ride. Now!"

Stub watched the intruder crowding through the tunnel-like place, stumbling over fallen beams and piles of brick, and wondered if the place was large enough for him to pass through, and if the oven-like heat wouldn't take him before he got to the street. At last the tiny figure passed through the blaze of light at the other end and disappeared.

There is another heavy crash, and Stub wonders vaguely if the intruder of the night before has taken the tunnel with him.

There surely is nothing where it was—only a mass of brick and stone, seething and steaming with the useless water pouring over it. like a great sentinel high above the crumbling walls, sways and totters in the hot air.

The smouldering ruins are lashed into a sudden flare as the topmost part of the chimney detaches itself and leads the way headlong into the red pit of fire below. In that one burst of light Stub's frightened eyes looked dimly at the roughly sketched portrait of a motherly face standing out on the pine wall. There seems to be a new expression on the face—a look of peace and rest he has never seen there before.

And then the main mass of the structure comes crashing through the hot air, burying a disreputable goods box and a mangled newsboy many feet beneath smoking ruins.

A FISH'S FUNERAL

"Come, Everett, say your prayers, then shut your eyes and go to sleep, for it is almost 8 o'clock," said Everett's mother, leading him to his bed in the small room just off hers.

Everett began a prayer and mama's thoughts wandered off to "I must not forget to tel, Mary to have ham and eggs for breakfast, and as tomorrow is ironing day we must do with a picked up"—when she was startled by hearing Everett say; "God bless mamma, God bless papa—but say, God, you needn't go botherin' about Aunt Grace, for she went home this morning—for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen. Two men, three boys."

His voice had grown louder and louder as he neared the close of the prayer, and the last words were in a desoled scream.

"Why, Everett! What did you do that for? No little boy acts like that," said his mother.

"Oh, yes, they do. Tommy Diddles told me todoy that God was miles and miles and miles away, and how can he hear me when the window is shut if I don't yell?"

Mamma tucked him in bed and went away.

Everett's goldfish died last Monday, says a writer in the New York Recorder, and he, with Tommy Diddles and Cara Potter, buried it. A lead-pencil box served as a coffin, and Cora wheeled it to the graveyard in her doll carriage. Miss Bliss, the dolly was the chief mourner, and sat on top of the coffin all the way there. Tommy Diddles was undertaker, and followed the carriage in his wagon drawn by the billy goat. The way was a long one, for it took them three times around the house, and once around the barn, thence to the lilac bush, under which Everett had dug the gave.

The ceremony was a solemn affair. Everett made the following remarks:

"Fishy, you are as dead as a door nail, and you can't wag your tail ever any more in the water nor bite my finger in the morning when I feed you your breakfast. Mamma will get another little fish and put in the water and we won't hardly know you are gone up to heaven. But don't you feel so awfully sorry 'cause petty quick it will swim on its side, and we will send it up after you. I wouldn't try to come back if I were you. I wouldn't try to come back if I were you, little fish, 'cause I guess you wouldn't see the new fish in your water. Now let us sing."

"All right," said Tommy, and he struck out with "All 'Round the Mulberry Bush." But Cora said she would not play if she could not

"I'll tell you," interupted Everett; "the fish is dead, isn't it?" "Yes," said both listeners.

"It's going to heaven isn't it?" "Yes" Well, it will be an angel, won't it?"

"Guess so," answered Tommy, and Cora nodded.

"Then let us sing 'I Want to Be ad Angel;'" which they did and the funeral was over.

It grew late and mamma called and called, but Everett did not answer. Finally she found him on the ground beside the grave, crying as if his heart would break.

"Mamma, mamma," he said "it takes the fish so long to go to heaven; and now if you put me to bed I won't see it go."

"Never mind, dearie, I suppose it went long ago; it did not know you wanted to watch it."

"No, no, mamma! It is there," pointing to the grave. "I have dug it up 'leven times, and it is always there." And he broke into sobs afresh.

JOKED ON HIS DEATHBED.

Not long before his death, the story runs, Barnum summoned his lawyer to the side of the couch where he was lying.

"I am very much worried," he said, "about a certain matter, and I want to consult you. My neighbor keeps peacocks. Suppose some of them should fly over into my yard—which they are doing all the time—and lay some eggs here. Would these eggs belong to me, or could my neighbor compel me to give them up?"

The lawyer having duly scratched his head, answered:

"Well Mr. Barnum, I must take time to look into this matter. But the best thing for you to do would be for you to keep the eggs and let your neighbor sue for the possession. In that way your rights would be determined, and we should have a very valuable test case."

"Well," said Barnum, "while you are looking into the matter will you find out how it would be if the eggs were laid by peahens?"

The lawyer swore softly to himself, but never made an investigation.

City Editor—The street is all excitement. An electric light wire has blocked traffic, and no one knows whether it is a live wire or not.

Editor—Detail two reporters to go to the wire immediately—one to feel of it and the other to write up the result.

First Plague (on the way to a city)—What are you?

Second Plague (traveling in same direction)—I am a common cold.

First Plague (loftily)—You might as well stay away. Nobody recognizes you any more. I am the grip.

Fully 2,500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year; indeed, the violent deaths of all kinds annually reach 45,000 while 16,000 people die of typhus fever, the most destructive national disease.

A bottle thrown into the Atlantic on Nov. 24, 1887, from the Cephalonia, about 400 miles out from Boston, was recently washed ashore on a little islet in the Carribean sea, 6,300 miles away.

Cremation is very economically conducted in Japan, and therefore is quite popular. In Tokio there are six crematories, in which one-third of the dead are burned. The

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
July 23, 1891.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17th—

"I was not for Campbell first" said a member of the democratic National Committee, "but recently, after looking carefully over the field I became convinced that Campbell's hold on the farmers of the State made him the most available man, that is to say the one who could under the peculiar circumstance surrounding the Ohio campaign this year, pole the most votes, and now that he has been nominated I trust that every democrat in Ohio will recognize the national importance of the election in that State and lay aside all personal objections to the candidate and work as hard as he knows how for the success of the democratic party. The adoption of the free coinage plank in the platform leaves the Farmers Alliance no excuse for putting a third ticket in the field, and if they vote as they have talked Campbell should receive their support. Of course I cannot say that he will; but anyway I am confident that we can elect Campbell and the legislature, if all of the democrats of the State can be persuaded to actively assist."

Secretary Proctor is on one of his periodical visits to the War department, over which he is supposed to preside. It is not known how long he will remain, but it is safe to say that he will only be here for a few days, as it isn't probable that he has any intention of breaking his record by remaining for any extended period.

Representative Crisp, of Georgia, whose chances of being next Speaker of the House have taken such a decided upward spurt recently, is in town this week. He talks confidentially but not boastfully of his Speakership prospects, and has nothing but good words for his competitors in what he calls "the friendly competition." He says that if he or one of the other candidates gets the prize there will be no soreness or hard feelings, as every one of them will cheerfully accept the decree of the caucus as final.

Secretary Rusk is to attend the annual encampment of the G. A. R. at Detroit next month, and he is to help fix up things for Mr. Harrison with the old soldiers.

Look out for a break between the Harrison and Blaine people. It may be avoided, but it may also occur at any time. The Blaine people have long suspected that most of the misrepresentations concerning Mr. Blaine's health were the work of Mr. Harrison's friends, but it was only the other day that they succeeded in running one of the fakes down—the one saying that Blaine had placed his resignation in Harrison's hands because he never expected to get well again—and in placing the authorship mighty near to "Lige" Halford, it having been telegraphed from here by the which "Lige" used to edit, and which has for years been regarded as Mr. Harrison's personal organ. This correspondent is known to be on the closest terms with Halford and it is charged by the Blaineites that Halford inspired this fake dispatch, which the correspondent did not dare to wire his own paper although it was sent to several other papers in the West. To say that the Blaineites are mad is to draw it very mildly indeed. One of them—a man with an international reputation—has gone to Bar Harbor to lay the facts that he has discovered about the systematic attempts of the Harrison crowd to create the impression that Mr. Blaine is a wreck, mentally and physically, before that gentleman, and to implore him to grant the use of his name as a Presidential candidate, which would of itself put an end to the Harrison candidacy at once.

Senator Call, of Florida, is in Washington. He says that his opponents are at work on several schemes by which they hope to keep him out of his seat in the Senate on the ground that his election was illegal, but that he isn't alarmed as he knows that he was legally elected and hasn't the least doubt of being able to establish that fact before either a legislative or legal tribunal.

The count of cash in the Treasury was completed this week, and some foolish republicans are disposed to shout because the total reaches more than $600,000,000 forgetting that there are liabilities outstanding against this amount in the shape of gold certificates, silver certificates, silver Treasury notes and United States notes (greenbacks) amounting to $813,746,984, which puts a very different face on the matter.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, says if the democratic party in the South does not wake up and do some lively fighting it will be swallowed lock, stock and barrel by the Farmers Alliance.

Eleven more suits were brought against the K. & M. R. R. Co. by persons injured in the recent wreck. The suits aggregate 82,000 dollars, which with the 50,000 dollars already sued for makes 132,000 dollars so far. Among these suits was one of the Welcher baby, who lost both her parents, for 20,000 dollars damages to herself. The suit was brought by her next friend, John H. Ritter who has already brought suit as administrator of the estate of her dead parents.

Ex Govenor Wilson brought suits in the circuit court at Charleston against the K. & M. Ry. Co. aggregating $80,000 for the execution of Walter Welcher and wife, who were killed in the railroad wreck last Saturday; also J. L. Stone and Mariah L. Henson, who was injured in the same wreck. The suits are for $40,000 each for Welcher and wife, $20,000 for Stone and $10,000 Henson. A large number of other suits will be brought against the company for others who were injured if compromises cannot be effected.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Alliance News.

Late Matters of Interest Partainigg to the Order.

The Edray Farmers Alliance and I. U. will meet at the Edray school house on Saturday, August 1st.

What has become of the Alliance at Huntersville. They should have regular meetings.

The Farmers Alliance of our county is we beleive in a prosperous condition.

We hope all sub alliances of our county will send in any news that they may have, for publication, also the time of the meeting of the respective Alliances.

At least two thirds of our patrons belong to the Farmers Alliance and it is our desire to serve those who patronise us. With this view we propose to vie with them in what we think is best for their interests, and it is an evident fact, as some Alliance speaker says, that there is an undercurrent at work, moving heaven and earth, led by monopolists and plutocrats whose sole aim is to disorganize the people and render futile their efforts to break the shackles of financial and commercial slavery. Success of the Farmers means freedom to the masses and what is good for them is good for every wage worker under the sun.

The work of organizing goes forward very rapidly in Indiana.

There were at last report, more than 2,200 subordinate Alliances.

The F. A. & I. U. has more than 3,500,000 members in the 35 states in which it is organized.

In Ohio there are over 900 subordinate open Alliances and nearly 300 subordinate secret Alliances.

Pennsylvania and New York are being rapidly organized and both will soon be strongholds of Alliance principles.

The Alliance in Nebraska is not connected with either of the great National bodies. They prefer to stand alone.

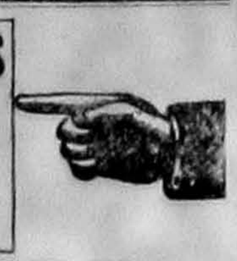
The Alliance in Texas is taking on a new growth which bids fair to eclipse anything ever before seen in that State.

The Alliance has planted its banner in every state except four in New England, and these will be set afire in a few weeks.

Oregon will soon organize a Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union and Washington will follow in a short time.

Besides the 2,200 subordinate open Alliances in Iowa, Secretary Lang of the secret Alliance reports nearly 300 secret Alliances. There were but 135 March 20.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

WHAT

SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES | CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

CENTRAL W. VA. MARBLE WORKS

Manufacturers of

HEADSTONES and ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTAL WORK, and also Dealers in

ALL KINDS OF WIRE FENCING.

Lewisburg, W. Va.

E. H. MOORE, Agent,
ACADEMY, W Va.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Under an order of the County Court of Pocahontas County made July 16th, 1891, sealed bids in writing addressed to the undersign. or either of them, at Huntersville (P. O.) Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, or handed to either, will be recieved until 12 o'clock. Monday of the 3rd day of August, 1891, for the construction of a Wooden Trestle Appaoach to the Bridge at its Southern end, over Knapp's Creek near Huntersville in said Pocahontas County.

Specifications for said work are recorded in the Clerk's Office of said County Court which will be shown by the Clerk of said Court on application to him.

Bond with good personal security in a penalty equal to bid conditioned for completion of said work according to said specifications within 60 days from said third day of August, 1891, must accompany such bid.

Right reserved to reject any or all bids.

J. H. Patterson,
A. Barlow, } Comm'rs.
L. M. McClintic,

July 23 2t.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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A. M. McCLINTIC & CO.
(Successors to Fudge & McClintic)
Mt. Grove, - - Va

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Orders filled promptly.
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Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

FINE WHISKIES.

AT

M. O'Farrell's,

At the foot of the Alleghany mountain, on the Warm Springs and Huntersville turnpike. Post office Address,

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THE DIFFERENT BRANDS ARE

Monticella, six years old; Ky. Bourbon, four years old; L. D. Myerly, three years old and all kinds of Whiskeyes cheap, at from two to four